MAY 21,
1938

Liberty

5¢

WHAT HITLER TOLD ME

by Edward Price Bell

WILL KENNEDY RUN FOR PRESIDENT?

by Ernest K. Lindley

•

HOW DOCTORS CAN END THE FEE-SPLITTING RACKET

•

WHAT JOAN CRAWFORD SAYS FOR HERSELF

"Don't you *dare* kiss me"

She knew that he adored her . . . that she was fond of him . . . that she ought to encourage him . . . because after all he was attractive and successful. Yet the thought of him making love to her was actually revolting. She wished she could tell him why, but she didn't dare . . . the subject was just too personal . . .

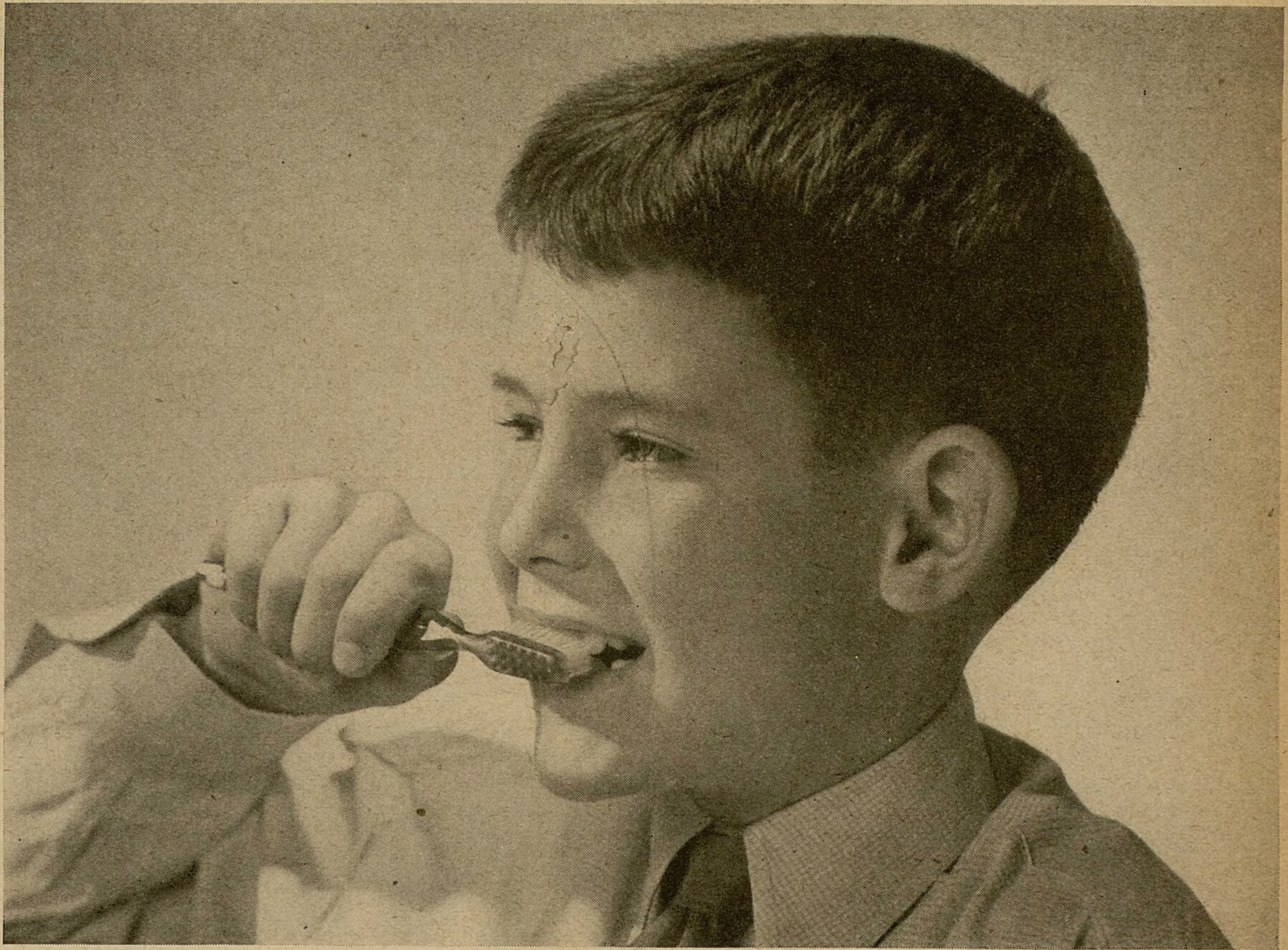
GIVE THEM A HINT

There is nothing more fatal to friendship and romance than halitosis (unpleasant breath). The matter was once too delicate to talk about. Now, in the new candor that is sweeping America, more courageous women haven't hesitated to hint to boy friends that the use of a little Listerine would make them more agreeable. Tactfully presented, the suggestion nearly always works. It's self-protection for women and a favor to men. Use Listerine before all social engagements. Remember it makes the breath sweeter, more wholesome, and more agreeable.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

FOR HALITOSIS
USE **LISTERINE**
The Quick Deodorant

A Future Star of the Davis Cup can't take chances with his teeth and gums



Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firmer and teeth sounder

HERE'S a young fellow who already has ideas about his future. Young Thomas has ambitions and *plans.* And very sensibly, his plans include the proper care of his teeth and gums.

Every time he brushes his teeth, Tommy takes time out to massage *his gums.* For, thanks to his teachers and his dentist, he already knows the importance of gum massage to modern dental health. Young as he is, he has already mastered a lesson in modern oral hygiene that thousands of intelligent adults have still to learn.

Today's soft foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. Robbed of natural work by our modern menus, gums tend to grow weak and flabby. And then nature flashes her warning signal—that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

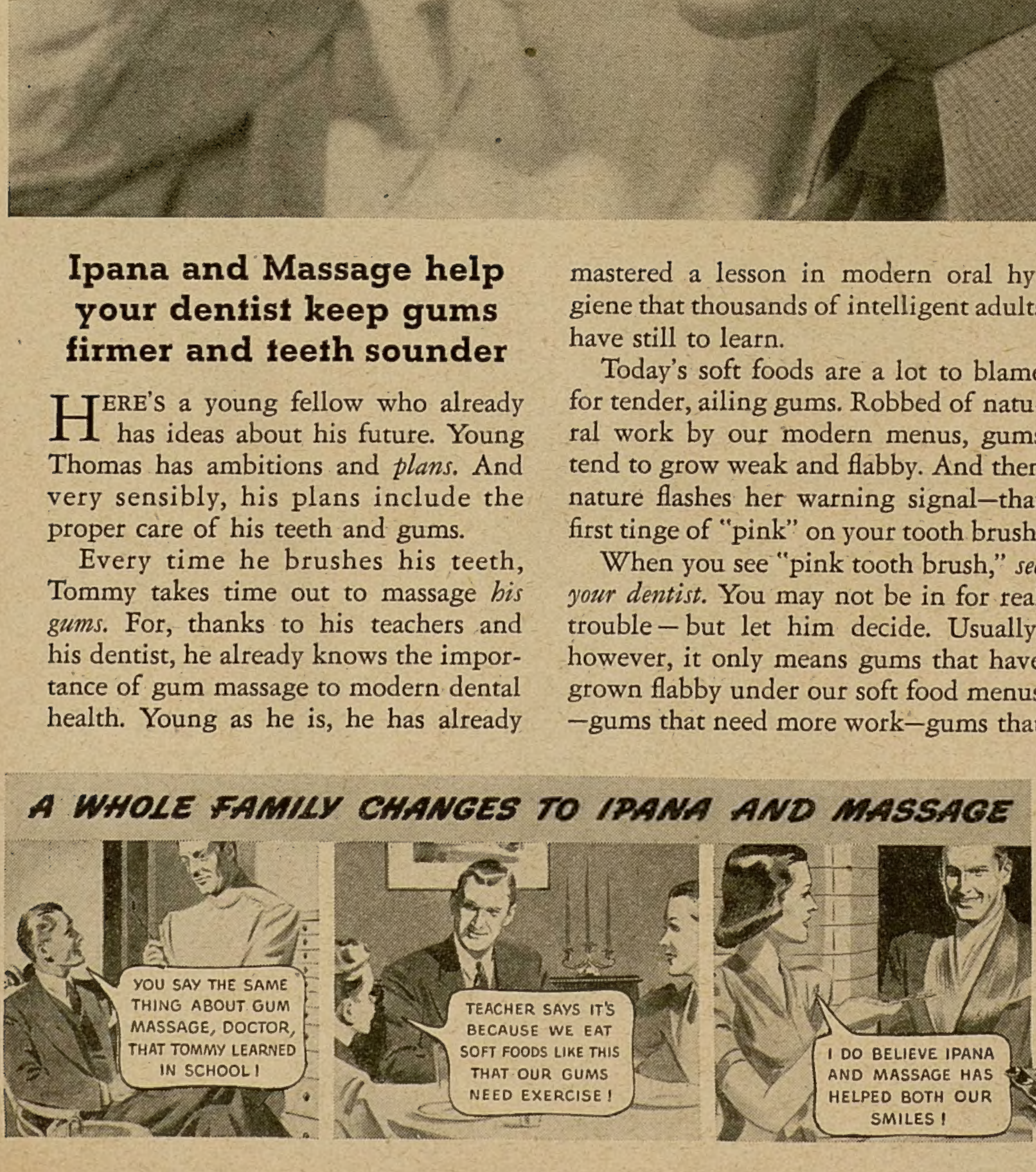
When you see "pink tooth brush," *see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble — but let him decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown flabby under our soft food menus —gums that need more work—gums that will respond to the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—helps gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage *today.* Schedule yourself for this modern *dental health* routine to help keep your smile brilliant, sparkling.

⁂

DOUBLE DUTY — For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.


A WHOLE FAMILY CHANGES TO IPANA AND MASSAGE
YOU SAY THE SAME THING ABOUT GUM MASSAGE, DOCTOR, THAT TOMMY LEARNED IN SCHOOL!
TEACHER SAYS IT'S BECAUSE WE EAT SOFT FOODS LIKE THIS THAT OUR GUMS NEED EXERCISE!
I DO BELIEVE IPANA AND MASSAGE HAS HELPED BOTH OUR SMILES!

IPANA

Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK

MAY 21, 1938

Liberty

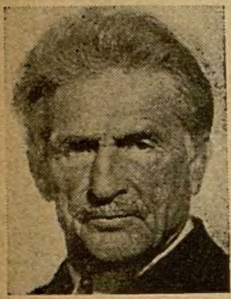
VOL. 15, NO. 21

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

BUSINESS—THE SOURCE OF EVERYTHING WORTH WHILE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We hear frequent references at this time about the attack on business by the present administration, and no one will question the statement that the attitude of our officials has been antagonistic to business, and a certain degree of prejudice has been aroused among people everywhere against what they call business.

But business to such people is always at a distance. They never bring it right into their own town; and yet in every community there is a grocer, baker, butcher, dry-goods merchant, and business men of various kinds. And the business men that we know, that live in our community, are usually honest, fair-minded men for whom we usually have a cordial feeling of respect and friendship.

Now, if we want to know something about business, all we have to do is to expand the business men we come in contact with in our own home town to the entire country. The business men in other communities are to a large extent similar to those in our home town. There is little or no exception, and fundamentally you will find that the opinions that were expressed by the big business leaders and the small business men at the conference held at the White House recently fairly represent the opinions of the business men in your own town.

Business men think alike to a large extent almost everywhere. They have grown up in the midst of business activity, and they have learned in many cases through years of strife and struggle to acquire a mental balance in viewing business that the ordinary layman never attains.

Mr. Baruch, who is credited as being one of the wise men of business, in a recent Congressional investigation expressed almost identically the same views that were presented to President Roosevelt by the little and the big business men. They want the administration to recognize the difficulties that business is confronted with at this time. They want the officials of our government to realize that they cannot attack the source of jobs and expect to improve the menacing unemployment situation.

High taxes and high prices for everything . . . labor included . . . are destroying properties and adding to unemployment at a staggering rate, and in addition to this frightful handicap we have the government itself apparently endeavoring to add to the business men's troubles. This represents a combination that may bring a depression that will make the catastrophe of 1929 look like a pleasure jaunt.

In a recent address President Roosevelt stated that there had been three million layoffs in three months. With the staggering load already assumed on the rolls of the WPA, this indeed represents a sad situation; but, as Mr. Baruch stated in his interview with the various Congressional officials, all that is needed at this time is for the government to "right about face," radically change its attitude toward business, encourage instead of discourage investors and promoters. Such a change would give business men everywhere courage and confidence. They would again lose their fear of the future.

Literally billions upon billions of capital that is now being frozen in government bonds and other inactive securities would be loosened in business promotion. This plan would absorb the unemployed by the million and the hundred-billion-dollar income that the administration would like to see in the foreground might then become a real possibility. But the wise guys say that the administration must save its face. It cannot retract without acknowledging the errors of its ways. Consequently we are facing difficulties that are far from reassuring.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Babies Cost Only *Thirty Dollars* in Elk City!

. . . Yet Motherhood Is Protected with Every Safeguard Available to Modern Medicine

ALSO IN THIS GREAT ISSUE

THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER, conducted by Professor Bristow Adams of Cornell University, with an unusually helpful group of articles on how to live more happily. A book within a magazine, edited for homemakers everywhere.

THE NATIONAL WHATSIT, with more of the delightful material that some fifty thousand American boys and girls respond to every month. If your children are not competing for the hundreds of Whatsit cash prizes get them interested in Billy and Betty White's adventures today!

Now On Sale

THE INSPIRING TRUE STORY OF HOW 2,000 AMERICANS REBELLED AT THE CHARGES OF CERTAIN MONEY-MAD DOCTORS AND BUILT A HOSPITAL ALL THEIR OWN

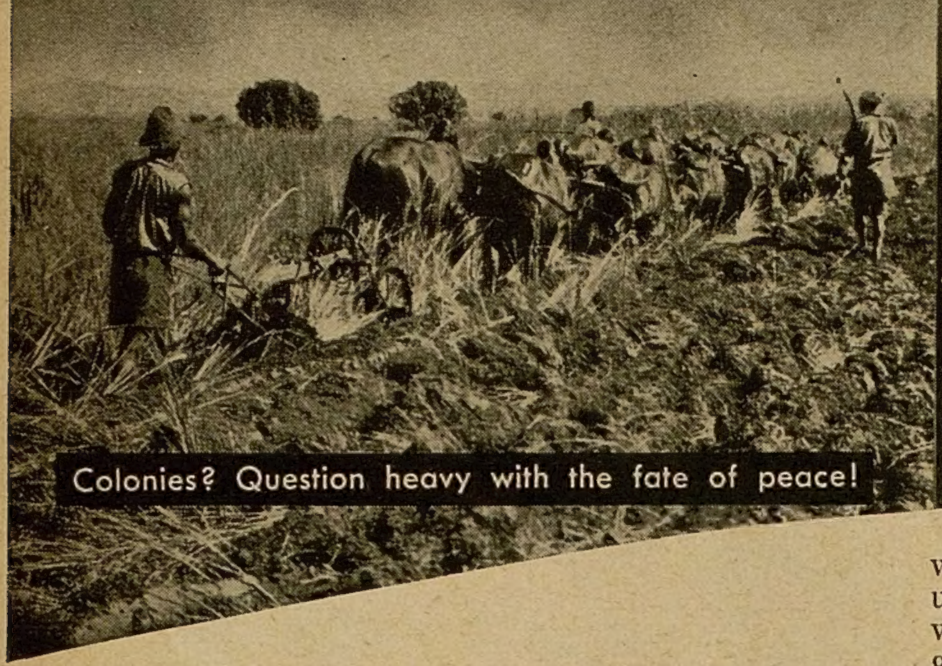
Probably no region in the world is served as efficiently and as cheaply as the co-operative hospital in Elk City, Oklahoma, ministers to its wide-flung subscribers. For it is their own institution, paid for by the people's pennies—and the brave-hearted courage of its founders. There was opposition—money-mad, profit-crazed opposition that did not hesitate to resort to gunfire to prevent the establishment of this humane service. Yet the committee persisted and in the story of their success told by Dr. Michael Shadid, whose idea this first co-operative hospital was, you will find an epic of community service at once a thrilling adventure and an inspiring revelation. If you are paying HEAVY medical bills be sure to read this exposé.

DON'T MISS *Our Money Mad Doctors* IN THE NEW

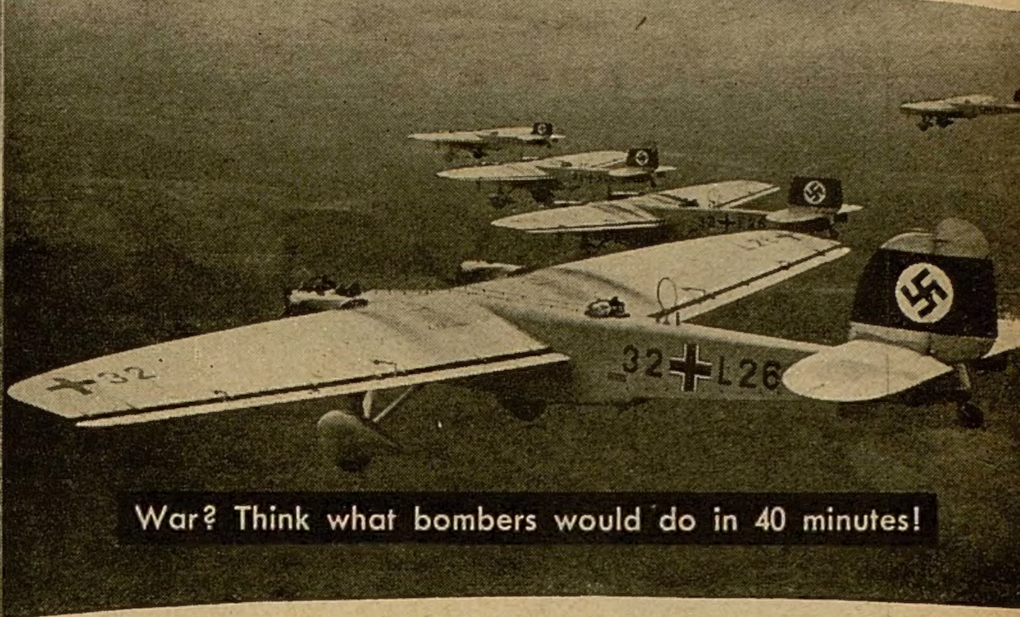
JUNE True Story

MY REVOLT AGAINST MEN
True Story
JUNE
15¢
BOOK LENGTH TRUE STORY
BIG NEW PRIZE CONTEST

WHAT HITLER TOLD ME



Colonies? Question heavy with the fate of peace!



War? Think what bombers would do in 40 minutes!

"They lie who say I want war!"—An American gives you a vital message from the lips of Der Fuehrer himself

GRASP that!"

What I was bidden to grasp was that there *is* a NEW Germany.

Herr Hitler was speaking to me in his warm-toned reception room in the Wilhelmstrasse. We sat in easy chairs facing each other, an interpreter, Dr. Hans Thomsen, the Fuehrer's private secretary, near by.

I had gone to see the New Germany and Herr Hitler out of strong journalistic curiosity. The country had been fairly familiar to me for a generation, I had written much about it, but I had not been there for several years, and the famous Nazi leader I never had seen.

What was he like under the microscope of immediate and personal inspection? How did he compare with other first-rank world notabilities?

I traveled to Berlin from Rome. Sweeping over Nazidom from east to west, and into the north, I found the old Germany of character, toil, thrift, good food, good beer and wine, and good humor. But there *was* something new about it. There was something new in the social ego. I think it was a heightened sense of democracy.

Democracy in Nazi Germany?

Democracy under Hitler?

Just that. Let us see as we go on.

I will describe as accurately as I can what I saw when Dr. Thomsen led me into Herr Hitler's room. I saw the Fuehrer standing erect and rigid by his writing desk. He was in khaki military uniform and looked every inch a soldier, as of course he is. His strong face, with that truncated black mustache and those firm dark eyes, was in repose. It was a natural, solemn face, I thought. His posture was like that of Mussolini when I was admitted to Il Duce's presence in the Palazzo Venezia—hardly a hairsbreadth of difference.

But his features are totally unlike Mussolini's. Hitler facially resembles Pierre Laval more than he resembles any other conspicuous public man in the world. They are similar in body too, short and rather thick. Strongly dark-hued, both, only their black forelocks variant—Hitler's reaches to the left, Laval's to the right.

Herr Hitler's statuelike pose lasted only a moment. He came quickly toward me, bowed, grasped my hand, and indicated where I was to sit. His expression was still formal, almost ritualistic, and there was interrogation in it. What did I really want? What sort of creature was I? Were all my cards on the table, or had I an ace up my sleeve? Quite distinctly those questions were written in the Fuehrer's face. In a short time they were gone, and his replies were leaping from his tongue as if they had been waiting there impatiently.

Peace. The New Germany *never* would break it. And there *was* a New Germany.

"Grasp that!"

Complete supersession had happened in Germany. Politics old and spent was no more there. Germans revered their traditions, honored and loved those who had labored and died for them, but they were "changed men in a changed world." Not elsewhere on earth, either among the people or among the people's leaders, was there a deeper knowledge of war than there was in Germany.

"We know war for what it is," said the Fuehrer.

I asked him if the German conclusion was that 1914-18 had proved the utter futility and calamity of war among civilized states.

"Yes," said he. "The proof is overwhelming and ultimate. Some men keep saying I want war. In other words, they insult my intelligence. Within forty minutes after war broke out in Europe today more damage would be done to all of us than could be repaired in fifty years. Such is the meaning of present-day bombing planes. I go on making peace with my neighbors. I go on inviting an everlasting settlement with France, our great and permanent neighbor. I go on promising nonaggression pacts with everybody. I propose an air Locarno on the west front. I put forward an elaborate scheme of peace in Europe on a basis fair and honorable all around. Yet they continue to say I want war. They say I will make war. Is that honesty or is it ulterior-motived fraud?"

Herr Hitler drew a handkerchief across his brow.

"Mankind," he said, "has just one great task: to make the world's peace impregnable. Germany is ready to do her full part in that work."

One cannot help noticing Herr Hitler's hands. He has been a hard worker manually. He had to work to live. And then he had a rough experience in war. Yet he has the hands of an artist.

"I will tell you something more about this New Germany," said the Fuehrer. "We are *anti*-imperialistic. That is a new fact in history. Most races and nations have been and are imperialistic. They have taken and held practically everything they found available. That has been the case from Egypt on. There have been many 'melting pots,' and in some of them apparently the 'melting' proceeds irregularly and with some painful

By Edward Price Bell

Happiness? Do the German people look like slaves?

" We are anti-imperialistic.
We know war for what it is.
This new Germany is free ! "

seething. Germany wants neither to assimilate nor to be assimilated. We do not believe in these mixtures, either biologically or politically."

"But you would accept your former colonies back?"

"Yes. But not for racial blending; for reasons of equality and economics only."

"You regard the world colonial question as of great importance?"

"Very great. It is heavy with the fate of peace."

"Historical evolution is not yet ended?"

"Not yet."

Herr Hitler agreed that historical evolution and peace were not mutually exclusive. But he underlined the view that negotiation must move expeditiously, must run ahead of unfolding human necessity, if force was not to take the matter in hand. He pointed out that peaceful efforts either had moved too slowly or had moved unwisely in east Asia and in northeast Africa.

"We must do better than that," he affirmed.

HE resented with especial warmth the claims abroad that the Nazis were treaty breakers. Those claims were "baseless and impudent," and came "with ineffably poor grace from those who pledged themselves at Versailles to follow us on our compulsory road to disarmament, and then went rapidly in the opposite direction for nineteen years on end." The Nazis would be very careful as to what pacts they signed, and when they signed voluntarily they would honor their name "at any cost."

League of Nations? There never had been any; just an organization of Great Powers to get their own way. The Fuehrer hoped eventually to see a League in which all the nations would do their part for the universal good. That of course would mean the return of the apostates, notably Japan, and the inclusion of America.

"Frankly, whatever else may happen," he said, "I should rejoice in a good understanding among America, Britain, and Germany. I do not mean anything legal. Neither anything exclusive. I mean simply a moral reality which I believe would be decisive for the peace of the world."

I asked him about the Jewish question.

"We are not against the Jews as Jews, but we are *for* the Germans as Germans. Jewish domination of Germany is gone. Germans will run this country, the only country they have any desire to run; they will keep their fingers out of other people's pies. Whatever may be the relative merits of Jewish and German cultures, we want our own. We will not be unjust to a minority. Neither shall we permit ethics or technique of any stamp to establish the intellectual, professional, and financial sway of one person *minus* over ninety-nine persons *plus*. That is not our idea of democracy."

"Is Germany democratic?"

"The most democratic country in history, by the acid test of the popular vote. Go among our people and study them. Ask yourself if they look or act like slaves. I am told nearly every day by some visiting foreigner long acquainted with Germany that he never before saw our people so happy. Germany has shed two unspeakable abominations: the incubus of an incompetent and cowardly government at home, and the shame of a foreign interposition amounting to invasion. Germany has awakened from the postwar nightmare. *She is free.*"

Marxism, Communism, chaos—out with them! *Laissez-faire*—out with it: it leads to general poverty and at last to social upheaval! Private property and initiative? Yes, but with a proviso: they must not ruin *all* by serving the *few* in distress of the *many*. Lower tariffs, monetary stabilization, full resumption of international trade, work, peace—Herr Hitler speaks up for them all.

I asked him how bloody his revolution had been.

"Only one other in history so free from bloodshed—that of Fascist Italy," declared the Fuehrer.

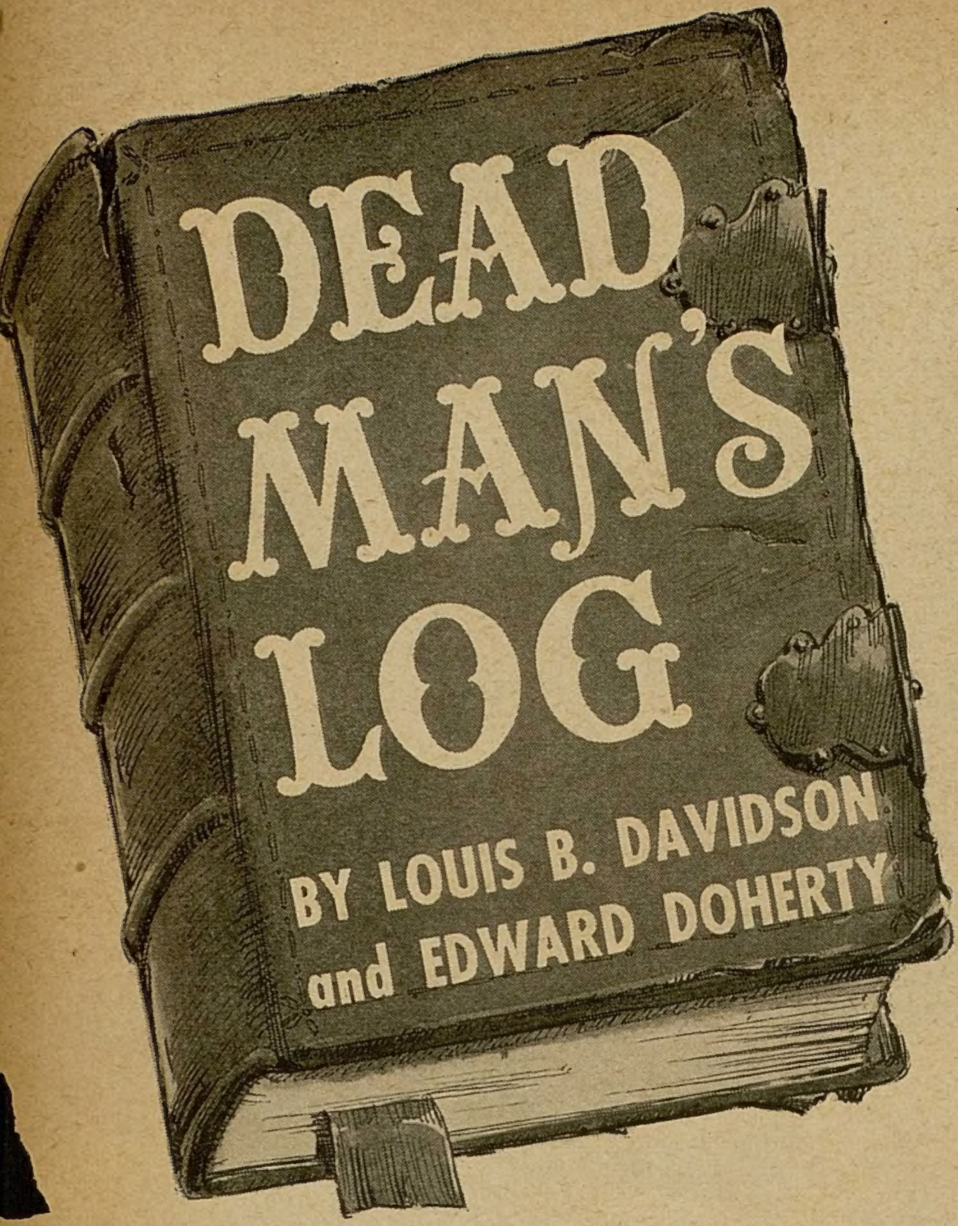
"What of the Blood Purge of June, 1934?" I queried.

"Traitors sought to destroy National Socialism," came the answer. "They decided to act on what they called 'The Night of the Long Knives.' They intended to assassinate every keyman in the National Socialist régime, myself of course included. We knew all about the plot as it was taking shape. And we struck first."

I left convinced of his sincerity, his rectitude of intention, his high purpose according to his light. The international danger, such as it is, arises from suspicion and fear and misapprehension and their ugly, formidable children, hatred and swelling armaments.

THE END

Mutiny on an old Yankee whaler ties up



DEAD MAN'S LOG

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Editor's Note: In a few instances this story parallels the story of Mutiny on the Bounty. Both were taken out of history by their authors; both navigate closely along the shore line of fact. Both are concerned with mutiny at sea a hundred years ago and more.

Yet Dead Man's Log is not at all like Mutiny on the Bounty. Dead Man's Log is a story of the mutiny on the whaler Globe of Nantucket, Massachusetts, in the South Seas in 1824. The authors have taken their material from many sources: the records in the United States consul's office at Valparaiso; the records of the United States District Court where one of the survivors was tried; the personal narrative of two survivors who were stranded for two years on a South Sea island; the account written by a brother of the chief mutineer; and data in the Old Whaling Library at New Bedford, Massachusetts, the Boston Customs House, and the congressional and naval archives at Washington, where there still reposes the petition of the citizens of New Bedford, urging President Monroe to send an armed vessel to the Mulgrave Islands in search of the mutineers.

The American man-o'-war Dolphin arrived at the Mulgraves in 1826. As her crew made the search, her commander took advantage of the occasion to run up the American flag and claim the islands for his government. Hence the singular and fascinating timeliness with which this story comes to light. For the Mulgraves, in the Caroline group, are important among the islands now in friendly dispute between the United States and Great Britain—and the American claim to ownership is based upon that act of the Dolphin's commander, and thus arises out of the mutiny on the Globe!

In the mutiny on the Bounty there was little violence. In the mutiny on the Globe there was stark slaughter and stirring drama. The story of the Bounty has been written a number of times, including one of the first accounts by Sir John Barrow; the story of the American ship has been forgotten for more than a century.

PART ONE—SEEDS OF BLOODSHED

NOV. 3, 1822. A fine clean day with strong winds blowing, a joyous, bracing day. This morning I strolled down to Barnabas Starbuck's storehouse at the wharf. It had been cleared for the barrels of whale oil aboard the Globe, which has just come into port.

Cyrus Hussey was sitting on top of the woodpile back of the storehouse. I was talking with him when Sam stepped out of the Starbuck home.

"Going to the dance?" he asked. Hussey turned quickly. The un-Quakerish greeting surprised him for a moment. Then he said he hadn't been invited.

"I'm inviting you," Sam assured him, smiling his peculiar coaxing smile—a flash of white teeth gleaming in pleasant contrast to the rich tan of his face. Sam can get anything he wants with that smile—even from me, his brother, who know him better than any one else does.

"Maybe you can help us," he went on. His tone was a gross flattery. Hussey beamed to think Sam Comstock would seek assistance from him—Sam the harpooner, the man of medicine and surgery, the navigator, the hero of a hundred adventures in far-off lands and waters!

"I'll do anything I can," Hussey said.

"We haven't found the right location," Sam confided. "If we could use Starbuck's loft—"

Cyrus shivered. "He'd kill me!" he whispered.

Sam smiled again and put a friendly arm over his shoulders. "Don't be afraid. We'll reef the windows aft. Old Barnabas is hard of hearing anyway. That reminds me. I'm sailing with the Globe next voyage, and I know Captain Worth could use another cooper."

"Would he take me?" Hussey asked.

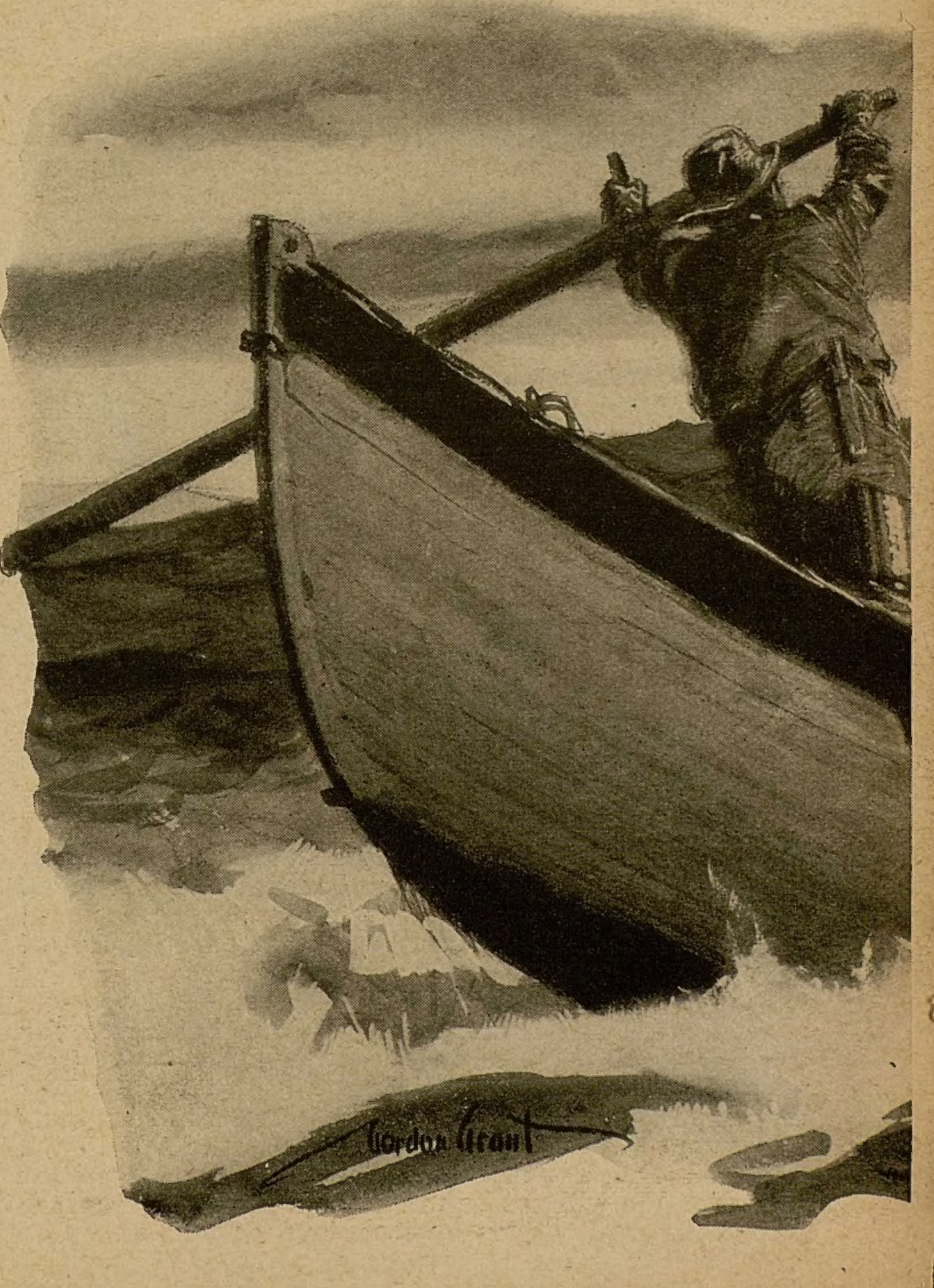
"I'll speak to him," Sam promised. "You'll get along fine on the Globe—a young man of your ability.

"Here's the key," said Hussey, and offered his soul as well.

I watched them walk away, Hussey tall and thin and awkward; Sam shorter but twice as broad, moving with the sinuous grace and roll of a ship's cat. Not a man nor a woman nor a child but stopped to look at Sam, I noticed. True, some pillars of the church turned righteous backs on him. But the eyes of girls brightened.

Poor Hussey. He will be Sam's forever. And forever

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



with today's news!—A strange, stirring sea-tale of things that actually happened

he will serve the sea. But I should not pity him. He loves the sea as I love books—and Sally.

It was shortly after I left the woodpile that I saw Sally coming toward me. I began to tremble. I told myself it wasn't she, it couldn't be. Sally had been in Boston these three years. But it *was* Sally, a little taller, a little sweeter, a little more like the great lady I had always fancied her. Sally—seventeen now—in a russet dress and a scarlet cape that matched the colors of the flying leaves!

Coward that I am, I fled from her. After a few words, I turned and ran, my heart thumping against my ribs. She was laughing as I fled; but it was a kindly, sympathetic laugh. Angels must laugh that way sometimes at things we mortals do. Why did I run? I never ran from her before. Why did I nearly die of terror?

Seventeen! Why was Sally born two years ahead of me?

A Methodist. Old Barnabas Starbuck's granddaughter. These things I could overcome. But the two years? How can I ever surmount them?

Nov. 5. Sam is packing his sea chest for the voyage. Medical instruments, medicines, herbs, pills. And pistols and knives, axes, beads, a bolt of gaudy calico. What do these things mean? That he will desert ship at the first South Seas island and start his campaign to be a king? He has always wanted to reign over a savage tribe with a rule of iron.

Perhaps I should speak to father. Still, father thinks it better that Sam spend his days at sea than here in Nantucket, where temptations are many, where his name has become a scandal to all the Congregation of Friends.

Perhaps it is wisdom that guides father. And yet—

"Thee was always a whining, puling, sly, oversuspicious and underbold little bookworm," Sam berated me when I saw the queer treasures he was packing. "But keep thee's mouth shut and eyes blind, and I'll not disturb thee's smug green piety, Brother George."

Upon which he smiled and put an arm around me. "Don't mind me, lad," he said. "It's whale oil talking in me, and whale's blood, and—and a frump of a woman that gives me no peace."

He began to talk of Captain Worth, newly promoted from first mate. That man must be kin to Satan.

"He was the bulliest, sullenest, most ironhanded mate on the seven seas before he froze his fingers," Sam said. "It was nothing for him to storm into the forecastle and hurl a lance at any one who didn't jump at his command. He killed a man that way, I've heard."

"Why sail with such a man as master?" I couldn't help asking. Sam laughed.

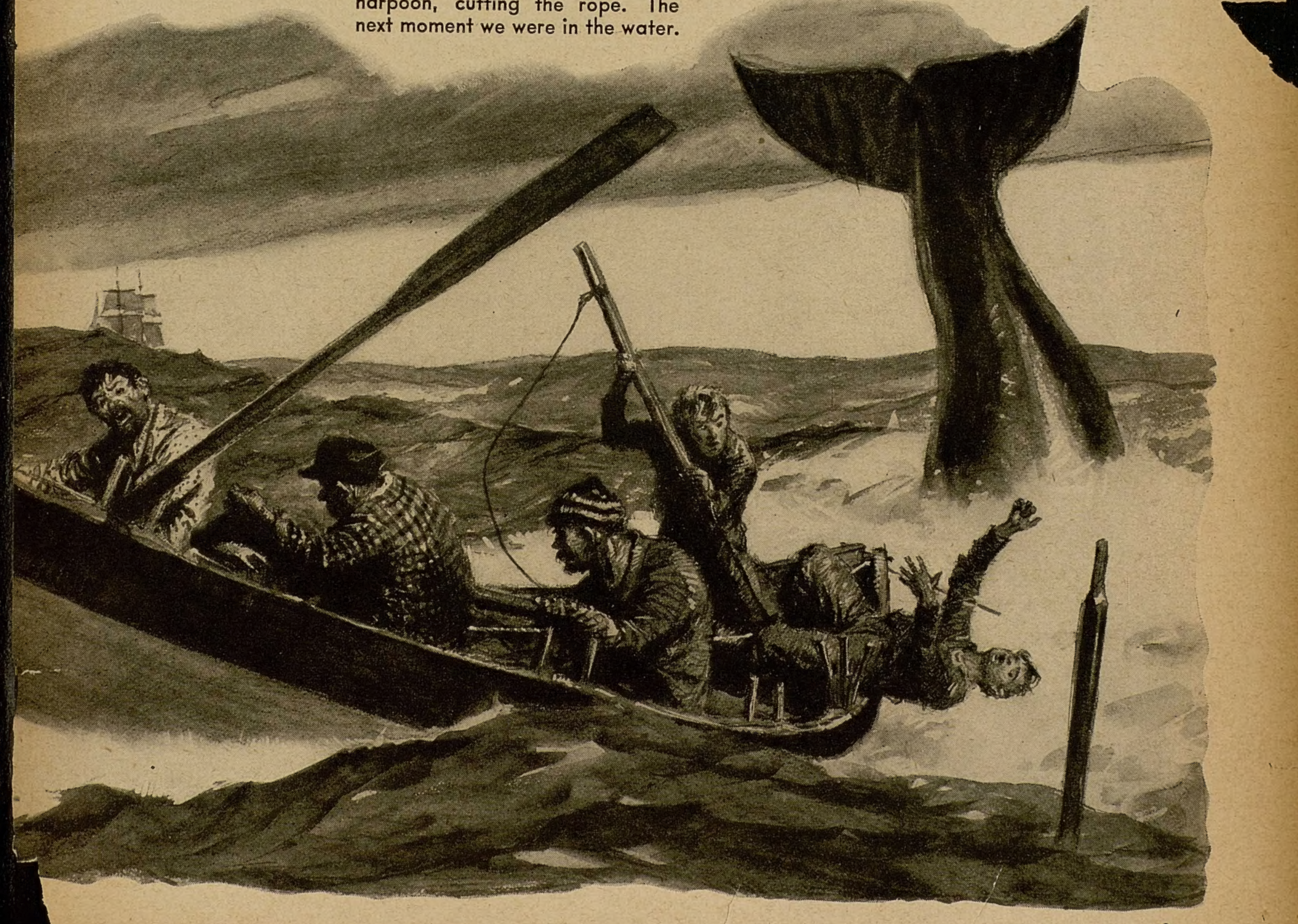
"Mates are all like that," he said. "Especially on whalers. I hate whalers and whalemen. But this time—"

He didn't finish what he meant to say.

Nov. 7. A night of gritty stars. They held the dance last night in Barnabas Starbuck's loft. At the last moment Sam remembered he had no musicians. John Lumbard, second mate on the Globe, said there was a fiddler on the Lyra. He and Sam and Cyrus Hussey and others of us went out immediately to that whaleship and boarded her. Sam's shouting brought the head of a colored man up from a hatchway.

"Come up, gut scraper," Sam cried, "and bring your

Sam brought down the edge of the harpoon, cutting the rope. The next moment we were in the water.



fiddle! You're wanted ashore to play it for a party."

The colored man was frightened. He said he dared not leave the ship, whereupon Sam and Lumbard grabbed him and pulled him up on deck as easily as though he were a baby. Sam went below for the violin. Lumbard held the captive and booted him several times.

"Lemme go," he kept saying. "Lemme go. Ah's only a po' nigger. Ah cain' fiddle fo' white folks nohow. Ah gotta stay aboa'd. Ah gotta. Cap'n's orde's."

Sam handed him a half pint of real "ginniwine Jimmaicky," undiluted. The colored man—William Humphries—poured the liquor down his great throat, shuddered, smacked his lips, beamed, and bowed to each of us.

"Huh! Dat smacks!" he cried. "Yah! Yah! Yah! Dat sho smacks!"

He slapped his mighty thigh with his mighty right hand. He finished the bottle in two swallows and tossed it over the side. "Ah's done wid dis ship," he said. "Us goes."

I watched him for a long while, fascinated, as he tuned up his instrument and played. He was the first Negro I ever saw. He played surprisingly well. I was so absorbed that it was almost with a sense of shock I realized people were dancing all about me.

And there was Sally. In Sam's arms.

HER sweet round face was looking up into his with a look I'd never seen in it before—a blindly trusting, openly adoring look. Mouth parted. Eyes shining. And Sam's face. Tender, fond, yet fiercely passionate.

I couldn't bear it. I hurried out of the loft. I hurried down to the wharf, and on beyond the ships. And I wept. I am not ashamed to record it. I was too hurt to care whether any one saw me or not.

She always had a fancy for him, I remember now. Even when she was a little girl. He was always a hero to her. He was always a man. I was never anything to her but a little boy.

I am afraid for her. She'll break her heart. God help her.

Dec. 1. Sam has bought many kinds of seeds for the voyage, even pumpkin seeds. Why? Certainly not to feed the whales with.

Dec. 2. I *must* go to sea. I cannot stand it here. To see her now, to stroll with her, to talk to her—even with Sam away—would be torture. I passed her home last night, and heard her laugh. And Sam laughed too.

I shouldn't be jealous. I shouldn't be afraid for her. Sam, bad as he is, could never harm her. Why am I such a child?

Dec. 4. Clear and cold. I am going to sea in the Globe. I shall have adventures such as Sam has had. I shall come back a man. But I know I shall never have her—not if I slaughter all the whales in the Pacific.

Dec. 15. At sea. She came to see us off. Three years we shall be gone. I shall be eighteen.

Dec. 16. Four days ashore! We were hardly out of the harbor yesterday when an accident happened to the rigging. We had to put back to have the damage repaired. Gilbert Smith says it is a bad omen. And so say others of the crew. But I shall see her again before the Globe is ready to sail.

Dec. 21. At sea. Rough, and bitter cold. I have almost recovered from my first seasickness, and have learned a whaler's chantey. It is a fine song, especially when sung by all hands. Gilbert Smith taught it to me. Smith is old. He must be twenty-five. And he has peculiar ways. But I like him.

Strange that we two good Quakers should have gone together to a Methodist meeting! We met, in our Quaker clothes, that Sunday morning.

"God has made a grand day for a stroll, Friend George," he said, "and we have time before the meeting."

We were astonished to learn, when we neared the Methodist house of worship, that we had strolled overlong and would be late for service.

"But the Methodies worship Him too," Smith pointed out. "And after their services, Friend George, I shall walk with Barnabas Starbuck, whilst thee makes converse with the girl."

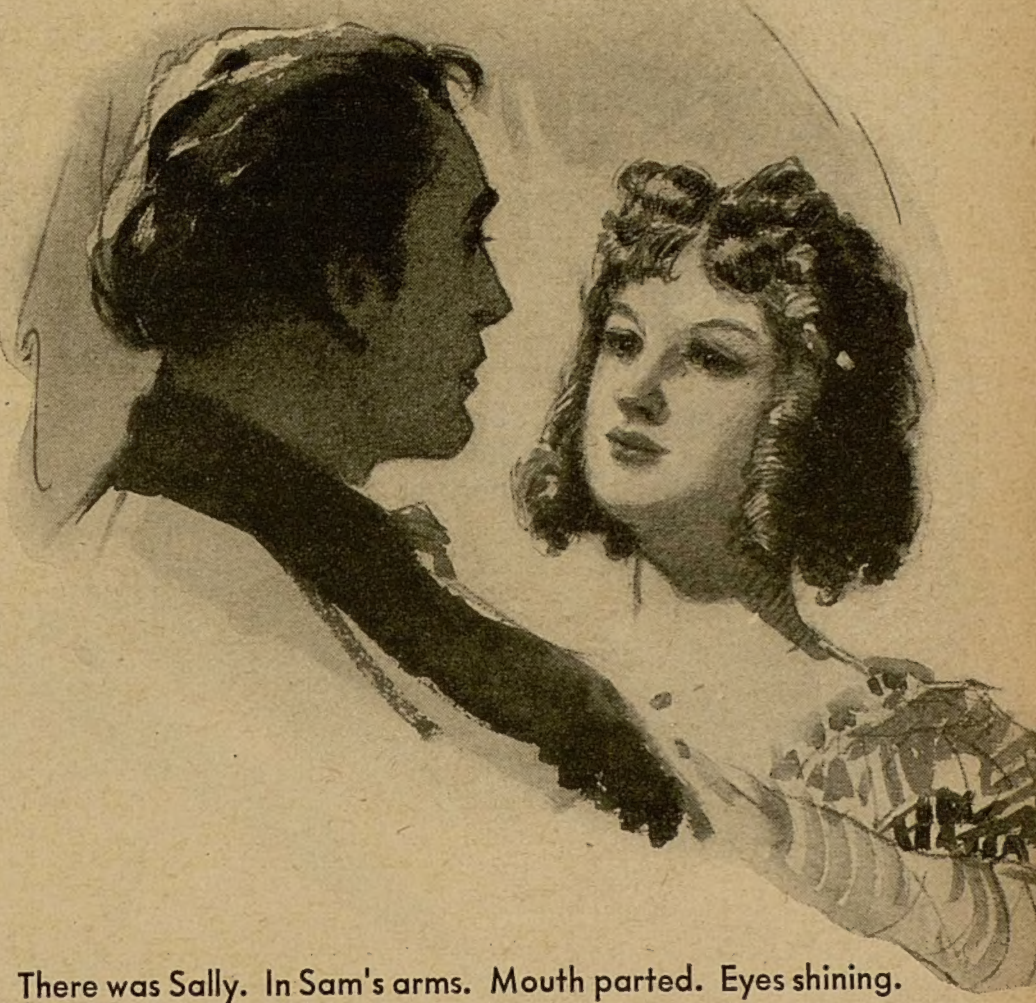
"May God forgive me my sins," I thought, "but I must see her, even in a Methodist meeting." We entered unobtrusively, took seats in the rear, and listened to the Methodist minister.

It was some time before I saw Sally. I found her through a sudden glimpse of her grandfather's profile. Wrinkled, stern, masterful, implacable, miserly, that face. And Sally's face next to it, sad and beautiful and sweet, fixed on the face of the preacher.

It seemed but a short time until we stood outside again, and Starbuck took a pinch from his jeweled snuffbox and greeted Gilbert Smith and me. Smith began to talk of the accident to the Globe, and Starbuck forgot his granddaughter; and she and I strolled together behind them, at a little distance.

How pretty she was in her lavender gown and pleated bonnet! We smiled and spoke a little; but it was not until we reached her home that courage came to me.

"Sam had to stay aboard," I said. And then I could not help asking her: "You love him, don't you, Sally?"



There was Sally. In Sam's arms. Mouth parted. Eyes shining.

"Yes," she said—instantly. She was so proud of it!

"You've always loved him, haven't you?"

I had to say it. I had to.

"I've always loved you both," she answered softly.

This time it was she who fled, and I who stood looking after her.

"Thee has said good-by?" Gilbert Smith inquired. "I have a feeling thee will see her again. But thee's brother—" He shook his shaggy head solemnly. "Thee's brother is a man of violence. And there is blood in his pumpkin seeds that will grow foul fruit."

As we neared Smith's home, his little dog, a white fox terrier, came running toward us. He caught him up in his arms and patted his shivering sides. Then he unbuttoned the top part of his gray coat and thrust the creature into the warmth of his bosom.

"Thee's cold, little Daniel," he said. "Yet thee canst warm me when no other can."

Daniel is the pet of the ship. He can say his prayers and do other tricks. Smith says he understands every word one says.

Jan. 20, 1823. A month and a day of sailing. More than a thousand miles of travel. Ever since New Year's day it has been storming. And never a sight of a whale.

The food is very bad, the water rancid. Captain Worth had it stored in old oil casks. I wonder more and more about him. I liked him very much, the first time I saw him. I thought him a godly man, standing there with a benevolent smile on his face.

"So you're Sam Comstock's brother," he said.

"Yes, sir," my father answered for me. "This is my son George."

"A likely boy," Captain Worth said. "Maybe he'll be a boat steerer, a harpooner, like his brother."

"He's a little young," my father said.

"Of course he is!" The captain laughed. "I like 'em young. Most of my crew are young—fine young scamps out of Falmouth, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and New Bedford. The finest lads in the world, sir, the very finest. I'll make whalers of them, too."

All the time I was studying him I was wondering about his hands. Sam had told me he had no real hands, merely stumps. He'd lost his fingers years ago in the Arctic. He'd been the only one out of a ship's boat to survive. All the others had frozen to death.

I still don't know if the story is true. I've never seen the captain that his hands weren't in his jacket pockets. How he eats, drinks, does any of the things a man must do with his hands, I don't know.

Since that December day I've never seen him smile again. He curses the men. His voice makes one jump.

Jan. 23. Still rough, but it doesn't affect me now. If only the men would stop talking. They are all surly. They are all sullen. They are all afraid.

We are all bunged up in this oil cask of a ship, and here we must stay, God help us, until we are delivered. And the way they talk and act, the way they look at the captain, makes me think some dreadful act of violence may deliver us.

Jan. 26. At sea. We saw two whales yesterday, shortly before sunrise. I was awakened by cries from aloft, "Buh-loes! Thar buh-loes!" I knew what it meant. "There she blows!" A whale. I swung out of my hammock, dressed quickly, and rushed up on deck.

"Two sparm whales," Third Mate Nathaniel Fisher told me. "'Bout three mile off."

Captain Worth crowded on all sail. We got the boats ready for lowering. There were those whales, blowing up jets of steam. It was a fine morning. The sea was almost calm.

While I watched, both whales flipped up their tails and disappeared—sounded, as it is called. In half an hour they reappeared—breached—but now they were about four miles away from us. The wind was light; we were losing in the chase.

"Lower away!" bellowed Captain Worth.

WE made a rush for the boats. I went in the captain's, with Sam as harpooner. I saw nothing of the whales now—since I sat at an oar with my back to them. I pulled, and found it not so difficult to pull in unison with the others as I had feared.

Our boat was in the lead. The Globe fell far astern, and soon vanished from our sight. The other boats, setting their sprits'ls, went by us.

Suddenly we were in the middle of a still, dead calm.

"There!" my brother's voice cried, making the blood leap in my veins. "She blows! She blows!"

"We've run past him," Captain Worth said, and swore.

Instantly he swept the boat around, and I saw one of the whales. The boats of Mates Beetle and Fisher were bearing down on him. Beetle was the nearer to him.

"Spring to it!" the captain roared. "Jerk her up!"

We rowed furiously. For a few minutes I lost sight of the whale. Then he was close by—a mountainous object shooting a column of water high into the air. I saw his hump plainly, cutting through foaming water. Then I saw his head. It was bigger than our forecastle. And then his flukes swept up and up and up into the sky, pitch-black against the clouds, and swiftly, gracefully, majestically went down into the deep again.

Hours of rowing followed, minutes of bailing, and minutes of munching hardtack and swallowing water. We raised sprits'l and jib, to catch a freshening wind—and now it was the captain who cried, "Thar blows!"

Over my left shoulder I saw him pointing—saw the stump of his right hand. I shuddered involuntarily.

We were astern of the whale, creeping up on him. Suddenly I heard him spout: *Whuff!* And then the hiss and swish of power as the jet of mist went upward.

I turned my head. There was my brother, naked above the waist, in the act of hurling a harpoon. I saw it sink deep—"chock up to the hitches." Before I could breathe again he had thrown a second iron—and blood was matting his hair and trickling down his back.

"He's fast!" he cried.

It wasn't Sam's blood. It was the whale's. Gore was shooting out of that black-and-gray hump, even as steam was shooting out of the spotted head. The huge body writhed and twisted and threshed the water into froth. Everybody shouted with joy. Everybody but me.

The suffering monster sounded suddenly. One moment he was there before me, shaking and coloring the sea. The next moment he was gone, and the waters were calm and clean. Then I noticed that the rope, the line, was running swiftly, hissing and smoking, out of the tub.

"Wet line!" Captain Worth shouted. "Wet line!"

I had forgotten my duty. I seized a bucket, poured water over the line. Friction had been at work on it. Without that water it might have burst into flame.

It ceased smoking, began to slow. Sam hauled in, slowly at first, then swiftly. The line was slack. The irons had drawn. The whale had escaped.

BUT almost immediately we saw him breaching half a mile away. We pursued again. Again Sam hurled an iron into his hump. His flukes shot up, poised high above us, and fell. There was a report like the crack of thunder. Our boat rocked as though it must capsize. Sam, with the second iron poised, stumbled and fell—but hurled the iron truly in spite of everything.

Once more we were fast. Once more the line hissed and smoked. Presently, as though a volcano had spewed him up, he broke water close to us. He surged up big and awful as a tower, dropped to the surface, and came toward us, his jaws opening and closing. His mouth was as big and open as Uncle Shadrach's barn door. But while still a few yards from us he raised his flukes and slid down out of our sight.

"He's loose again." Sam seemed puzzled.

"Four irons drawed," the captain said. "And you call yourself a harpooner?"

"The blubber was too rich and soft to hold them," Sam excused himself. "They went in, sir. You saw that."

"I saw a hundred bar'ls get away from you," the captain answered. "That's what I saw."

It was getting dark now. The lights of our ship showed far away. We pulled for them with aching muscles and bodies wet with sweat, blood, and salt water.

Jan. 28. The new man's name is Joseph Thomas. He was probably in that open boat for a week or more. Did he have any companions? They must have died of hunger and thirst. How did he survive? Flying fish?

It was awful to see him naked, skin and bones. And there's still something mysterious, something ghostly about him. Looking at him makes me shiver.

We were chasing a whale when we found the boat and this Joe Thomas. It was a boat from the whaler Linda of Falmouth. Sam threw him a rope, but he couldn't even try to catch it. Finally Sam had to jump over, pick him up in his arms, and heave him into our boat.

"He's dead," I said. I didn't want to touch him. My skin crawled. I'd never seen a dead man before.

Sam thrust him into my arms. I held on to him all right, and let him down on a thwart. Lay gave him a little water in a tin cup. He could scarce drink it. He stared at us with his dead eyes, then slept.

Captain Worth had steaming grog administered to him. Mate Fisher brought him dry clothes and assigned him a hammock in the forecastle.

Jan. 30. I am still throbbing with my experiences of this morning; and surer than ever that dire things are brooding over this ship.

We had pulled up to a whale and Sam had fastened one iron to him, when he stood on his head, smashed his flukes down upon us, and disappeared into the sea.

It happened so swiftly I hadn't time to pray. As the boat was overturning, I saw that my right foot was caught in the whirring smoking rope that was going down, down, down, with the whale. I knew I should either have my leg torn off or be drowned. But Sam saw my plight before I did. Fortunately he hadn't hurled the second harpoon. Quickly he brought the edge of it down, cutting the rope. The next moment we were in the water.

I couldn't thank him then; I could only cling to the overturned boat. One of the crew, poor Joe Prass, had both legs broken. Second Mate John Lumbard took him into his boat as Sam and the others righted ours. It was while we were going back to the ship that I had an opportunity to speak to Sam, and he laughed and pushed me away. Then he whispered to me.

"It was nothing," he said. "Only, I couldn't afford to lose a man. I'll be needing you on my side soon."

At first, I thought foolishly that he might be hinting at mutiny. But then I was properly ashamed of myself. It can't be mutiny that's in his mind. It can be nothing worse than desertion. And I'm sure he'll get over that. For all his wildness, there's still much good in Sam. You can be proud of him, Sally.

LOUIS B. DAVIDSON *is an attorney of distinction, a specialist in radio law and insurance law, who from boyhood has loved the sea and has collected marine literature.* EDWARD DOHERTY *needs no introduction. He's a frequent, ever welcome contributor.*

Feb. 1. The bread was more than half moldy today. More than three quarters of our potatoes have rotted. Two of the crew are down with scurvy. Prass will be set ashore in Oahu. His legs are in splints.

Feb. 10. Nearly two months; and we have not yet got a whale. There is talk that we have a Jonah aboard: Joe Thomas. They forget we had the same bad luck before he came aboard. Perhaps it is because he is still a mystery that the crew talks of him thus.

It is certain that he has sailed on whalers before, and he's a most capable blacksmith. Yet one watching him at work sees something sinister and extraordinary about him. Sparks fly. The bellows roars. Flames light up his drawn, lean, whiskered face, his dead eyes. I wonder what thoughts beat against his brain as his hammer beats against his red-gold iron.

He never answers any question. He never talks. Somehow I am beginning to be afraid of him.

Feb. 12. Despite our Jonah, we caught a whale today. Sam put two irons in him. Gilbert Smith, boat steerer in Mate Lumbard's boat, put two more in; and Captain Worth, holding a lance in his stumps of hands, took out the beast's life neatly and quickly.

It was blowing hard, and quite a swell set in. Night was coming on. We secured the whale, set our lights, and started back to the Globe. There were sharks all around us, nipping our oars. It was nearly ten when we reached the ship and made the whale fast alongside.

"Thomas," Captain Worth called. "Joe Thomas."

Thomas came silently across the deck from his smithy.

"Get a lance and keep night watch. These sharks'll eat up all our ile before we git it aboard."

THERE must have been fifty sharks at least. Fins would cut through the surface. Great gray monsters would leap right out and tear off chunks of blubber and flesh.

I didn't believe I had heard the captain aright. Where was Thomas to stand? In a boat?

"He'll stand on the whale, of course," Sam whispered.

"And if he falls?" I said. Sam only shrugged.

Lumbard lowered Thomas to the carcass, then turned to me: "You and Hussey stay here and watch him. Yank him up whensoever he's a mind to come."

I held a lamp for Thomas to see by, as the rope let him down. It was a feeble glimmer, yet enough to show me those sharks—and the terror in his dead face.

Feb. 13. Oh, Sally, if you could only see the Globe at night, with the tryworks—the great ovens amidships—blazing high, changing the black of night to the red and gold of sundown, making red devils of the men! They were all naked to the waist, shining with oil and sweat. Everything was fiery, liquid red.

I was awakened at daylight. Immediately after breakfast the huge cutting tackle was hoisted to the lower masthead, and slung from straps. Then the stage for the cutters was swung out over the side; and the tackle, with the blubber hooks, was hauled out over the gangway. The mates, Beetle, Lumbard, and Fisher, with monkey ropes around their waists, went out on the cutting stage. They were armed with keen-edged spades.

Gilbert Smith was lowered to the carcass. Lumbard cut a place between neck and fin, and Smith inserted the blubber hook. We on deck bore the purchase of the tackle to the windlass, and heaved it taut. Beetle and Lumbard and Fisher cut off the head, severing the lower jaw first. It was twelve feet long, that jaw, and there must have been more than forty jutting teeth.

The head, secured with chains, was left in the water astern, and the mates now began to slice the blubber into long narrow spiral "blankets." By midafternoon, while the blubber was still coming aboard, we had the tryworks hot and had cut some of the blankets up.

As I stood in front of the trypots I had a curious sensation that I was in danger. I turned to see Captain Worth bearing down upon me.

"You, George Comstock," he said.

His eyes were bloodshot. His thin lips jerked. There was the smell of liquor on his breath.

"Git a bucket and scoop up the ile in the scuppers," he commanded. "Can't waste any ile. Git."

It came on to blow shortly after I began my new task. "Storm acomin' up," Hussey said.

The ship was careening to starboard, bending to the weight of the blanket pieces as they came aboard, and the weight of the whale too.

It darkened suddenly, and the sea increased in violence. Now and then I heard the captain bellowing and saw him darting here and there like a crazy man. He's grown a stringy reddish beard that stands out straight.

Suddenly I looked up to see that beard pointing at me.

"Aye, aye, sir," I said.

"For'ard! I don't call twice!"

The head was coming up out of the sea. The crew were hauling it aboard and I was needed at the windlass. I hurried forward and took my place.

The ship almost went over on her side, so great was the weight of that head. She groaned in protest. Captain Worth stood to one side of us, crying "Heave!"

"He's crazy," one of the men said. "He's drunk," another answered. But we heaved.

Up, up, up, inch by inch, came the head. It was at the rail; but the rail seemed almost at the water's edge. It was all we could do to keep our places on that precipitous oily deck, and to keep our grasp on the rope.

Suddenly one of the men cried out in a great deep voice:

"Curse you for a madman and a miser! You'll drown us all! Cut her adrift or we'll capsize!"

Captain Worth took one step forward, and his stumps flew out of his pockets. "Who said that?" he cried.

The next moment a great sea struck the ship, and the head of the whale fell with a crash to the deck.

The vessel shuddered. Even the captain lost his footing. But in another moment twenty hands were scurrying to the starboard rail, securing the head there.

It is late now, and we are hove to. We are riding out the gale nicely; but we still maintain a list to starboard where the mighty head is chained. Yet Gilbert Smith asserts it is a small head for a whale. "A small head," he says, "but full of sparmaceti."

"Aye," I said. "But who was it called the captain madman and miser? Who was it cursed him?"

"If I knew, Friend George," he said, "I would tell no man. Better for that man that he had never been born!"

What would happen, do you suppose, if a whale's head, weighing tons, went slewing crazily over the deck in a hurricane? If an eerie voice had risen above the howls of the storm, cursing "madmen and misers" at sea? How would Captain Worth deal with a "Jonah" after that, and how would his sullen crew feel about it? You'll find the gripping answers and more, much more—romance in Valparaiso, ominous desertions in the smiling South Seas—in next week's installment of Dead Man's Log!

36 HOURS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!

On tomorrow's wings!
From dinner in Paris
to lunch in New York.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

A BELL rings.

Ten young men in trim blue uniforms and white military caps walk down the long dock. They vanish into the gleaming hull of the huge ship lying there, mount the spiral staircase to the top deck. The young lean-faced skipper takes up his post in the control bridge. Just behind, in the navigation room, the navigator and radio and engineering officers find places.

Again the bell rings. Twice, this time.

For fifty passengers, chattering excited farewells upon the dock, has come the always electric moment that precedes an ocean crossing. They take the trail of the uniformed crew down the dock. They enter the great boat —a bigger, more graceful ship than that in which Columbus came to America—and are shown by stewards to comfortable seats in the five ten-passenger compartments and in the lower-deck lounge room.

A few minutes later the ship taxis out on to the water, points its bullet-nosed prow into the wind. The ship's engines—1,500 horsepower each—mounted on the leading edge of her vast 152-foot wing, prod her, roaring, into action. A long run across the sheen-smooth stretch of open water bares her keel.

The big boat—forty-two tons of flying power—is in the air. She climbs, circles, dips a wing in farewell to the towers of Manhattan eight miles behind her, throttles down her engines to a cruising speed of 200 miles per hour, and heads toward the Atlantic Ocean.

Tomorrow she'll be in Europe.

No Jules Verne dream, this. Regular scheduled trans-Atlantic passenger service in huge flying boats is virtually here; will actually be in operation before this summer is over. Even as you read this, two of the huge ships that Pan American Airways will put into transoceanic service between New York and Europe will be undergoing rigid tests preliminary to actual delivery and scheduled passenger service to Europe late this summer.

Since last June, scheduled passenger service, four times weekly, across 800 miles of the Atlantic from Baltimore and Port Washington, Long Island, to Bermuda, has been operated by Pan American and British Imperial Airways, Ltd.

Last summer saw convincing conquest of the Atlantic —toughest of the air routes and richest of the world's trade routes—by the planes of America, Germany, and Great Britain. In all, thirty survey crossings were flown. France maintained a ship in mid-ocean to study weather conditions in anticipation of plane crossings this summer. Italy and the Royal Dutch Air Lines of Holland are known to be readying flying boats for survey flights this year.

Once again the Atlantic Ocean has become a golden puddle, and though the six nations seeking domination of its rich aerial trade routes have, so far, cheerfully pooled knowledge and experience and exchanged facilities, the day of bitter competition is not far off.

In the opinion of W. H. Coverdale, transportation expert and president of American Export Lines, the inauguration of trans-Atlantic air passenger service will see traffic grow from a minimum of 15,000 passengers a year at first to more than 120,000 passengers per year within a decade.

The anticipated cost of a one-way trip to Europe by air will be—at the outset at least—about $450. That means that the passenger business alone represents a plum that will swell, in yearly value, from nearly seven millions to $54,000,000. That partially explains why six nations are working their slide rules overtime for the privilege of flying you across the Atlantic.

What are America's chances of grabbing her share of this rich commerce of tomorrow?

A century ago the Yankees who sailed clipper ships out of Baltimore possessed acknowledged mastery of the Atlantic's trade routes. Then steam came in, and America was nudged from first place to the cellar. It has stayed there, miserably, ever since.

Last November able Joseph P. Kennedy released a dismal but mercilessly accurate report of the state of the United States merchant marine. The United States, with its obsolescent fleet, ranked behind Great Britain, Germany, Japan, France, and Italy.

Farseeing Mr. Kennedy did not, however, recommend that this country enter into a race with foreign countries to construct "superliners" greater than the Normandie and Queen Mary. Both are "prestige" boats, beautiful white elephants that regularly lose money. The logical rivals to these commercial transports, he prophetically reported, would be overseas air lines.

Is America—supreme in aviation so far—ready for such aerial domination of the Atlantic Ocean?

With Pan American's two ships—fifty per cent larger than the China Clippers which now ply the Pacific between San Francisco and Hong Kong on weekly schedules —ready to go into actual service late this summer, the answer would seem to be yes.

These first passenger flying boats across the Atlantic will make intermediate stops—on the southern arc at

At last a dream comes true—An exciting preview of an event that's almost here

Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon, and Marseilles; on the northern swing, at New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Ireland. Including stops, about thirty-six hours will be required for the trip from New York to London.

As a pioneering stopgap, that may do. But it will be admittedly a mere forerunner of the goal at which six nations today are frantically shooting—nonstop trans-Atlantic passenger service.

How far away is that goal?

Not far. On the heels of the Kennedy report, Pan American last December invited eight plane manufacturers to submit bids on flying boats capable of traveling 5,000 miles nonstop at 200 miles per hour, with a pay load of 25,000 pounds to include a passenger capacity of 100, crew capacity of 16, and room left over for day and night accommodations, mail and express. That invitation, tendered by Colonel Charles Lindbergh, non-salaried technical adviser to Pan American, drew detailed construction bids from six companies.

Within three and one half years Pan American expects to launch a nonstop service that will make Europe an overnight trip, London a place for week-end visits. Actual flying time: twelve hours.

NO starry-eyed vision is this, but tough actuality. As flying boats increase in size they increase in safety. Motor development has kept apace and the ocean-spanning plane of tomorrow will be able to cross on half its total engine power.

Nonstop crossings, too, are expected to develop a greater safety factor. The pilot will be independent of intermediate landings that may be closed in by fog or ice. He will fly the weather, picking his own course, confident of the long range of the ship he is flying.

Hermetically sealed ship interiors and supercharged engines will hoist him to air lanes 20,000 feet and more up; will lift him above the bad-weather strip; will increase, in thin air, the normal efficiency of his motors by fifty per cent.

Pan American, then, with ships already undergoing tests, promises to jump the gun on any of our foreign competitors by putting trans-Atlantic passenger flights on a regular schedule basis within a matter of a few months. Until a short time ago, it loomed as America's one hope for supremacy in the spirited struggle for tomorrow's Atlantic aerial trade. Then another company entered the picture.

That company is American Export Airlines, subsidiary of American Export Lines, a steamship company whose little boats have for eighteen years plied one of the richest trade routes in the North Atlantic, from New York to the Mediterranean.

Working quietly for two years on the plan of supplementing its successful shipping service with trans-Atlantic air service, American Export last summer applied to Washington for permission to fly the Atlantic, got it. Arrangements have been made for landing in France and Italy; are still pending in Greece and Portugal.

The rest remains in the lap of the gods at Washington. Imperial Airways, boasting a reputed $75,000,000 subsidy from its government, may yet steal the march on America if some appropriation is not set up to help launch America's fledgling transoceanic projects.

At his New York apartment, last week, I talked with capable, energetic James M. Eaton, vice-president of American Export Airlines. Former general traffic manager of Pan American Airways, he is the moving force behind American Export's plan to supplement water ships with air ships.

"We have not ordered a ship, and will not do so," he said, "until we know the policy under which we can operate. No American company can hope to compete with foreign companies unless some sort of an appropriation or subsidy, regardless of the form it takes, is made available. No one American flag line can hope, even then, to compete with foreign air lines. It is a problem for three or four companies.

"Suppose five foreign countries want to fly two schedules each a week. Then American allied flag lines will have to fly ten if America is to enjoy half of the trans-Atlantic commerce. . . ."

American Export's operations, according to Eaton, call for eight survey flights in August or September of this year, with actual inauguration of two nonstop trans-Atlantic schedules a week, beginning in August or September of 1939.

That means, if carried out, that when you visit the World's Fair next summer you can drop in on near-by North Beach Airport and watch the arrival of flying boats whose passengers will lunch in New York after having had dinner the night before in London.

American Export, interested only in nonstop trips, plans to start service with twenty-passenger sleepers having a pay load of about 10,000 pounds, a range of 5,000 miles.

So much for the picture of the international poker game, now in session, of trans-Atlantic passenger air service, and the cards that America holds in that game.

Now, what of the planes in which you and I—we hope—will one day visit Europe? What will they be like?

At the Seversky Aircraft Corporation at Farmingdale, Long Island, last week, I saw a scale model of the Seversky Super-Clipper submitted in March to the technical committee of Pan American.

Brain child of Major Alexander de Seversky, famous wartime flyer, its specifications are breath-taking: Pay load of 43,000 pounds; cruising range of 5,000 miles; cruising speed of 250 miles per hour, with top speed of more than 300 miles per hour; twin-pontoon design; accommodations for 120 passengers; private staterooms with telephone systems and toilets; dining salon for 50; observation and promenade decks; huge cocktail lounge.

The pontoons, retractable, snuggle into the twin hulls while in flight, act as shock absorbers in landing, give the ship greater sturdiness, it is claimed, in rough water.

Stressed, too, is its ready convertibility, in time of war, into a superdreadnought capable of carrying 20,000 pounds of bombs for 12,000 miles; capable, too, of launching torpedo boats between its twin floats. Powered by eight 2,000-horsepower engines, it can carry a spare engine, operate on half speed, provide mechanics sufficient room in the huge nacelles to completely tear down a defective engine while in flight.

In its huge wings—250 feet wide—go compartments for many of its passengers. Designed, too, for stratosphere flying, its entire interior is supercharged to maintain an air pressure equivalent to 8,000 feet while the plane actually travels at 20,000.

WHAT will such a ship cost?

The only published price for the Seversky Super-Clipper has been seven million dollars. At the Seversky plant they say they do not know where that estimate originated, but admit their quite practical "dream ship" would cost at least "several" million dollars.

By present standards, any 100-passenger flying boat would cost from a million to a million and a half. Could, then, a fleet of such boats pay its way over liners capable of carrying twenty times as many passengers and more?

It could. A boat like the Normandie costs $50,000,000; takes, at almost record speed, four days to make a crossing; makes two round trips a month. Tomorrow's flying boats will make two round-trip hops a week, fly fully booked, lose less time out for everhauling.

Who will use tomorrow's wings?

On the basis of a flying experience that has carried passengers to thirty countries, Pan American officials say that the business man will be the pioneer patron of nonstop air service across the Atlantic. He will not hold that distinction long, however. The world is air-minded. And Pan American, counting its passports today, finds that half of them are held by air-minded business men, half by enthusiastic tourists.

The Atlantic—the world's golden puddle—is ready for the inevitable trek of air trade. And in factories and on drawing boards the super-puddle-jumpers of tomorrow are being readied. Practically everything is—or will be within three years—ready. Are you?

New York to London in twelve hours.

New York to Paris in twelve hours.

Hold your hats—and don't forget your toothbrush!

THE END

WILL KENNEDY RUN FOR PRESIDENT?

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

A candid close-up of a prospect that looms arrestingly large on the political horizon

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PROFESSIONAL political handicappers will give heavy odds against him at this stage. But a few connoisseurs of Presidential material are willing to make long-shot bets that the next Democratic nominee for President will be Joseph Patrick Kennedy.

On form, Joe Kennedy has some weak points. He has never held or sought an elective office. He is very rich—and he made most of his money as a Wall Street speculator and financier. He is a Roman Catholic.

The prophets who pick Kennedy have an answer for every one of these objections.

Politicians usually like to see how a man takes the hurdles in a race for governor or senator before entering him in the Presidential sweepstakes. But this is not a rigid requirement. Kennedy was reared in a political family, he married into another, and he has helped arrange the scenery for half a dozen city, state, and Presidential campaigns. Against his Wall Street fortune place the facts that he has been a loyal friend and lieutenant of Franklin D. Roosevelt and that he has won the confidence of many leftish New Dealers.

The only national test of a Catholic Presidential candidate was in 1928. Al Smith was a son of Tammany; Joe Kennedy wears the label of no political machine. Moreover, national prohibition is a moribund issue.

Many believe that the American people are too absorbed now in more difficult problems to be worried about the religious affiliation of a Presidential candidate.

The strong points in Joe Kennedy are brains, personality, driving power, and the habit of success. Of all the Roosevelt lieutenants, he is the one who enjoys in largest degree the confidence of business men. In 1940 both the Democratic politicians and the country at large may demand a man who can make business and progressive reform pull together toward sound prosperity.

When Kennedy was appointed to London there were dark rumors that he was being exiled politically. These rumors were without basis. In the first place, he wanted to go to London. In the second, he is not the kind of person who can be exiled into oblivion. Send him to Turkey, and he probably would do something to make news. In the third place, London is not an obscure post. Considering the world situation, it is probably the most conspicuous place any American citizen could choose except the White House itself. And, incidentally, was it with bored unconcern, or was it with liveliest interest and practically unanimous approval, that the whole nation of us received the news of Ambassador Kennedy's decision to shut down on presenting so many American debutantes at that court?

European capitals have seen American diplomats who were picturesque in language or habits. Joe Kennedy isn't. He has an athlete's figure, a clean-cut head, sandy hair, clear straight-shooting blue eyes, a flashing infectious smile, and faultless taste in dress. Moreover, his diction is first-rate and he has an excellent working knowledge of orthodox English. But he has the habit of speaking both rapidly and forcefully.

In Washington he has the reputation of being the President's bluntest adviser. In one telephone conversation with Mr. Roosevelt, he warmed up to the point of tossing a few of those epithets which are acceptable only from one's dearest friends.

The President roared with laughter, and told about the incident himself.

Ambassador and Mrs. Kennedy—can you pick her out?—and their children.

Joe Kennedy has a gift for plain speech. He is the first Catholic of Irish descent to represent the United States at the Court of St. James's. He is a self-made multimillionaire and the father of nine children. He has produced motion pictures. All this rolls up into a dramatic diplomatic appointment.

But what the diplomats and statesmen across the Atlantic are likely to find more important are Joe Kennedy's energy, incisive mind, and unquenchable curiosity. In sheer vitality he is more than a match for anybody in the New Deal crowd except the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, and James A. Farley. When he takes on a job, he works at it with the speed and untiring efficiency of a dynamo.

One of our best "career men," Ray Atherton—long counselor of the Embassy in London, now Minister to Bulgaria—told Kennedy how efficiently the Embassy staff in London is organized. He intimated that Kennedy should leave the regular run of diplomatic business to the staff and devote himself to social life, contacts. I asked Kennedy if that was what he intended to do.

"If you don't know me any better than that, you have no business writing an article about me," he shot back.

It was the kind of reply I expected. The regular staff will continue to handle routine, as it should. But Kennedy will know all about it. If anything important is afoot, he will handle it. If there is nothing, he probably will come back home before many months. But he expects to find plenty that is important to do.

Joe Kennedy and Franklin D. Roosevelt met during the World War. Kennedy, not yet thirty, was one of Charles M. Schwab's bright young executives. Mr. Roosevelt, in his middle thirties, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Kennedy never forgot one of his calls at the Navy Department. He had been entrusted with an important bit of negotiation. Already he was accustomed to overcoming all obstacles.

Years later he said, "Roosevelt was the hardest trader I'd ever run up against. When I left his office I was so disappointed and angry that I broke down and cried."

Apparently other qualities about young Mr. Roosevelt also made an impression. "I remember what a fighter he was in the Navy Department," Kennedy said in 1932. "He cut more red tape and accomplished more than anybody else could have. He is the only man in sight with the imagination and guts to get us out of this mess."

Kennedy was by far the wealthiest of the tiny group of Roosevelt backers who had money. And he was the only one who could be called a "big shot" on Wall Street.

Incidentally, Kennedy didn't balk at the idea of taxing large incomes and fortunes more heavily. He insisted that he didn't care about his wealth so long as he could keep enough to provide education and reasonable security for his family. "I have nine children," he said. "I'm interested chiefly in what kind of country they grow up in." He has openly criticized parts of the New Deal tax program, but not the increase in the taxes on big estates.

SEVERAL men take the credit for breaking the deadlock at the Democratic National Convention of 1932. Kennedy certainly had an important hand in it. He sat in a Chicago hotel room, with Governor Roosevelt at Albany on one telephone, and William Randolph Hearst in California on another. Kennedy knew Hearst well. The upshot of that conversation, relayed through Kennedy, was that Hearst, who had built up the Garner campaign and controlled the California delegation, decided to switch to Roosevelt.

He was the largest individual financial backer of the Roosevelt campaign of 1932. He also took most of the campaign trips with Mr. Roosevelt, doing all kinds of helpful odd jobs. However, when the cabinet posts and other important places came to be filled, he was left out. He probably could have had a second-rate job for the asking. But he wasn't given a chance to decline any job. Louis McHenry Howe looked upon him with suspicion—perhaps chiefly because Kennedy was a Wall Street speculator. Also, Kennedy's candid blasts of criticism disquieted some members of the Roosevelt group.

Raymond Moley and a few others felt that Kennedy was on the level and loyal to Roosevelt. In the spring of 1934 Moley handled the Securities and Exchange legislation for the President. He was the liaison man between the White House, the Congressional leaders, and the chief authors of the bill, Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen. After the bill was passed, the President asked Moley to recommend men to be appointed to the SEC. Moley brought down a list with Joe Kennedy at the top, and urged that he be made chairman. It was done. There was a storm of protests from the "liberals." Then, the next day, Kennedy invited Landis, Corcoran, and Cohen to lunch. He opened up the conversation by asking, "Why the hell do you fellows hate me?" When he left the SEC fifteen months later, they were all his friends.

Back in private life, he made a devastating analysis of the ailments of Paramount, and revamped the corporate structure of the Radio Corporation. The year after his RCA plan was put into effect, the company paid a dividend to the common stockholders for the first time.

During the 1936 campaign he again backed Roosevelt generously, wrote a book in defense of the spending program and the New Deal in general, and (without much success) tried to convince business and financial leaders that Roosevelt was really their best friend.

WHEN he came to the SEC he withdrew, of course, from all speculative activities. It isn't generally known that after he left the SEC, although free to do so, he never went back into the market. His closest friends vouch for the fact that since the summer of 1934 Kennedy hasn't made a trade. As early as February and March of 1937 he was warning of trouble ahead. If he had acted on his own analysis, he probably could have added a few million dollars to his fortune by selling short. But, though not in office, he was still in frequent touch with the President. He told his friends that he would rather lose half of what he already had than give any one the slightest basis for accusing him of using "inside" information from the White House to his own profit.

As a matter of fact, it was not until months later that the President really took seriously the private storm warnings Kennedy had been sending to him.

Meanwhile, in the spring of 1937 President Roosevelt picked out a new and tougher job for Joe Kennedy: the chairmanship of the newly created Maritime Commission. The new law was a tangle. The merchant marine was plagued with serious labor troubles.

Kennedy didn't want the job, but he submitted to the President's draft. He thought he was probably disqualified from serving, since through a family trust he controlled a block of stock in a shipyard. But he had so fully won the confidence of the New Deal's liberals that none objected to his new appointment. Congress even passed a special resolution authorizing him to own the shipyard stock while serving.

Under the law, Kennedy had just seventy-three days to organize the new commission, terminate the old ocean-mail contracts, and set up a new subsidy system. He accomplished it. He settled $73,000,000 worth of damage claims from steamship companies for $750,000.

He put research men to work and brought forth, late in 1937, a report on the merchant marine that won general approval. He was now ready to tackle something else.

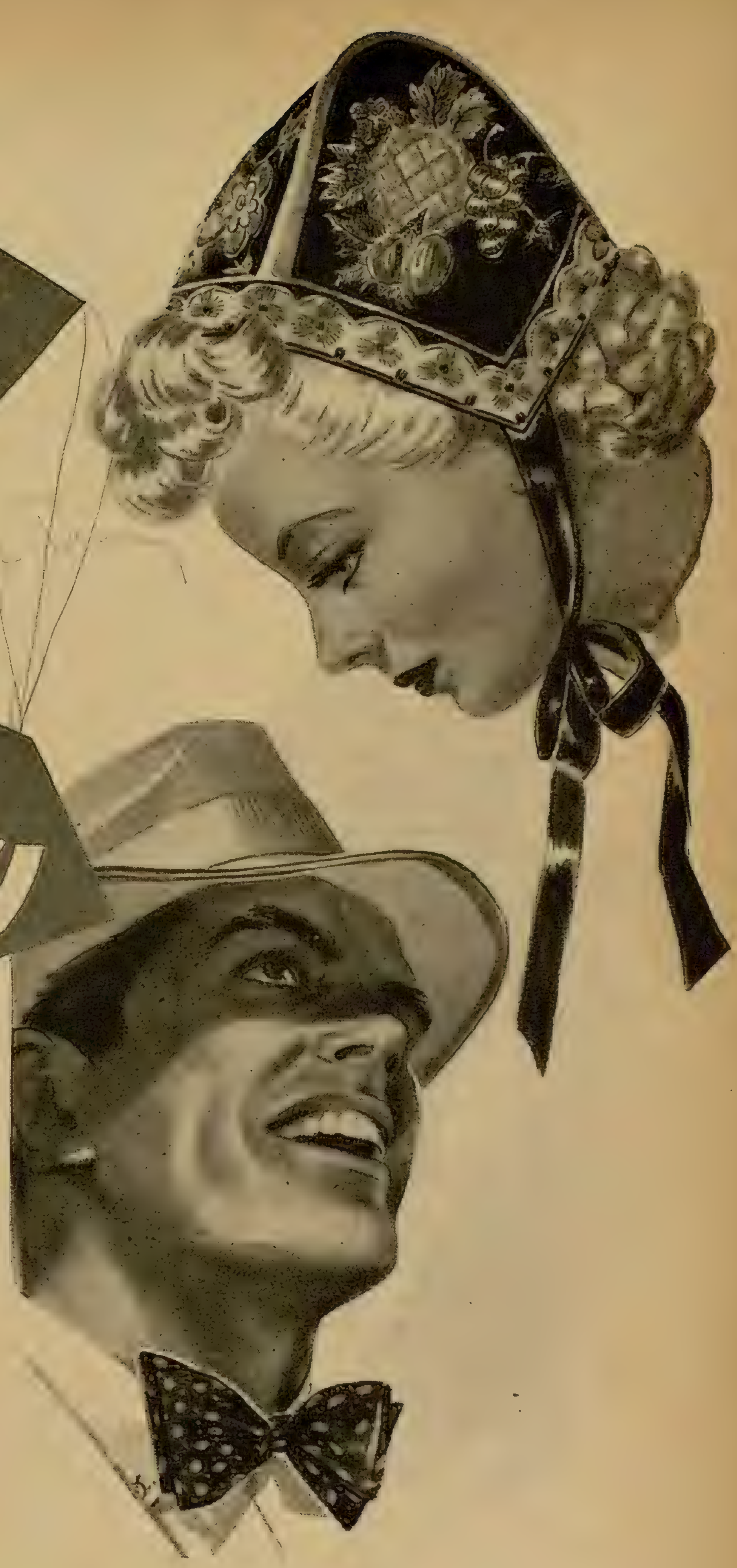
Months ago he casually mentioned to a member of the intimate White House circle that he would like sometime to be Ambassador to Great Britain. His confidant passed it off as a joke. But he was serious. When Ambassador Bingham resigned, friends of Kennedy tipped off Jim Farley and James Roosevelt that Joe really wanted the job. There is every reason to think that the President was genuinely delighted.

Nobody knows exactly why Joe Kennedy wanted to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Some of his friends suspected it was on account of Mrs. Kennedy, who has devoted twenty-two arduous years to rearing her family. Her svelte figure and youthful face after bearing nine children caused John Boettiger, son-in-law of the President, to remark: "Now, at last, I believe in the stork." Most people would consider the Ambassadorship an understandable ambition for a successful man who had grown up on the Irish side of that sharp social line drawn by the old Boston families.

THE END

Chuckles, romance! The blithe, hilarious tale of a practical joke that backfired

Present for Tommy



BY BAIRD HALL

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

INGEBORD!" said Mrs. Chester suddenly.

Mr. Hewlett Chester had supposed that his wife was asleep in her steamer chair. He put a careful finger in his book and looked up.

"Is that a Scandinavian oath, my dear?"

"No, it's a name. Look."

Across the deck, by the rail, was a little girl; little, that is, in size. She wore spike-heeled short-vamp patent-leather shoes, fish-net stockings, and a black coat with a monkey-hair collar. Her blonde hair, cut in a theatrically long bob, blew in a tangle with the collar. Her make-up was lurid over a now faintly greenish complexion.

She was not yet sick, but clung sidewise to the swooping rail, her chin set in grim determination.

Mr. Hewlett Chester frowned. "Is that young person's name Ingebord? Surely you don't know her?"

"Well, with some soap and water and a hairbrush I could make her an Ingebord. Look at those cheekbones."

"Selma, have you any idea what you're talking about?"

"Don't you remember? The night we sailed, Tommy Martin told us to bring him a little Swedish peasant girl, and we decided her name would be Ingebord."

Mr. Chester opened his book. "Young Martin is an ass, but I'm glad if he amuses you. He will be meeting you—us—at the boat, I suppose? Well, I don't believe we want any practical jokes on the pier."

"I'm sure she could get into that peasant dress I bought for Marion's little Sue," murmured Selma.

Tiny pressed her shivering ribs against the hard rail.

"I beg your pardon, but—" It was a woman's voice, pleasant and assured.

Tiny looked around, cautiously, so as not to get any dizzier. The woman smiled. "I've been watching you. You ought to walk, you know; get your sea legs. Come on."

On their fifth time around the deck, Tiny relaxed her clenched teeth and said, "I ought to of done this myself. Only I didn't know. I feel swell now."

The woman laughed. "You're ready now for some strong hot tea. Shall we have some in my cabin? I'm Selma Chester. My husband and I are on our way home from a trip in Norway and Sweden."

"Well, I'm Tiny La Motte. My girl friend and I are on our way home from Paris—that is, if Muriel is still alive. I left her in the cabin. She's the kind that crawls on to a bed and groans."

"And you're not." Mrs. Chester was watching Tiny.

"One of us has to stay alive and kicking. Our show closed in Paris. But I got two tickets home out of the manager, and first-class, too. But say, Mrs. Chester, you're being awfully nice to me. Why, especially?"

The woman laughed again. "We're fellow passengers and—well, does there have to be any special reason why?"

"Usually," said Tiny soberly, then smiled. "But something hot to drink sounds swell."

AN hour later, Tiny came racing into her cabin.

"Muriel! Look at me! I'm in the money."

The prostrate sufferer opened one eye.

"Listen! Out on deck I just got picked up by a swell dame. Thirty-six, I'd say, but she's not so dead. Because listen. Some playboy asked her to bring him home a girl for a present—a sort of live doll—an Ingebord, she calls it. Of course he said it for a gag, but she's going to take the wind out of him by coming down the gangplank with his baby doll in a trick costume. And I'm it. Fifty bucks —for a ten-minute act."

"Um," said Muriel. "And who's the guy? He sounds rich and crazy. Maybe you've got something there, Tiny."

"We can forget that."

"Oh, all right, tin saint."

"But that little fifty will keep me going till I get a job—I hope."

For one second, alone behind Muriel's indifferent back, Miss Tiny La Motte of Broadway looked exactly like a frightened child.

And Tiny looked even more like a child on the morning she stood waiting in the crowded C-deck hallway. Her yellow hair, in two tight braids, was wound around her head. On top perched a little square black cap. A short bodice was laced snugly over an embroidered shirtwaist. A heavy skirt, gorgeous with red embroidery, billowed out from her small waist.

"You look simply perfect." Mrs. Chester was bending over her. "Have you forgotten your Swedish?"

"*Hur mår du,* how do you do—*ja,* yes—*du är snäll,* you are kind—*jag är glad,* I am happy." Tiny grinned.

"You're not nervous?"

"Well, your husband may get pretty mad."

"My dear, Hewlett has a perfect phobia about reporters. He'll be very busy trying to dodge them and he certainly won't make a scene in public. Here he comes now. Here we are, Hewlett dear. This is Ingebord. Won't Tommy be pleased?"

Mr. Hewlett Chester took one look at Tiny, one quick look at the crowd, then just said, "Selma, I have already told you that I can't be party to any such practical joke. Come. I have our cards."

Mr. Chester started down the gangplank first, then Mrs. Chester, then Tiny close behind. The line halted abruptly. There seemed to be some confusion on the dock. Mrs. Chester cried out, "Tommy!" Tiny peeked around Mrs. Chester just in time to see a tall lean young man snatch the stiff derby from Mr. Chester's erect head and clap on, in its place, a wild-looking steel helmet with huge curving horns. The blue glare of flashlight bulbs lit the dim pier.

"There you are, boys!" said the young man. "'Prominent banker returns from the Norseland.' You've got your picture. Scram. Hello, Hewlett. Welcome home!"

"Clear that gangplank! Stand back, there!" yelled an officer.

Mr. Chester dashed the viking helmet to the concrete, grabbed his derby from the young man's hand, and without a word strode away toward the baggage section marked with a two-foot letter C.

"Tommy! Oh, Tommy, how could you?"

"Selma! You're back. And you promised to be even more beautiful, and you are."

"Oh, my, yes. And here's the other thing I promised—your present, Tommy. Her name is Ingebord."

TINY was ready. She edged from behind Mrs. Chester. She opened her blue eyes as wide as possible.

"*Hur mår du,*" said Tiny timidly.

Tommy stared, stammered, stared and was silent. This, Tiny could guess from even so short an acquaintance, was a rare state with the young man.

Mrs. Chester went off into peals of laughter. "Isn't she what you wanted? Of course I could have gotten one with a green skirt."

"Are you—" he began, to Tiny.

"She doesn't speak a word of English," interrupted Mrs. Chester, "but I know she thinks you're a nice man. Wait, and I'll ask her."

"Oh, *ja.*" Tiny raised a beaming smile to Tommy. "*Du är snäll.*"

But Tommy was looking at Mrs. Chester. His face began to crease in a slow grin. Quickly he squatted down and put his hands on Tiny's waist. "Ingebord, you are the nicest present I've ever had. You're adorable."

"Oh, *jag är glad,*" said Tiny.

"I guess she can *understand* English a little," observed Mrs. Chester dryly. "Well, Tommy—"

"Selma!" he cut in. "Selma, I detect the first chilling edge of common sense coming into your voice. You have given me a beautiful present named Ingebord. Don't spoil it with advice."

"It isn't a question of advice. It's—"

"Not a word." Firmly, Tommy took Tiny's hand. "You needn't have a moment's uneasiness. I shall cherish Ingebord—never let her out of my sight. Good-by, Selma, and thank you—thank you a thousand times."

As Tommy began to pull, Tiny looked at Mrs. Chester for some signal that the game was over. Mrs. Chester, however, was looking only at Tommy.

"You nut, you know you can't— Tommy—oh, Tommy, you—you haven't really said hello to me at all!"

Tiny was drawn bumping and banging through the crowd at the end of Tommy Martin's long right arm. He was walking fast and she had to run. She couldn't draw one full breath. Near the stairway he looked down and saw her distress.

"Oh, gosh, and I promised to cherish you! Here." He picked her up, like a small child, on one arm, and straightened her cap with his free hand.

"*Du är snäll,*" murmured Tiny. She hadn't got the fifty dollars yet.

She held on to his coat collar and took advantage of her elevation to look back over the crowd. Would Muriel have the sense to tend to the baggage?

Tommy went threading his way through the taxi lines toward a parking space under the West Side Express Highway. Once he glanced up into Tiny's face. His eyes were gray and nice, and bright with little dancing lights.

Tiny smiled back. Maybe Mrs. Chester wouldn't want her to end the joke just yet. The Chesters were going to the Hotel St. Pierre. She could meet Mrs. Chester there later.

Tommy opened the door of his Park Avenue apartment with a latchkey and from the front hall yelled, "Sarah! Shamus! Sarah! Come here quick! See what I've got!"

A plump little woman in a white apron and a plump little man in a white house coat came rushing into the hall. Shamus Honan was bald and pink and wrinkled. Mrs. Honan's white hair was screwed tight into an uncompromising knot on the top of her head.

"Mr. Tommy, what is it you're up to now?" Mrs. Honan raised a stern eye to her six-foot-two employer. She hadn't actually spanked him now for twenty years, but it never occurred to her that she couldn't.

"Sarah," grinned Tommy, "this is Ingebord."

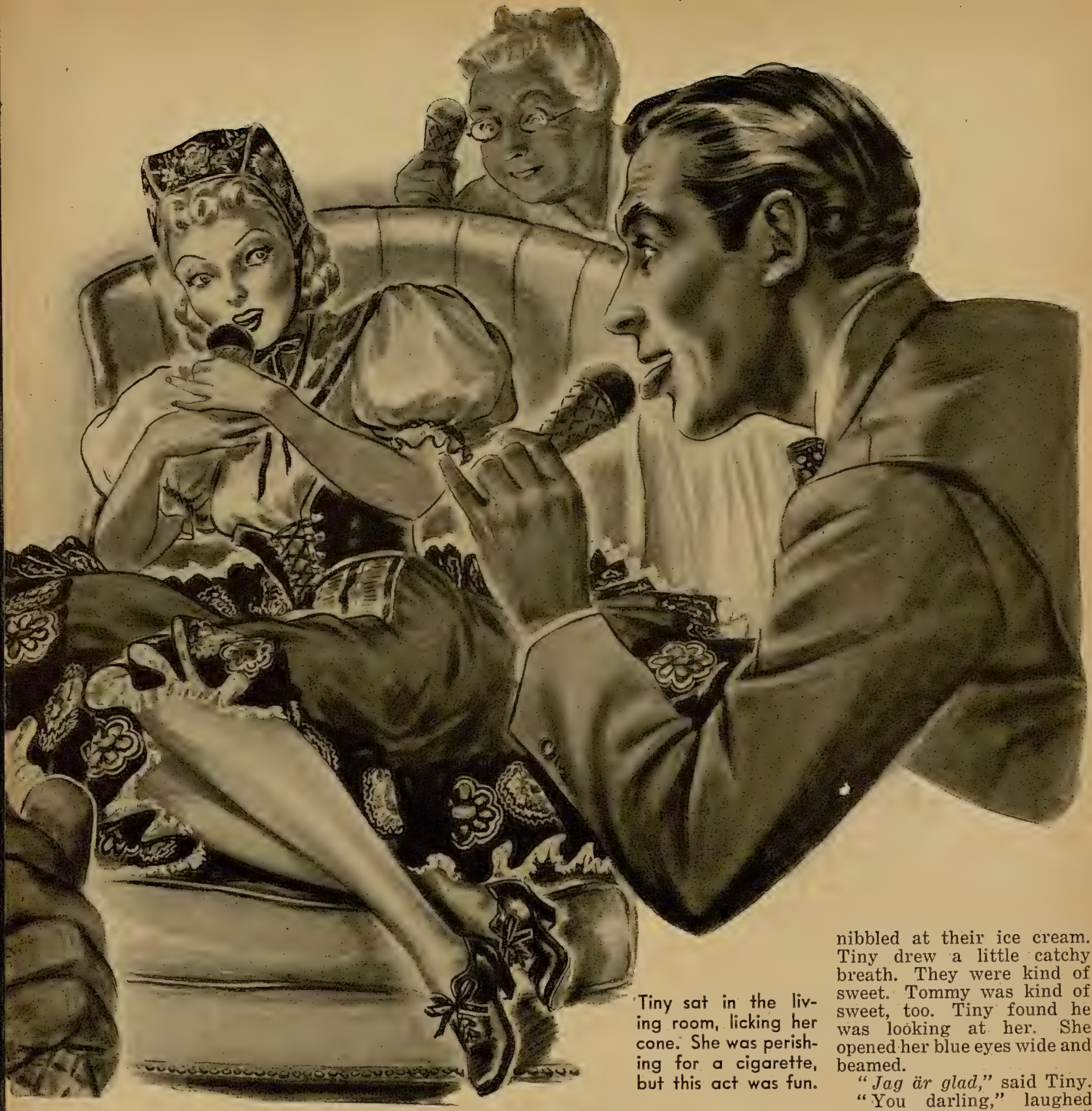
"*Hur mår du,*" murmured Tiny.

"And what heathenish thing is the child saying?"

"I don't know, Sarah. Mrs. Chester brought her to me from Sweden; gave her to me this morning."

"Gave her to you?" Old Shamus gaped. "But, Mr. Tom, what in the name of all that's holy are we going to do with a little girl about the place?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HANK ADAMS



Tiny sat in the living room, licking her cone. She was perishing for a cigarette, but this act was fun.

"And it's not such a little girl she is, either," said Mrs. Honan grimly. "That Mrs. Chister must be crazy, taking a young girl from her home and—"

"Oh, I promised to cherish Ingebord, Sarah; and of course you'll watch over her like a mother."

"Mother! I'll do better than her mother's been doing —letting a young girl get carried half around the world! And how are you expecting to keep the poor thing happy, when you can't say one word—"

"Oh, gosh!" ejaculated Tommy. "That's right. We've got to keep her happy. Shamus, quick! Scuttle around to the drugstore and get four ice-cream cones. Hurry!"

"Four, did you say, Mr. Tom?"

"Sure. Four. We'll have to show her how to eat them. I don't suppose Ingebord has ever seen an ice-cream cone."

Tiny sat on the edge of a big chair in the handsome living room, licking her cone. She was perishing for a cigarette, but this Ingebord act was fun. It was a scream. Shamus and that old Sarah did a lot of talking and scolding, but they stayed, standing up respectfully, while they nibbled at their ice cream. Tiny drew a little catchy breath. They were kind of sweet. Tommy was kind of sweet, too. Tiny found he was looking at her. She opened her blue eyes wide and beamed.

"*Jag är glad,*" said Tiny.

"You darling," laughed Tommy. "I believe I'd rather eat you than ice cream." And he came over and kissed her on her chocolate mouth.

"Oh!" gulped Tiny, in every language of the world.

"Now you've done it," scolded Sarah. "A great blob all over her skirt. Look out—that thing's still dripping. And I suppose that's the only dress she's got. Or did you leave her baggage somewhere in your harum-scarum way?"

"Baggage! I never thought of it. But we'll get her all new things. Maybe she'll think that's fun. We'll do it right now. Come on, Ingebord."

The professional shopper at the Fifth Avenue shop look suspiciously at Tiny. "We don't have fancy-dress costumes, you know, Mr. Martin."

"This time you do," replied Tommy. "You've got a custom department, haven't you? Well, make Ingebord's dresses just like the one she has on, only different colors and materials and such. And see that she has everything else she needs."

The shopper's hard black eyes had not left Tiny for a moment during Tommy's gay explanations and requests, but she said nothing. She did, after all, work on commission.

That night Tiny sat on the edge of a big soft bed, staring into the dark. She had on a long flannel nightgown from the children's department of the Fifth Avenue store. The shopper, once started, had shown imagination and humor.

Through the open door Tiny could hear the gentle rhythmic snoring of old Sarah in the next room.

"And I'll be right there if the poor little thing wakes up frightened in the dark," Sarah had said.

Tommy had grinned. "Well, if there's anything I could do, I—"

"It's behave yourself you can do, young man," Sarah had replied firmly.

Now Tiny didn't dare light a light. And it was terribly hard to think without a cigarette. But she must think. Mrs. Chester would be busting up this Ingebord joke by tomorrow, certainly. And why not? It was crazy not being able to talk, and being treated like a fifteen-year-old kid. Bed at ten o'clock, with Sarah fussing like an old hen. Tommy had come in, after she was in bed.

"Good night, small present." He had kissed her, while old Sarah frowned dubiously.

Unconsciously in the darkness Tiny put her fingers on the mouth Tommy had kissed.

But how about Mrs. Chester? Not that Tiny wanted to keep Mrs. Chester quiet—only suppose she *did* want to—just for a couple of days, say? How could that be managed?

BAIRD HALL

lives in an abandoned saw and shingle mill near Newton, Connecticut. Once a New York man about town, he now visits the city only after receiving a generous check from some magazine editor. Four days of celebrating in the glare of the Great White Way, and he is ready to return to the old sawmill and the bucolic life.

Tiny still had no answer to that question as she stood clinging to Tommy's right hand while he rapped with his left on the door of suite 1,400. He didn't wait, but shoved the door open.

"Hey, Selma—Hewlett—this is Tommy."

"Tommy! Tommy, you devil, come in," called Mrs. Chester's voice.

He pointed Tiny to a chair in the little entrance hall and strode on to the room beyond. Tiny didn't glance at the chair. She stood very still. She heard Mrs. Chester's low throaty laugh.

"I ought never to forgive you, Tom, for deserting me on that foul pier. The customs took simply hours. But I've got to forgive you, because what do you think? Hewlett has had to dash right down to Washington—some mess or other. So here I am, absolutely alone and defenseless for days, maybe a week. I shan't even open the house. We can play and play. What are you going to do with me, Thomas?"

"Selma," laughed Tommy, "you stir my cavalier blood and shock my puritan conscience. Thank heaven, Ingebord can't understand what you're saying."

"Ingebord!"

"Yes. I never move without her, of course. She's there in the hall."

QUICK steps approached the archway. Tiny's little battling jaw set square. On her left was a closed door. She darted across, opened it, and stood poised. Mrs. Chester came under the arch. Then Tiny went through the door, the older woman after her. It was a dark narrow serving pantry. As Mrs. Chester came over the threshold, Tiny slammed the door. They were alone.

"You!" began Mrs. Chester. But she got control of herself. "Well, my dear, are you going to pretend you kept up this game because—"

"Nope."

"Oh. Frankly an adventuress and rather proud of—"

"Yes, I'm an adventuress! I have to fight for every meal I eat and every rag I wear, so I'm an adventuress. I get a couple of days in a soft berth, so I'm an adventuress."

"And you think I should let you milk one of my friends? Well, I certainly—"

Tiny glanced at the closed door. She'd have to be quick. "He's a pretty good friend, isn't he? Suppose I told your husband what you just said to Mr. Martin out there? And you have the nerve to call me names!"

"You're disgusting. I was joking with Mr—"

"Oh, sure! And your husband just loves your little jokes with Mr. Martin, doesn't he?" Tiny saw that shot go home. "And your husband loves reporters, too. Well, I can talk to reporters, Mrs. Chester. I've got a swell imagination. I've got nothing to lose and the Chesters have."

There was a tap-tap on the door. "You better think a little longer before you kick me out of my soft spot," hissed Tiny, "because when you do, so help me Hannibal, I'll smear the Hewlett Chesters all over the tabloids like—" She stopped abruptly as Tommy opened the door.

"You two playing hide-and-seek?" He looked from one to the other.

Slowly the flush of fury rose to Mrs. Chester's cheeks. "Tom Martin, you're a fool. Take this—this animal, and get out of here. Get out!"

Tiny's escaping breath made a half sigh, half moan.

Out in the hall, waiting for an elevator, Tiny was afraid she was going to be sick. Good gosh, sick—over a two-minute fracas with a woman! But she hadn't been ready for it. She hadn't really meant to do it. She should have claimed her fifty dollars and gotten out.

"Ingebord." Tiny looked up into Tommy's nice gray eyes, then remembered she mustn't show she could understand his words. Often she couldn't anyway. "Ingebord, I can see that if I am to enjoy you in peace we must flee from the madding crowd."

TINY sat curled on a big wicker couch in the late fall sunshine. It was warm here on the stone terrace, sheltered by the wing of Tommy's rambling old farmhouse at Drenham. Across the valley the Connecticut hills were a soft misty gray. It was so peaceful. But it couldn't last. Down there in the valley, showing white through the bare trees, clustered the houses of Drenham Main Street. Drenham Main Street, that looked so quiet, was really, Tiny knew, a seething caldron—seething and about to boil.

Tommy was such a goof—such a darling and such a goof! Instead of hiding his Ingebord at the farm, he took her everywhere, as though she were a pet dog or an amazing mechanical toy. He took her in the morning when he went to market for old Sarah, and, sitting her on the counter beside the sugar scales, he made her say "*Hur mår du*" to all the astonished good housewives of Drenham Village. He took her to the art exhibit and tea at Paul Mason's studio barn. He took her to the evening of chamber music at the Warner Adamses', oldest and richest family of Drenham.

Tommy could get away with an awful lot. Everybody liked him. He was so gay and funny and interested in things. But an Ingebord! Tiny could see whispers, nudges, sniffs or grins, eyebrows, wisecracks, depending on whether the group was native Drenham or "city people," as all more recent residents were called.

And Mrs. Chester wouldn't stay bluffed for long.

"Here's your tea now, lambie." Old Sarah set down the big tray.

"Oh, thank you," said Tiny in English.

Her breath was beginning to come short, just because any minute Tommy would come through the door. Should she push her full short skirt over her knees or leave it alone? Oh, dear, she did have pretty legs, but would Tommy ever know it with those white cotton stockings?

"Hello, Ingebord. Is it time for school?" He stood grinning down on her.

"Oh, *ja*. Yes. It—is—time—for—school."

Tommy went around the tea table, stood in front of his chair, and looked at her inquiringly.

"Won't—won't you—sit down?" said Tiny.

"Good girl! Ingebord, you are wonderful."

"Tommy, you are wonderful," repeated Tiny innocently, and busied herself with the teapot. "This is a cup. This is tea. This is—is—this is—kiss?"

"No," chuckled Tommy. "This is sugar. I guess I confused you. Yesterday I said I'd have a kiss with my tea instead of sugar. Shall I have a kiss instead today, too?"

Of course his speech was much too long for Ingebord to understand. She could only look at him wide-eyed.

"That is sugar," explained Tommy, "and this is a kiss."

"Oh," said Tiny. "Oh, *ja.*"

There was a moment's silence as Tiny lay back into the crook of Tommy's arm. Then she spoke slowly and hesitantly and very soberly: "I can learn to speak English, Tommy, just like you."

"Of course you can, Ingebord." For an instant his gray eyes studied her seriously, then the mischievous little lights danced again.

"Mr. Tom! Mr. Tom!" Sarah, bawling, appeared on the doorsill. "It's the long-distance telephone, it is. I believe it's that Mrs. Chister keeping at it."

"I'm still away," said Tommy. "Last time I saw her she called me a fool. You know I'm a hard man, Sarah. Slow to forgive." He grinned.

Had Mrs. Chester really made Tommy sort of mad, or was he just teasing her? Anyway, it couldn't last. Of course it couldn't last.

"Oh, Tommy!" Her forlorn cry made him look down quickly. And Tiny caught herself. "Tommy, *du är snäll.*" She tried to smile.

IN spite of her forebodings, her certainty even, Tiny was not really ready for the blow when it fell. Tommy was active in town affairs whenever he was staying at the farm. He had gone to a meeting of the Drenham Library Board. Tiny took a long luxurious bath and brushed and brushed her yellow hair.

"Mr. Tommy will come home soon, Sarah?"

"If he misses having his tea with you, it'll be the first time," retorted Sarah.

"Which dress will Mr. Tommy like today best, h'm?"

Sarah had to smile at the eager shining face. "I'm thinking he has a weakness for the little one with the red bodice, maybe."

Tiny, in her red bodice, was coming down the steep front stairs when she heard a car on the drive. Her breath came short, the silly way it did whenever she was going to see Tommy. She flew to the front door. Coming up the walk was Mrs. Chester.

"You might as well tell Mr. Martin I'm here. I shall wait until I see him." Mrs. Chester, looking very cool and smart, had seated herself in the quaint old "best parlor."

Tiny stood pressing her hands back against the doorjamb. "He's not home now," she repeated, almost in a whisper. "Please don't—don't—"

Mrs. Chester smiled unpleasantly. "Miss La Motte, a man who chooses to play the gullible fool deserves what he gets. But my husband is returning, and he will feel that I am responsible for exposing an acquaintance to a cheap, unscrupulous—"

"I'm not doing anything wrong. Honestly. Honestly, Mrs. Chester, I promise I won't—"

"You've already tried to blackmail me."

"I wouldn't have done it really. I've always had to fight. But, Mrs. Chester, he's so kind to me—they're all so kind. Nobody ever before has—oh, gee, don't you see, he's so sweet and gentle and happy—and he's teaching me how to talk English. The way he does—the way you do. I'll learn to be— Oh, Mrs. Chester, please, I love him! I won't ever do—"

Mrs. Chester rose. "So that's going to be your line."

They both heard the sharp slam of a car door. They stood, white and still.

"Please," whispered Tiny. "Please, give me a chance. Oh, Tommy!"

Tommy put an arm over Tiny's shoulders as he came into the room beaming. "Selma! Hello. Pale and proud today, eh? It does become you. Welcome to our happy home."

"Tommy, are you really a half-wit, or are you just pretending not to know what this girl is?"

"This girl? Ingebord? Great Scott, Selma, you gave her to me yourself, barely a fortnight ago."

Mrs. Chester looked steadily at Tiny. "Will you tell the truth, or shall I explain?"

I WAS SO PROUD OF YOU TONIGHT, DARLING!
HOW WISE! THE WIFE WHO GUARDS AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR COMPLEXION, LATELY? IT'S SO MUCH LOVELIER, SO SOFT AND SMOOTH! I REMEMBER, A FEW WEEKS AGO, HOW UPSET YOU WERE BECAUSE YOUR SKIN WAS SO DRY...
NOT ONLY DRY, BUT LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING! I REALLY WAS GETTING "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN HELEN SAID MAYBE I WAS USING THE WRONG SOAP. SHE SUGGESTED CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE, AND...
PALMOLIVE? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, MY ADVICE IS, STICK TO PALMOLIVE!
MY HUSBAND'S RIGHT! IT PAYS TO USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

Good-looking hair

commands respect and admiration!

In intimate conversations or important business sessions — good-looking hair creates a highly-favorable impression. It proclaims your assurance and proper self-respect *at a glance.* And the easy, effortless way to keep your hair well-groomed and handsome is to make Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" part of your daily routine.

Simply rub a little Vitalis briskly on your scalp with your fingertips. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp becomes "looser," more flexible. Your hair takes on a new, rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of depleted natural oils.

And good grooming is easier with Vitalis. Notice how quickly your hair responds to your comb and brush, how neatly it stays in place, how much handsomer it looks without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store, today. Start using Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." You'll have hair that will point-up your self-respect.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair takes on a rich, new lustre.

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB—Your hair has a well-groomed lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

For one moment Tiny gazed at Mrs. Chester's cold, set face. Not a chance. She'd known that from the beginning. People never gave you a break. And then she'd had to go and blurt out that about loving Tommy. That had finished it. What a fool she'd been! A softy and a fool.

Slowly Tiny moved away from under Tommy's arm. The twist of her smile made her face hard and almost old.

"Well, anyway," said Tiny harshly, "I haven't got any bags to pack."

"No," agreed Tommy cheerfully. "I had Shamus put your baggage up over the garage—except your purse. I stuck that in the desk, because it had money and your passport and such."

"What? Passport? How—"

Tommy looked apologetic. "Well, you might have wanted some of the stuff, you know. I went to see your ship's purser, and then looked up your friend Muriel and got your things. But you don't want—"

Mrs. Chester's voice was like a knife: "And you're keeping this girl here—"

"Why, I thought she liked it here. She's learning English wonderfully, Selma." He grinned. "I'm going to teach her to say 'I do.'"

No. People never give you a break. Only a person like Tommy—crazy, darling Tommy. Tiny felt the oddest feeling come in her throat. Was she going to choke to death? Was she going to pass out?

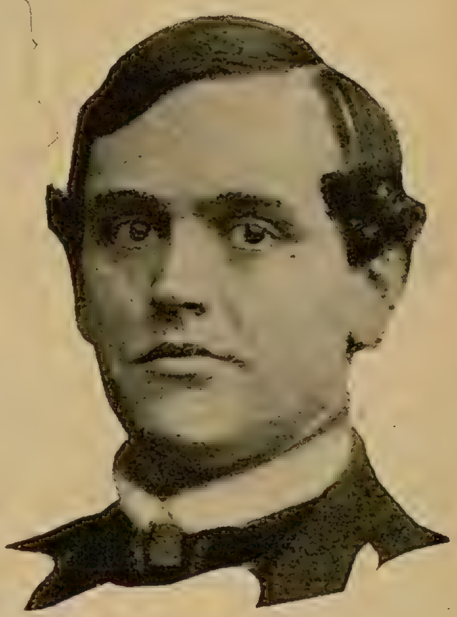
Tiny had forgotten how to cry, and suddenly she remembered.

"Ingebord—precious thing." Tommy stroked the sleek yellow head burrowing into his leather jacket. "Everything's all right, sweet. What is it, darling?"

"Oh, Tommy. Gee! Gee—I mean—oh, Tommy, *jag är glad!*"

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—You may have to ask dad if he knows the early photo (right) of an actor who became inalienably identified with a Washington Irving character who slumbered a score of years. Who?

2—Which radio program is introduced with Smile, Darn You, Smile?

3—What does the United Kingdom include that Great Britain does not?

4—Can water in an open saucepan be made hotter by turning up the flame?

5—How many stomachs has a cow?

6—Which animal, composed of initials, borders the Pacific Ocean?

7—Is it more healthful to drink coffee "black"?

8—Was Hungary, Belgium, France, or Switzerland the first European country to erect a statue of George Washington?

9—Do amphibians live on land or in water?

10—The sculptor, painter, poet, and architect, M. Buonarroti, is better remembered by what name?

11—Where would one go to see the Spirit of St. Louis?

12—How many of the following once were chorus boys: Spencer Tracy, Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney, Jack Oakie, and James Cagney?

13—Photographic plates are coated with what?

14—Woodrow Wilson's "other self" died in his eightieth year. Who was he?

15—Where is Tropical Park? Churchill Downs? Oaklawn Park?

16—What is Gargantua the Great?

17—Which picture inspired all the 1933-4 awards of the Academy of Moving Picture Arts and Sciences?

18—Why are white clothes preferred to black in the tropics?

19—Who wrote Mrs. Warren's Profession? Arms and the Man?

20—Pennsylvania was founded by whom?

(*Answers will be found on page 58*)

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

MURDER LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

A dark-starred beauty in a desperate plight faces new, sinister suspicion

PART SIX—DANGER, AND A MAN BEWITCHED

INSTRUMENTS were clattering on glass trays in the operating room behind the white door. The smell of ether was nauseating.

Inspector Levine said: "I don't see why we gotta stay here. Why not shove this lug in the can and go home?"

I was the lug, sitting there between the two dicks with bracelets on my wrists.

"Uh-uh," Sergeant Delaney replied. "The skipper said stay here, and here we stay. She may snap out of it before she croaks. We can get a statement."

"What do we need a statement for? We caught him red-handed, didn't we?"

And then they were both staring at my hands, stained with her blood. They went on talking, but I couldn't listen. I could only sit . . . and wait . . . and think. . . .

OF course they hadn't mentioned any name, these two hard-boiled police reporters, Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham. Herrick had merely said the lady had been in town on Thursday night, the night Harry Hanneman was murdered. The lady!

Well, nuts! They're not talking about the Duchess of Windsor. They're talking about Laura. They know, these boys, they KNOW, the horrible truth that I've only suspected—until now.

I lounged there on the corner of a desk in the disordered old press room, looking from one to the other and trying not to appear too bright. Watt Bellingham still sat on the edge of his chair, his long face solemn, his eyes bleak. Al Herrick, frowning, avoiding my gaze, stood regarding the cigarette he had just lighted. He said quietly:

"I checked and double-checked. She was here."

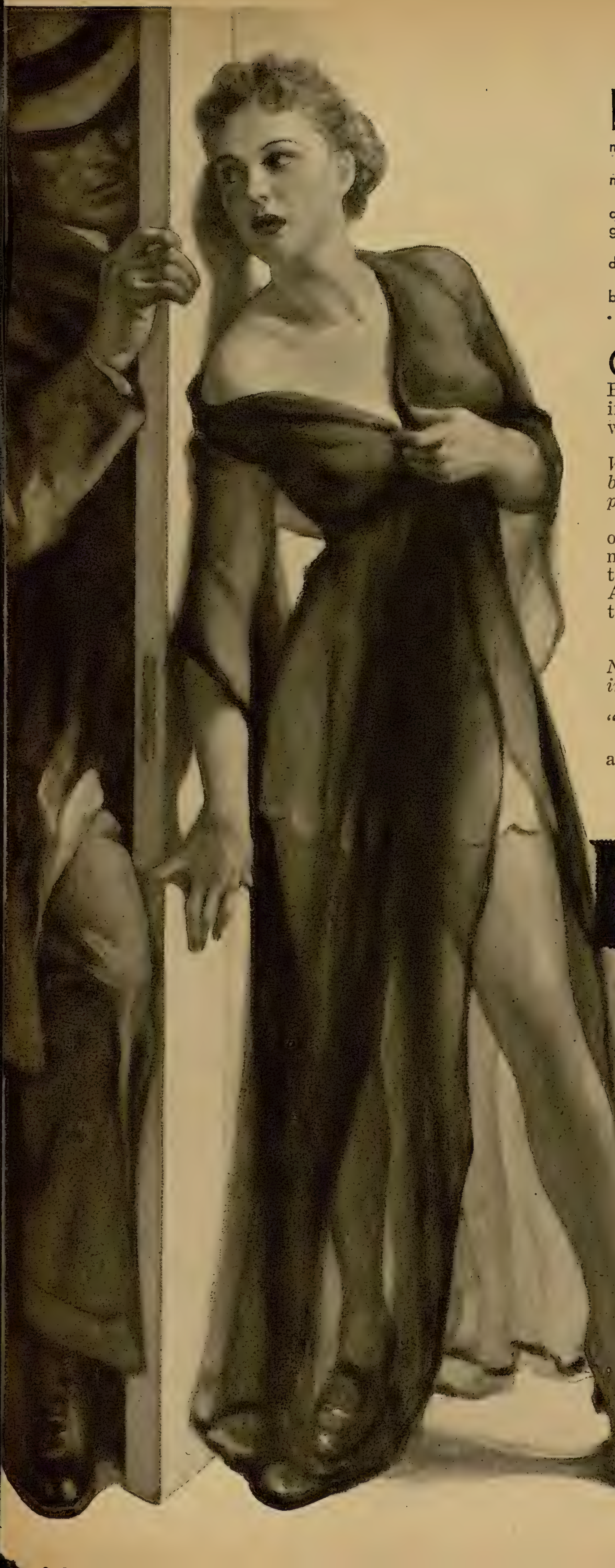
A few days ago these two fellows were my best friends. Now they are poison. Funny how a guy can go so wrong in judging a pair of mugs.

"Yeah," Watt Bellingham said with a long-drawn sigh. "Yeah."

I said, too brightly: "About whom are you talking about whom?"

"Sally Rand," Al Herrick replied.

Watt's thin lips twisted in a grin but his gray eyes



She opened the door about six inches. "I'm sorry, Les," she said. "I have an engagement, and I'm dressing."

stayed cold as he looked up at me. “Yeah, Sally Rand is a blonde too. Funny, Les, the way you and I are always talking about blondes.”

I’d always thought I could take a ribbing, but this was a type of ribbing I’d never met before. I was beginning to burn, and yet the last thing I wanted was a showdown with these two highbinders.

“Look, guys,” I said, trying to speak reasonably. “Why beat around the bush? I know what you’re talking about, and you know I know. You can prove, or *think* you can prove, that Laura was in town here the night Harry was rubbed. If I’m wrong, correct me.”

They didn’t say a word.

“Fellows, it sounds pretty sappy for a press agent to be talking love to a couple of reporters. But I’ve loved Laura for a long time, and when I say I’ll do anything in the world to help her, you know I’m not talking for effect. I mean it. I’ll do—*anything!*”

Watt grunted. “Such as go up to Meek and confess you rubbed Harry?”

“If I had to—yes!”

“You’d do that,” Bellingham sneered, “for a tramp like Laura Lane?”

“Shut up, Watt!” Al piped up. “Les may not consider her a tramp. And in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word, Laura isn’t a tramp. She’s worse.”

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Bewitching Laura Hanneman returns alone from her honeymoon in New York. At the Oakland airport she casually tells Les Burns, who is in love with her, that Harry, her husband, came back by himself the night before. Going home with her to Piney Hill, they come upon the dead body of Harry, a gun beside him on the floor. Les is horrified, but Laura says that now he and she are free to be happy.

The newspapers, led by the Times-Star, whose managing editor is the powerful Hack Doyle, declare it suicide. But the police suspect Les. He is grilled by Captain Meek without result. Before his death Hanneman had been running against Stacey Moise for Congress. Moise is a shyster. He fires Jake O’Hara, as his publicity man, for drunkenness. Les is given the job. Soon he and Jake have a fist fight over June Taylor, who is Jake’s self-sacrificing sweetheart.

Laura wants Stacey Moise for her counsel in settling her big estate. Though he objects, Les introduces them. The inquest is held. Again Les is grilled, this time by the district attorney. He stuns everybody by admitting that he was at the Hanneman home the night of the crime. But a police reporter, Watt Bellingham, insinuates that Les is lying to save a beautiful blonde pal. Les evades the issue. Watt’s buddy, Al Herrick, suddenly appears on the scene and says with significant emphasis that “the lady” was in town the night of the murder. Terrible fear grips Les as he realizes that Herrick is alluding to Laura.

Well, it was no time to take that up.

“Call her anything you please,” I said. “You won’t change my feelings toward her. If she’s in trouble, I’m going to get her out of it.”

“Not this kind of trouble you’re not going to get her out of,” Al remarked.

“The fact that she was here—if it is a fact—doesn’t prove anything,” I pointed out.

Watt slowly shook his shaggy head. “No, it doesn’t prove a thing.”

“Not a thing,” Al echoed. “So what’s the beef? Would you mind telling us?”

“The beef is, you two guys are trying to hang a murder on the woman I love, and—”

“Oh, forget this ‘woman I love’ stuff!” Watt snorted. “In the first place, you have assumed we know Laura was in town Thursday night. Have we said as much? In—”

“You’ve just the same as—” I began.

“Shut up and listen!” Watt snapped. “In the second place, you have assumed that we suspect Laura of killing her husband.”

“Well—”

“And in the third place, you have assumed that we are trying to send the little lady to the cyanide shack. Now stop and look and listen, Les. Every one of those assumptions is unwarranted on the basis of the facts and the evidence adduced.”

I tossed my cigarette in the wastebasket and hoped it would catch fire. I looked at these two one-time friends and hoped they choked. But I said quietly:

“Oke. That’s all I wanted to know. You deny the allegations—the assumptions I made, as you put it—and tonight I’ll be able to sleep.”

“We didn’t deny anything,” Al Herrick muttered.

As I went out, I saw that the clock on the press-room wall read six twenty-five. At six forty I was ringing the bell on the porch of Harry Hanneman’s new home. My head felt light; there was no weight at all on my neck. My knees felt as though they were made of rubber.

I thumbed the button again, and after a long wait Laura shoved aside the curtain over the small pane in the door and peered out at me.

She opened the door about six inches. She had on the skimpiest kimono I ever saw.

“I’m sorry, Les,” she said crisply. “I have an engagement, and I’m dressing.”

An engagement with Stacey Moise, huh?

I walked in and banged the door behind me.

Was she burning! “Les, you get out of here! You go home. You’re drunk.”

“No, I’m not drunk. I’m pretty sore, because I know about your date. And I’m pretty scared, because I know about something else. But I’m not drunk, Laura.”

She was clutching that kimono so tightly over her that the sheer silk revealed every line of her slim waist and her thighs. She looked exactly like a movie actress playing one of those no-no-a-thousand-times-no scenes.

“You go home, Les,” she ordered. “You ought to be ashamed, pushing in here on me when I’m barely clothed.”

“Barely is right. If you’ll just hold that scrap of silk a little tighter I won’t have to use *any* imagination.”

“You beast!”

She came up to me. She let go of her kimono and took hold of my coat lapels. Her voice became throaty and, I thought, a little frightened.

“I never saw you like this, darling. You’re not really drunk, are you? What’s wrong?”

All at once I was sick of the whole rotten business. I tried, but I couldn’t keep the hoarseness, the weariness, out of my voice.

“There’s plenty wrong, Laura. Come in here and I’ll tell you about it.”

As I drew her through the portieres into the living room she glanced surreptitiously at her wrist watch.

She must know what’s coming. And yet she’s worrying about her date with that dirty shyster!

We sat down on the chesterfield. On the coffee table beside us was a full bottle and two clean glasses. *Sorry to soil your glass, Mr. Moise.* I poured myself a drink.

“You want one?” I asked.

“No, darling. Please hurry.”

“Better take one. You’re going to need it, kid.”

“No.”

“Have it your way.”

Don’t you always!

I downed the glass of Harry Hanneman’s Scotch. “I’ve just been talking to Herrick and Bellingham. They tell me—”

“They’re liars!” Her bitter vindictiveness must have burned their ears.

“They tell me, not in so many words but by very definite inference, that you were here in town Thursday night.”

I heard the breath catch in her throat. I knew, without feeling any movement of the chesterfield, that her body had gone rigid. And yet I couldn't bring myself to look at her.

After a long moment of dead silence, while I sat staring at the glass in my hand, I heard her breathing again and felt her relax against the cushions.

I looked around. Her eyes, as hard as granite, were staring straight ahead. There was a line of very pale blue around her lips.

What I told her must have been a shock, and yet again she was taking it, like she took everything else, right in her stride. I reached over and took her hand. It was moist and limp and cold as ice.

"Look, kid. You want to tell me about it?"

She took her hand away and drew the kimono together and turned to me, smiling. Smiling!

"Darling, those would-be Sherlocks are ribbing you. It's just a great big beautiful rib, and you swallowed it like a hungry sucker gobbling a worm."

"Oh, yes? Listen, Laura. When I'm dumb enough to swallow a ribbing from those two lugs, I'll give myself up."

"Then suppose you give yourself up right now and run along home. Would that be asking too much?"

"It would be asking a lot too much. You're a pretty good actress, Laura, and you have a beautiful line. But you're not good enough. I'm telling you, and I'm telling you flatly: You were here the night Harry was killed."

SHE just smiled and slowly shook her head, as though she were trying not to get impatient with a stubborn child.

"Laura, do this: Look me in the eye, square in the eye, and tell me you weren't here Thursday night."

She looked me in the eye. She said: "Darling, I—"

Then her voice broke and she was in my arms. Sobbing.

It's true! She was here! My God, where is this going to end?

The heart had gone completely out of me and left only a sickening emptiness. And yet pulses went on beating in my ears, and my face was burning, and I knew unhappily I was going to go on living.

The spasm of sobbing passed in a few seconds. Then she was pulling away from me, saying brightly:

"My face, Les! Heavens, it must be a sight! And, darling, I must run and dress."

I roughly locked her arm in mine. "You'll run, kid, when this thing is settled."

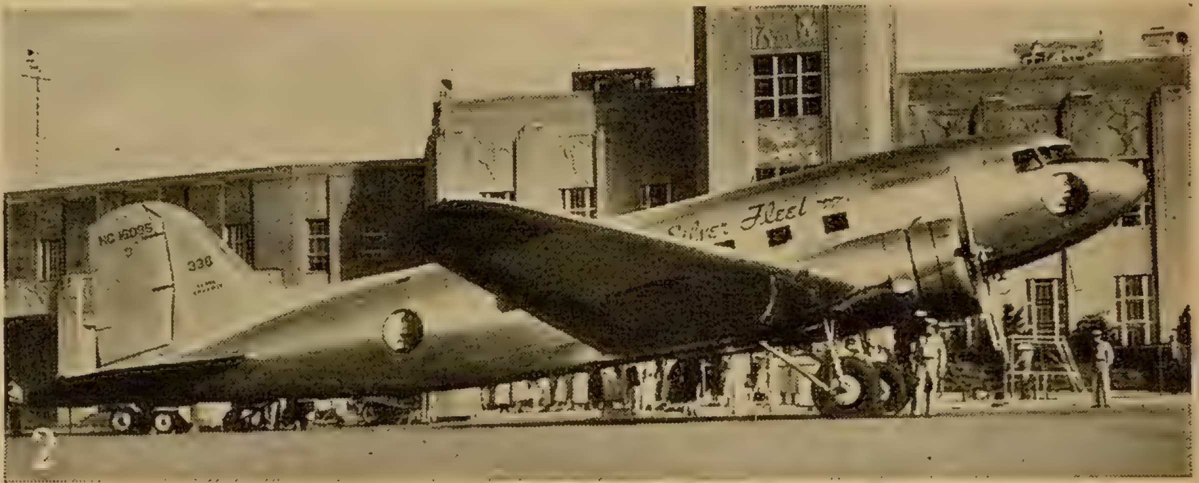
She blinked the tears out of eyes that were fast growing stormy.

"Well, what are we going to do?" I demanded.

"About that silly rib?"

I took hold of her arm with both hands and shook her until her teeth rattled. "Get on to yourself, Laura. You've played the queen so long

Don Johnston, Captain of the "Florida Flyer" of Eastern Air Lines' "Great Silver Fleet" and one of the first air mail pilots, brings his plane . . .



. . . safely into airport. "Safety," says this famous flyer, who has flown over a million and a half miles, "should be the chief goal of . . .

. . . motorists as it is of flyers. And to make your car safe for Summer driving you can't beat Sinclair-ize-for-Summer service." Why not take Don Johnston's . . .

Copyrighted 1938 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . advice and have your nearby Sinclair dealer Sinclair-ize your car for Summer driving now? You'll like the way he treats you.

you've got the idea you can go on playing it forever. Who do you think you are anyway?"

"You stop shaking me!"

She brought her hand around and cuffed me hard on the cheek. I never felt it.

"Snap out of it, you fool!" I cried. "Come down to earth! Don't you realize it's only a matter of time—maybe minutes!—until those two reporters go to Meek with what they've dug up?"

"Let go of me!"

"I'll let go of you when I get good and ready. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get dressed," she virtually hissed, "and keep an appointment. Have you anything better to suggest?"

I dropped her arm then and sagged wearily back into the cushions.

"Let it pass, Laura. I'm sorry. One of us has gone completely nuts. If it's me, all right. I'll see an alienist tomorrow. Soon as I have one more drink I'll be on my way."

"Why wait for another drink?" she retorted.

She rose, gathered the kimono around her with as much dignity as that scant garment would afford, and swept out of the room.

If that's the way you feel about it, oke! Al Herrick was right, after all.

I got up without the drink and grabbed my hat. The telephone was ringing and I heard Laura answering it. She was saying, as I went through the hall:

"Oh. . . . All right. . . . Yes, quite all right. . . . Half an hour? . . . Fine."

And then, with my hand on the front door, I heard her calling:

"Les! Les! Don't go, darling."

Nuts!

I waited for her there in the hall. She came running out of the library.

"Give me a kiss," she said lightly. "And then I'll ask you to make me a promise."

"The kiss can wait. What's the promise?"

"Just promise me you won't bring up that—that subject again. Please promise me, Les."

"But don't you realize—"

I had to stop talking when she kissed me. Her lips were firm, and her body was firm and hard and cold. And then all at once her lips went soft, and parted.

I went out of there with my head spinning like a top.

Somebody around this place has gone completely crazy. She's in a spot like this—and she worries about her date with that louse, Stacey Moise. That just isn't human.

But maybe those boys were ribbing me, after all. . . . No, she gave herself away when she started to cry. Herrick and Bellingham were right. She was in town. So what? So forget it, you fool, and let her play her hand. The world hates a kibitzer.

I GOT into my car and drove down the street, not thinking much, until I heard my name called. June Taylor was watering some flowers at the front of her house. I pulled into the curb and she came over.

"My, your head was in the air," she chided.

"Was it? I'm sorry. It's almost dark and I didn't see you."

I saw her well enough now. She had on a flowered house dress without any sleeves, and she looked about sixteen in it.

"Won't you come in for a while?" she asked. "Dad has gone to a movie and I'm all alone."

"No, maybe I'd better not. I haven't had anything since breakfast but a sandwich. I'd better drag my carcass downtown and crawl around a steak."

"I have a steak in the icebox. It's about two inches thick."

"Hold me back. No, don't hold me back. Turn on the heat in the broiler."

She must have bought that steak expecting to serve at least eight guests. But, sitting there in her warm bright kitchen, I got around all of it, along with three cups of coffee and a stack of toast. Sitting there, drinking a last cup of coffee with June, I thought:

I haven't been so deeply at peace in years. Why can't a thing like this go on forever? . . . Don't be a sap! There's Laura.

But I'm hanged if I'll think about Laura now. Is she thinking of me? Is she worrying about me while she's having dinner with that ton of handsome shyster?

"More coffee, Les?"

"Lord, no! Not another thing. June, this has been swell. I'd forgotten people could make coffee like that, or cook a steak and keep the juice in it, or make toast that didn't sag in the middle. I've been eating around in bum restaurants for a long time. Come on, June. I'll help you wash up these dishes."

"Don't be silly, Les. I'll do them in the morning."

"Sure, sure. You have so much spare time in the morning—getting to work at nine. Give me an apron."

Me! Going domestic! If those press-room mugs could only see me now!

AFTERWARD we sat in the living room and tried to talk without mentioning Laura or Jake. That wasn't an easy thing to do, because Laura and Jake were so closely tied into our lives and the lives of our friends.

June walked out to the car with me. As I started to tell her good night, she put out her hand and patted me on the arm friendlily.

"Don't worry, Les," she said lightly. "Everything will come out all right. Laura will get squared around again and you're going to be happy. I know it."

"I could say the same thing about you and Jake."

"Don't. Because you'd only be talking."

"Isn't that all you're doing?" I countered.

"No, I really believe what I said."

Maybe it was the steak, or the coffee, or the last lingering embers of the drinks I'd had, or maybe it was just being with a grand little girl like June, but how I went on!

"June, you're the most restful person I ever knew. That's no great shakes of a compliment, I guess, but—"

"I think it's a compliment," she said softly.

"But what I wanted to say was, when I'm with you I seem to be at peace with the world, and I forget the squabbling and bitterness and the forces that are pulling me this way and that way until I feel near torn to pieces."

"You're a restful sort of a person too, Les." Her small hand was still on my arm.

I put my hand on hers. In the light of the street lamp I looked down at the white oval of her upturned face.

"And it all adds up to what?" I said. "That you're the sweetest girl in the world and I'm the biggest sap west of Montauk Point. Thanks for a wonderful time."

I kissed her and climbed in the car.

I drove up to the corner, turned, and started back down the hill toward town. A burly figure leading a small Boston on a long leash loomed up in my headlights. I pulled up and called: "Hi, Hack!"

Doyle lumbered over. "Hello, Les. How's it?"

"Fine."

After two hours with June Taylor I felt that everything *was* fine. And yet I knew that five minutes with Hack Doyle, and things would be back where they were before I met June.

"Where's Laura?" Hack asked.

"I dunno. She went out somewhere to dinner. I don't know whether she's back yet or not."

He looked down the street. "No lights on," he remarked.

I didn't say anything, though I knew he was wondering why I was out on the Hill. I waited, while he leaned there against the door of the car, a huge man in a turtle-neck sweater, looking ridiculous holding the leash of the little Boston.

"I suppose you know," he

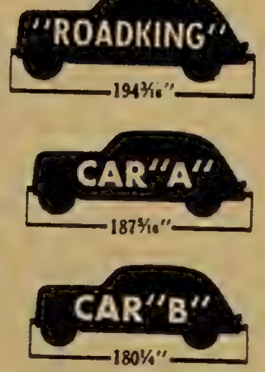
(*Continued on page 28*)

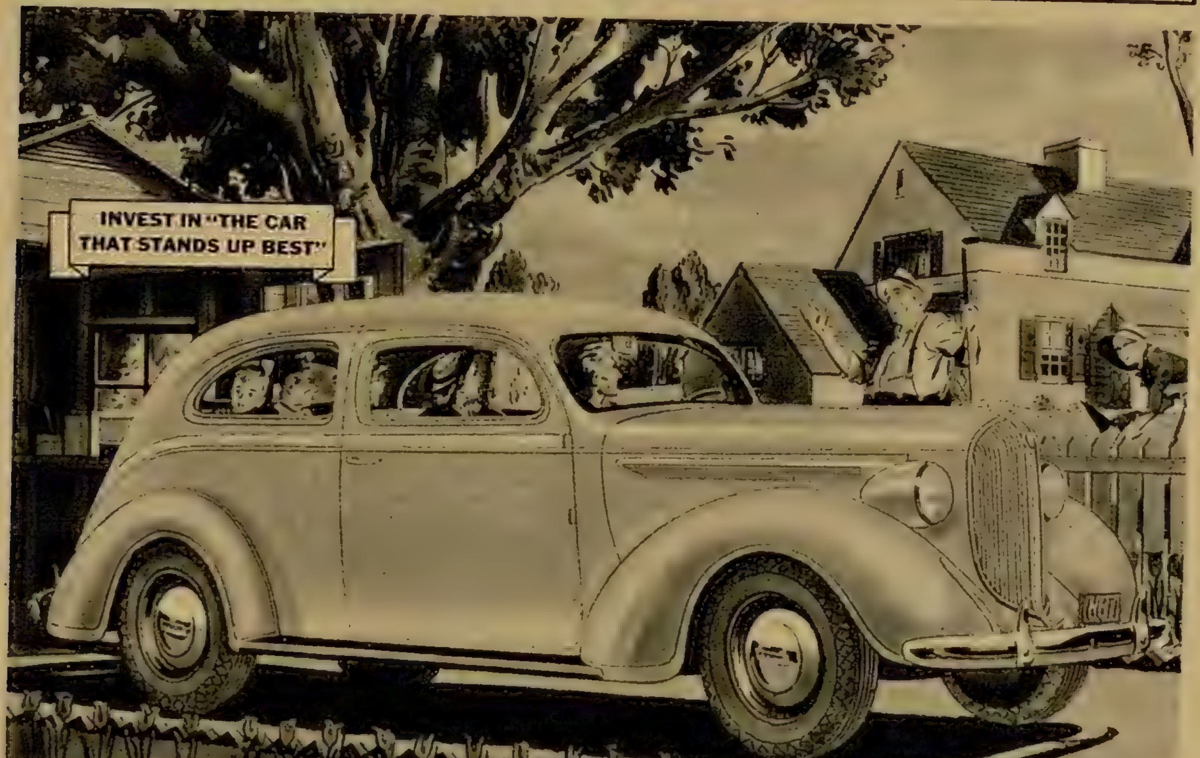
Of the 3 Leading Lowest-Priced Cars Plymouth is Nearly

7 INCHES LONGER THAN ONE; MORE THAN 10 INCHES LONGER THAN THE OTHER

The size of a car is generally thought to depend on price...a bigger car, a bigger price. But the new Plymouth breaks that rule!

You cannot know all you can get for low price until you drive the Plymouth "Roadking." Its new ride is a sensation in the low-price field!




INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

PLYMOUTH

"Roadking"

5-PASSENGER SEDAN

$685

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included. Convenient time payments.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

RIDING COMFORT Plymouth's sensational new ride brings comfort you'd never think you could get in a lowest-priced car. New "live" rubber body mountings absorb road rumble and vibration...big, airplane-type shock-absorbers, one at each wheel, block out bumps...new "radio studio" sound-proofing makes it exceptionally quiet...and Plymouth's seats are wide, deep-cushioned, "chair-high."

EASY HANDLING The new Plymouth steers faster, handles easier. The wide windshield has *no center post* to obstruct vision...and the hand-brake is out of the floor, within easy reach, under the instrument panel.

MORE SAFETY Plymouth is famous for the reliable safety of smooth, double-action hydraulic brakes, its separate hand-brake, all-steel body (completely rust-proofed) and revolutionary Safety Styled interior.

LOWER UPKEEP Plymouth's big, 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine gives maximum power with outstanding economy. Floating Power engine mountings, 4-ring pistons, full-length water jackets, a Hypoid rear axle and chain-driven camshaft are a few of the reasons why Plymouth *"stands up best."*

TRY THE NEW RIDE!

YOU'LL BE AMAZED! Before you decide on *any* car, drive the big, new Plymouth. Telephone your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

(Continued from page 26)

said diffidently at last, "that something is popping down at City Hall."

I knew it was coming. Cinch! I shouldn't have hailed him!

When I didn't answer him, he said: "Or do you know?"

Again that leaden weight was settling over me. "Yes. I know."

"Somebody—I don't know who—has dug up some dirt."

"Yes."

I heard him take a deep shaking breath. "You don't think—they've found out—Laura was—"

"Yes. Al and Watt found out Laura was in town that night."

He whistled softly. And, after a moment: "Did you know?"

"I suspected."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I've been thinking, trying to put my finger on it. I guess it must have been the way she acted when we found Harry's body. It was—well, it's a hard thing to describe. It was almost as though she knew what she was going to find, and had her part all rehearsed—and then played it with just a little too much repression."

"I know what you mean," Hack said thoughtfully. "When Laura plays a part, which she is doing most of the time, she always underplays it. She has such an aversion to emotion of any kind, to sentiment, to anything bordering on the hysterical." He paused a moment, added: "You know, I had that same feeling the night you and she came over to the house—that Laura was underplaying a part."

"We may be wrong," I said, without any spirit.

"Les, I hope so!" he blurted fervently. "I think just as much of the kid as you do. And the thought—that she may have—"

"Just because she was here—*if* she was here—doesn't necessarily mean that she killed him."

"I know that, Les." His tone was a sharp rebuke, and, to take the edge off it, he asked quickly: "Have you seen her since you talked to Watt and Al?"

"Yes. I came out right away."

"Did you put it up to her?"

"Yes."

I could feel that Hack Doyle had stopped breathing as he waited for me to go on.

"She neither admitted it nor denied it," I told him. "She just burned up at me because I mentioned it. You know, Hack, that girl has got me. I don't understand her. Since all this trouble came up, she's closed her mind to me completely."

HACK shrugged his ponderous shoulders. "I know. It's tough to try to help a person who won't even admit she needs any help. But she hasn't changed, Les. She was always that way. I never knew a woman so independent, so firmly resolved to go her own way, so pigheadedly determined to accept advice from nobody.

"It isn't that she's ungrateful, Les," Hack went on slowly, feeling his way. "I know she thinks a lot of you, and I know she appreciates your trying to help her. But she has that stubborn, independent streak and you can't break it down. You've just got to accept it and go on from there."

"Where? Tell me that, will you?"

"Heaven only knows, Les."

We didn't say anything for a minute or so, while the Boston yipped at a bat which flew through the headlight beam. *Well, Hack knows this much; he might as well know it all.*

"She's gone out to dinner tonight with Stacey Moise."

"Moise, huh?"

"She was getting dressed to go out when I got there, and she almost went nuts for fear I wouldn't leave before Moise arrived. That was one of the things that got me."

"Hm-m. Well, she didn't go out with him for fun," Hack said.

"Who would? That bum! But why did she go? Here Harry isn't even buried yet, and she—"

"I tell you, Les"—this more sharply—"she didn't go out with him to have a good time. She's not that callous. She went on business. Or maybe to talk business—something about the estate, perhaps."

"Nuts! Moise keeps business hours, doesn't he? Why do they have to go running around at night?"

"I don't know, Les. But I'm certain Laura thought it was necessary to go. You've got the idea that she's heartless and cold and doesn't give a hoot about anybody. You're wrong. She has just as much heart as any woman. Only that stubborn streak—that uncontrollable resentment against anybody who tries to help—"

"Oh, forget it, will you? I know she's stubborn. So what? Look. She isn't dumb enough to think Moise is a criminal lawyer, is she? Do you think she might have gone to him, knowing sooner or later she'd be in a jam?"

"No," Hack replied. "She knows he's a probate specialist. She wouldn't do anything as crazy as that."

"She's done a lot of crazy things. And if she's tipped her mitt to Moise, she's sunk. Sunk! That dirty blackmailer will hound her as long as she lives."

"Not a chance. She wouldn't be silly enough to let Moise get something on her. If he has anything, or if he ever gets anything, he'll get it from some other source than Laura. Want to come in and have a drink?"

"No, thanks. I've got to get home and make up some sleep. See you tomorrow, Hack."

The next morning I phoned Moise. "How about a story today?"

"You bet. I made a speech last night that knocked 'em in the aisles. The Consolidated Improvement Clubs had—"

"Save it. I'll be over."

GETTING out of the elevator on Moise's floor, I was just in time to see Jake O'Hara come out of Moise's office. He looked, this morning, only about half drunk.

"How's it, Jake?" I said.

"Nuts to you, brother!" he muttered through his clenched teeth.

"Look here, Jake. Whether Moise will give you back your job or not, if you want to help me with—"

"I said 'Nuts to you, brother!' And I wasn't talking to Moise about my job. Now what do you think of that?"

He slouched off down the hallway and left me staring after him with my mouth open.

If you weren't seeing Moise about your job, what were you seeing him about? One guess, you dirty double-crosser!

"Greetings, handsome," Peggy Maple said when I walked into the outer office. "Where'd they go last night?"

"Babe, I'm a press agent, not a detective. Besides, I'm not interested."

Her red lips puckered in a pout. "You were yesterday."

"And maybe I will be tomorrow. Right now I have something else on my mind."

She cocked one eye at me. "Mr. O'Hara, maybe?" she said archly.

"What do you know about Mr. O'Hara?"

"Nothing. Only he was in there talking to the boss for about twenty minutes," Peggy said. "I guess he was trying to get his job back."

"Yeah. . . . Yeah, I guess so." I found my legs and got them under me. "Well, he can have it."

"Yes, but then I wouldn't see you any more—"

"Pass it, kid."

I walked into Moise's private office. He was sitting at his desk, his chin cupped in his hands, his eyes on another world.

"Don't you ever knock?" he roared. And then, coming down to earth: "Oh, it's you, Les. How'sa boy?"

"In the pink. How's the campaign?"

"In the bag."

I got a couple of items from him about his campaign activities, and then, as I was leaving, I said casually:

"Jake O'Hara was in."

Moise blinked. "Huh? Who? Oh, yes. Jake O'Hara."

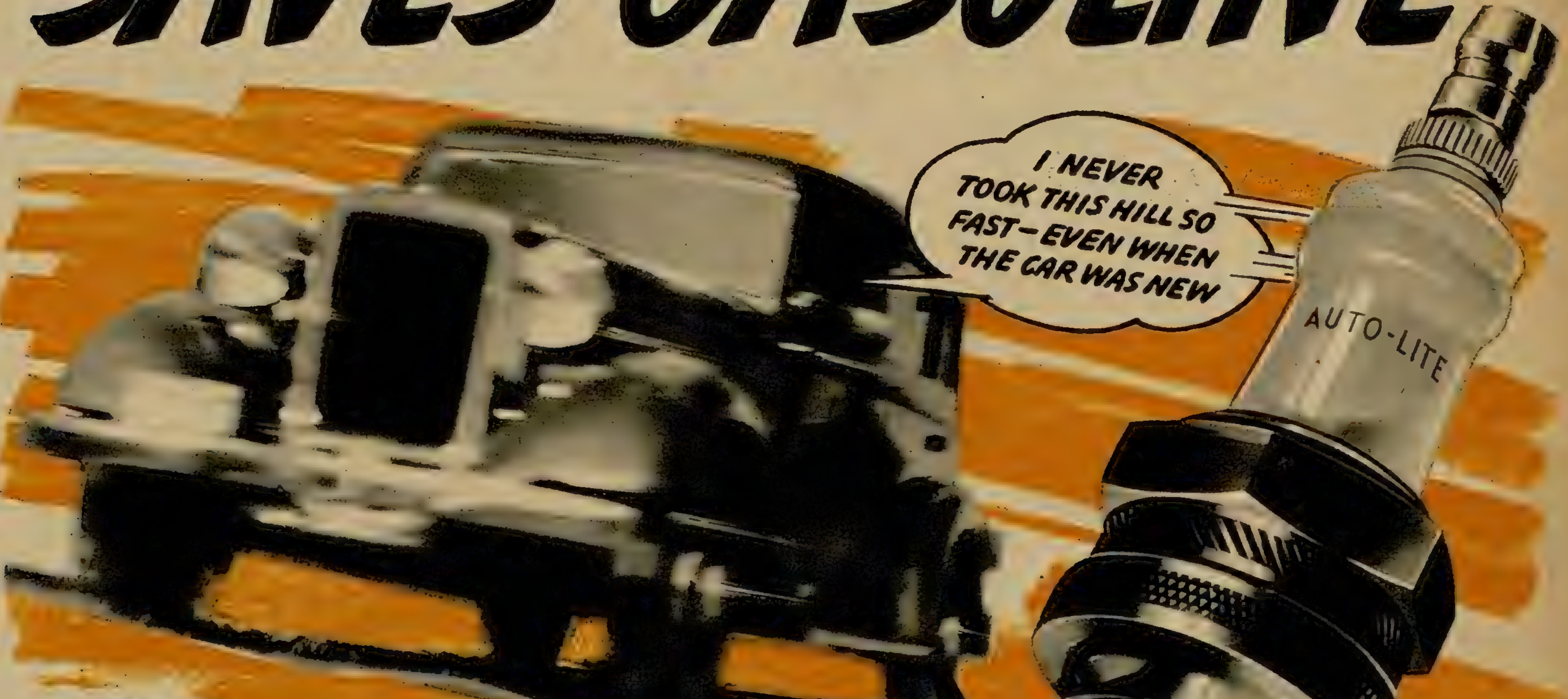
"I told him not to bother you."

"Oh, that's all right," Moise shrugged, busily lighting a cigarette and not meeting my eyes. "He didn't bother me. He just asked for his job and I told him to scram, and that was that."

That was that, huh? And it took twenty minutes to play the scene! You're a liar

(Continued on page 30)

MAKES CARS RUN FASTER
SAVES GASOLINE


I NEVER TOOK THIS HILL SO FAST—EVEN WHEN THE CAR WAS NEW
AUTO-LITE

THIS *Konium Electrode* DEVELOPED BY AUTO-LITE "PUTS NEW LIFE" IN IGNITION SYSTEM AND CAR PERFORMANCE BY REDUCING ELECTRICAL STRESS.

New Auto-Lite Spark Plugs Step up Top Speed . . . Make Cars Start Easier . . . Reduce Stress on Battery, Coils, Distributor . . . Stop Gas Waste

To match the spectacular pace of motor car engineering, Auto-Lite *ignition* engineers have developed a *new kind of spark plug.*

To the eye, this new spark plug is the same as all the rest. But to the motor car engineer it is the long-awaited answer to *more efficient ignition.*

Already one out of every four of the new cars being sold today are factory equipped with Auto-Lites.

This spark plug has proved to motor car engineers, as it will prove to you, that a good car becomes a better car—starts more promptly—picks up a new and higher top speed—gives improved gasoline mileage—when you install a set of Auto-Lites.

The secret is in the engineering. The Auto-Lite spark plug was developed as an integral part of the ignition system, to relieve the other units of electrical stress, *so that every ignition function would be lightened!*

The best spring tonic for sluggish, gas-wasting motors is a brand new set of Auto-Lites. See your Auto-Lite dealer today.

DEALERS AND SERVICE STATIONS:

Auto-Lite is on the move! In the next few months millions of motorists will be told in dynamic advertising the advantages and benefits of this sensational new spark plug. Write The Electric Auto-Lite Co., Dept. L5, Toledo, Ohio, for details of the 1938 franchise and merchandising plan.

AUTO-LITE
1938 Parade of Stars

Lovely, exotic Parisienne, DANIELLE DARRIEUX, in her new Universal picture "The Rage of Paris" leads the 1938 Parade of Stars.

Ask for **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**

(Continued from page 28) *by the clock, Stacey Moise!*

"Well, if he comes up again, boot him out on his tail," I said.

Moise chuckled. "That's what I just did, Les."

Oh, yeah? I went back to the office plenty worried.

Harry's funeral wasn't the ordeal I'd expected. It was so big, and yet so quiet and in such good taste, that it seemed almost impersonal. As I sat there in the front row between June and Laura, flanked by Hack and Mimi and Red and Alyce and all of Harry's closest friends, it seemed more like I was watching a motion picture of the burial service for some famous man.

It wasn't until the brief, impressive ceremony was over and the hundreds of Harry's friends were filing past the flower-banked bronze casket that Laura began to sob. I took her hand and pressed it hard.

And a mist came over my eyes. Because I knew instinctively that this time, perhaps for the first and last time in her life, Laura wasn't acting.

I sat there watching the long line file slowly past the casket and not seeing very clearly, when I felt June stir beside me. Blinking the haze out of my eyes, I saw Jake O'Hara moving toward the bier on wobbly legs.

Jake was so drunk he was bleary-eyed. He looked like something dragged in out of a very dirty gutter. He looked, as he staggered along, as though he might fall on his face at any instant.

As he reached the casket his bloodshot watering eyes seemed to clear. He glanced briefly at Harry and then his head came up. His burning gaze found Laura and June and me. His lips moved as though, forgetting his jaw was wired, he tried to speak.

If you make a scene, Jake O'Hara, I'll kill you!

For a long moment he stood there, sweeping us with his fiery accusing eyes.

And then he lowered his head and stumbled on. I started breathing again, faint with relief. As he reached the turn into the aisle he looked back at us. Despite his broken jaw, that man could sneer!

The last thing I saw about him was the small glass tube that stuck out of his vest pocket. And, thinking of the poor devil, I didn't feel so happy. He was turning out, though I still hated to admit it, to be a prize heel. And yet he wasn't getting any fun out of it.

We got up then and started around the casket. Laura was still sobbing. Not noisily, not theatrically, but I knew those deep racking sobs hurt.

I hardly looked at Harry. I was so busy thinking of Jake O'Hara and Stacey Moise. Thinking what a combination they made, a half-crazy vindictive man and a shyster lawyer. Wondering how we could lick them.

They put the lid on the casket and we went on toward the front of the church. Hack Doyle, I think, saw him first, because I heard Hack mutter something to himself.

I came down to earth, and there he was, standing just inside the front door of the church. A thin, tired-looking elderly man in a gray-serge business suit. Bill Meek, captain of detectives.

He stepped forward, looking as though he weren't very happy in his job.

"Were you planning on going to the cemetery, Laura?" he asked quietly.

I could see her, I could feel her, pulling herself together to face his challenge.

"Yes, Bill, I was," she said.

He considered for a moment, tugging at his lower lip. "Hmm. Well, all right. Yes, it's all right. But do you mind if I go along?"

"I'd like to have you go, Bill. I think Harry would have liked to have you too."

The amenities. Bill Meek had gotten around them very nicely. He wasn't, actually, a bad sort of guy.

But he wasn't fooling anybody. Laura was under arrest.

Was Laura in town that night of her husband's murder? Can they prove it beyond all doubt? Won't Les swear that he met her the following day when her plane arrived from New York? Strong and tragic forces meet and clash still further in next week's Liberty.

THE CALL heard round the world

Each day thousands upon thousands of smokers join the Call for Philip Morris —join the millions who yearly smoke billions of Philip Morris Cigarettes!
Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
AMERICA'S finest
CIGARETTE
ESTABLISHED OVER 80 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
INCORPORATED
SPECIAL SELECTION
LONDON, W.
MANUFACTURED BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

Champions are Funny

A lively look at the human side of some famous ring heroes

BY JACK KOFOED

As a rule, professional athletes are foggy thinkers and creaky conversationalists. But those who rise to championship heights usually have something the others lack . . . perhaps intelligence, perhaps overwhelming vitality, or a complete disregard for everything but success. Whatever they are, they're interesting beyond their professional functions.

There is, for instance, Maximilian Adelbert Baer. He has a gay and laughing soul, and is always entertaining when in mufti. Like most men who fancy themselves great lovers, he is sentimental . . . right up to his eyebrows.

I went to see Max one summer noon, in a Fifty-seventh Street penthouse in New York City after he lost his championship to James J. Braddock, and married Ellen Sullivan. He was asleep in gaudy pajamas, but roused, smiling, at my entrance, and ordered a cigarette and Scotch-and-soda for breakfast. I remarked that this was hardly a diet for an ex-champion who hoped to win back his title.

"Nuts!" said Baer. "A guy's gotta relax, and besides, I don't want to talk about fights, I want to talk about Ellen."

Marriage was no new thing to him, but Ellen Sullivan was . . . something bright and shining out of heaven.

The wise boys said a fellow like Max would never be happy with one woman, but they were wrong.

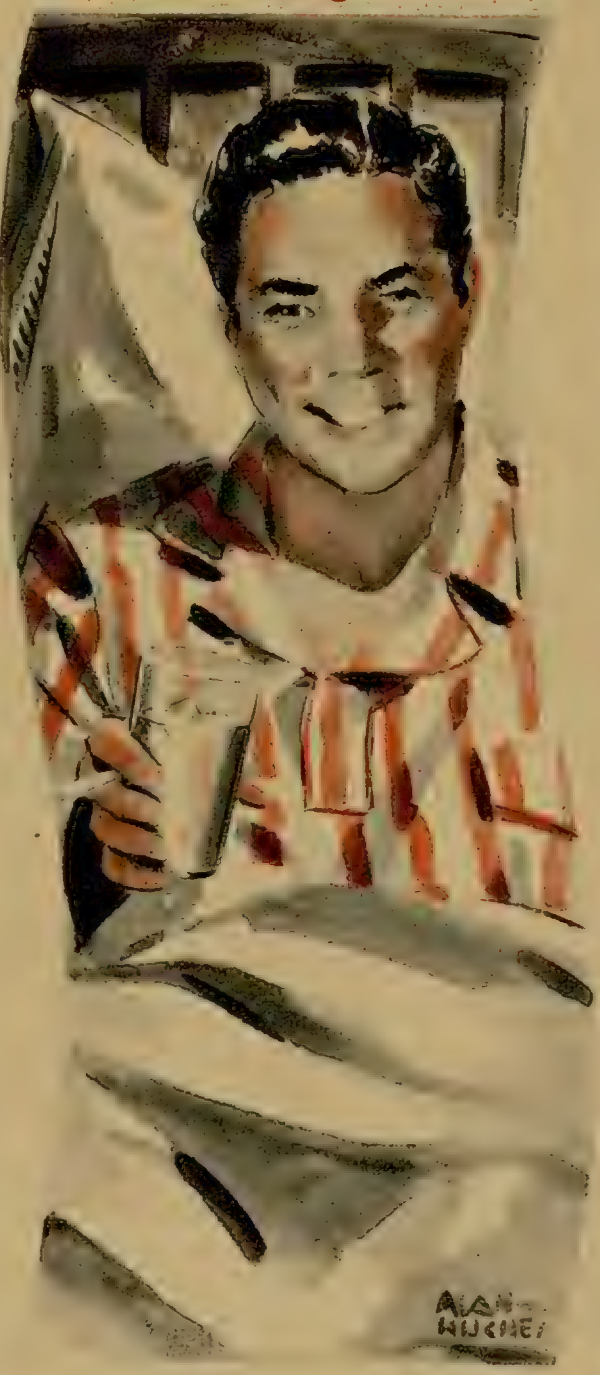
Jack Dempsey, the greatest fighter I ever saw, was a vicious, beetling-browed killer. With the sporting crowd today he is a rough, practical joker. Among the customers of his restaurant in New York, or his hotel in Miami Beach, he is a hail-fellow-well-met—a backslapper and an autograph signer. But you won't find the real Dempsey in either of those roles. He has more fun wheeling his babies around Central Park or staying home with his wife Hannah than in doing anything else. That is the burly Manassa Mauler now . . . just a homebody.

Gene Tunney was a great but unspectacular fighter. No keener student of boxing ever lived. He figured out the meaning and value of every move a man can make in the ring.

With equal clarity he saw that a man is no better inside the ropes than he is outside them. So Tunney was always in condition, physically and mentally.

The handsome young man who went from a tenement in Greenwich Village to the social aura of Greenwich, Connecticut, in a decade laid out a pattern of life and cut his years to fit it . . . winding up with a championship, a million dollars or more, a beautiful bride, and the social recognition that he considers important.

In sharp contrast is the career of the one-time light-heavyweight champion, Tommy Loughran, probably the greatest defensive boxer since James J. Corbett.



Max ordered a cigarette and Scotch-and-soda for breakfast.

Tommy never lost his loyalty to his family and neighborhood. He was in the money, and could have afforded the swank surroundings of a big New York hotel, but chose to live in the little two-story brick house in South Philadelphia.

Of a summer evening he would sit out on the steps and talk with the neighborhood boys. They worked as truck drivers and mechanics and at the not-so-distant Navy Yard. Loughran moved in an entirely different world from theirs. He counted his pay in thousands of dollars. But Tommy never once thought of high-hatting them. They were always pals.

Max Schmeling is probably the best heavyweight fighter in the world today. He is a shrewd business man who has taken some hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the United States for some very good fights and some very bad ones. He knows a dollar down to the last mill in it.

Max is intensely nationalistic; 100-per-cent German. That he can be very cold-blooded when self-interest demands does not tell the whole story.

I talked with Max one day when he was training. The hardest right-hand hitter in the game was homesick for the Black Forest and his wife, Anny Ondra, and all the things that made up his life when he was not fighting.

"This game does not fascinate me," he said. "It is a means to an end. I would rather hunt boar or walk in the woods with Anny. They say I am not easy to do business with. That is true, because I have found there are few ethics in this business, and I protect myself at all times. I want you Americans to like me, but not at the expense of making myself a pawn for Broadway—how do you say it?—wise guys?"

That, it seemed to me, explained much.

Talking of the Black Uhlan inevitably brings to mind one of the men he fought—Jack Sharkey.

Sharkey had an arrogant and long-striding manner, but under his pretense of majesty was, I think, an inferiority complex. There was no diplomacy in him, either.

He did what he pleased, and if other people didn't like it, that was their hard luck.

But there was another side to him, too. Jack is what is known as a "good family man."

I could tell about more champions . . . Jim Braddock, freezing of a winter morning on the docks at Weehawken, hoping desperately there would be work so he could take home a few dollars; gigantic Primo Carnera, drinking a tumblerful of whisky in a speakeasy and dancing with a tiny chorus girl while he tried to forget what life was doing to him; Jack Johnson, in the old familiar Basque beret and golden-toothed smile, in a shabby freak show on the Bowery in Coney Island.

We manufacture heroes and know nothing about them. These heroes are really much more interesting out of the ring than they are in it.

THE END

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

HEIL GINSBERG!

IF you'd walked through the smells of Berry Street a year ago, you'd have found Ginsberg. He ran a little fish market, he and his wife, who was several sizes larger than he was. They'd built it up into a pretty thriving little business, too, from a pushcart start, and had money in the bank when the trouble hit them.

It was the same old thing. The Protective Association racket. Dues on the first of every month, or else!

Barbers, cleaners and pressers, poultry—and now fish. As fast as we squared off against one racket, another would pop up. And if victims won't talk, out of fear for their lives, where are you? In the poultry racket alone, three Greeks got taken for one-way rides because it looked for a time as though they would talk. We grabbed a few muscle men, but the big shots back of the racket turned the heat on all the harder, and the victims just clammed up all the tighter. The big shots—they were who we had to get, just like Dewey had to get 'em in New York.

Then one morning the D. A. called us into his office and introduced us to the Ginsbergs. He told us that at last, in them, he had what he needed to go to town. We wanted to believe him, but, looking at them, we couldn't.

Ginsberg was a little rabbit of a man, about fifty maybe. His head was bandaged, his lips were swollen, and both his eyes were puffed almost shut. His overstuffed wife didn't have any marks on her, but she was white as a sheet and trembling.

"No fooling, boys," the boss said, "this time we've got Scalisi just where we want him."

Scalisi was the big shot back of it all.

We crowded around as he laid some police mugs face up in a row on his desk where the Ginsbergs could see them.

"Pick out those two men again," he ordered Ginsberg.

"The two men—who come to my place—because I tell them I von't join?"

He took a quick look at his wife, and she nodded. He stuck a finger on two of the mugs: one of Scalisi's torpedoes, Slim French, and Scalisi himself!

I remember how we all kind of whistled. The big shot! What was he doing, in person, calling on the Ginsbergs like that?

"Overconfidence," the boss grinned. "Sooner or later that makes 'em all slip up. You're both of you sure," he asked the Ginsbergs, "that those were the men?"

They were sure, all right.

"Good!" the boss said. "Now tell these men just what happened to you."

The little guy started to speak, then turned to his wife.

"You tell it, momma," he said. "My lips hurt."

So she told us. The guy they identified as French had come to them first and told them about the Fish Dealers Protective Association, and had said their dues were going to be so much a month.

"He does not ask us if ve vant to join—he says ve are in it and ve haf to pay."

They'd told French that they weren't interested — that they weren't having any trouble. He had given them a week to think it over, and then had come around again.

"Ve tell him vonce more ve do not join. Ve say that Mister Sullivan, the cop on Berry Street, he vill take care of us if trouble comes."

French had threatened them plenty, and had left. And that afternoon an iron pipe had come slinging in from the street, smashing the glass of the refrigerator counter and ruining most of the fish.

"Only the oysters does it miss!" she said.

"But they spoil," he corrected her. "The counter—I haf no insurance. Mit the fish, I am out fifty dollars."

"Sixty!" she said. "And then that *gonif* comes back next day!"

"You reported what happened?" the D. A. asked.

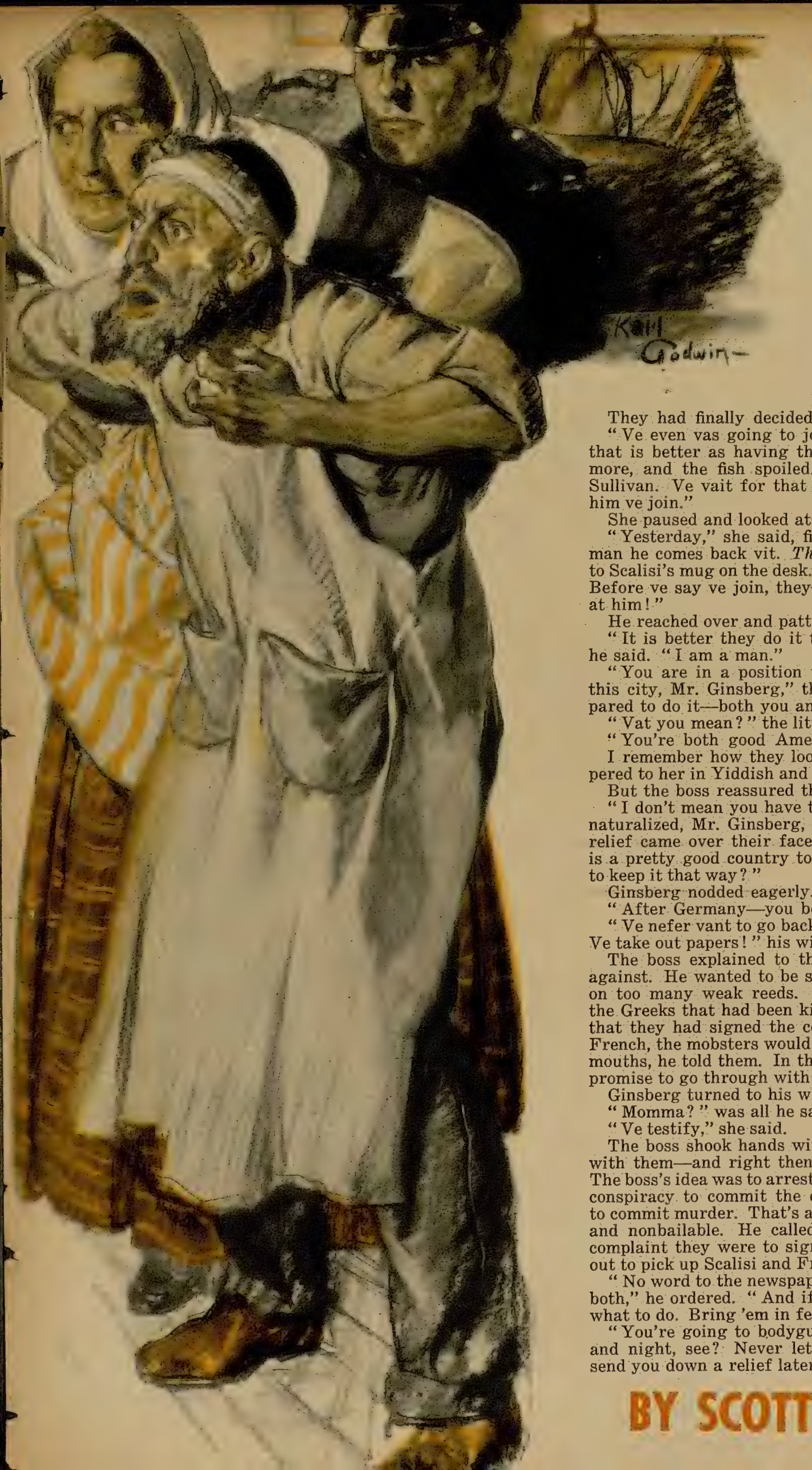
"Sure. Ve tell Mister Sullivan, quick. Mister Sullivan says he is sorry he vasn't there, and for us to come see you right off."

The same old story. A copper couldn't bodyguard everybody on his beat, and they hadn't seen who'd thrown the pipe.

But, before they got a chance to come down to our office, French had come back and had asked them if they were ready now to join. He'd been real sympathetic about their smashed counter, and had told them that the Fish Dealers Protective Association was going to prevent things like that happening in the future. He'd even come down a little on the dues he wanted. But when they still said no, he'd gotten mad and told them that *he* had thrown the pipe and was going to do worse if they didn't come through.

"Then *I* get mad!" Mrs. Ginsberg said. "I tell him I

A vivid tale of the wolves of crime and the kind of courage men can't kill



His wife said something, as if he was getting too excited. But he brushed her away.

am going to tell Mister Sullivan right off that he is the one who throws the pipe. I say to poppa: 'Go get Mister Sullivan, quick'—and poppa starts out. Then vat you think? That *gonif*—he grabs poppa and he say—vill I tell them vat he say, poppa?"

Ginsberg nodded.

"He say, 'You ——' I am ashamed to talk so, gentlemens, but that is vat he say. 'If you say anything, ve kill you like ve kill those Greeks!' Then he lets go poppa and leaves."

They had finally decided to keep their mouths shut.

"Ve even vas going to join his association—ve think that is better as having the counter smashed up vonce more, and the fish spoiled. Ve say nothing to Mister Sullivan. Ve vait for that man to come back so ve tell him ve join."

She paused and looked at her husband.

"Yesterday," she said, fighting back tears, "another man he comes back vit. *That* man!" she said, pointing to Scalisi's mug on the desk. "And they gif us no chance. Before ve say ve join, they grab my husband—and look at him!"

He reached over and patted one of her fat hands.

"It is better they do it to me than to you, momma," he said. "I am a man."

"You are in a position to render a great service to this city, Mr. Ginsberg," the boss said. "Are you prepared to do it—both you and your wife?"

"Vat you mean?" the little guy asked.

"You're both good American citizens, aren't you?"

I remember how they looked at each other. He whispered to her in Yiddish and she answered him, tense-like.

But the boss reassured them:

"I don't mean you have to be born in this country, or naturalized, Mr. Ginsberg, to help us." A quick look of relief came over their faces. "I mean—you think this is a pretty good country to live in, don't you, and want to keep it that way?"

Ginsberg nodded eagerly.

"After Germany—you bet!" he said.

"Ve nefer vant to go back! Ve are always Americans! Ve take out papers!" his wife put in.

The boss explained to them just what they were up against. He wanted to be sure about them; we'd leaned on too many weak reeds. He reminded them again of the Greeks that had been killed. When it became known that they had signed the complaint against Scalisi and French, the mobsters would stop at nothing to close their mouths, he told them. In the face of all that, would they promise to go through with it—and testify?

Ginsberg turned to his wife.

"Momma?" was all he said.

"Ve testify," she said.

The boss shook hands with them—we all shook hands with them—and right then and there went into action. The boss's idea was to arrest Scalisi and French, charging conspiracy to commit the crime of assault with intent to commit murder. That's a hanging offense in our state, and nonbailable. He called in a stenog to dictate the complaint they were to sign, and sent some of the boys out to pick up Scalisi and French.

"No word to the newspapers about it until you get 'em both," he ordered. "And if they resist arrest you know what to do. Bring 'em in feet first, if you have to."

"You're going to bodyguard 'em," he told me. "Day and night, see? Never let 'em out of your sight. I'll send you down a relief later." *(Continued on page 36)*

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

ALL YOU DO IS COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"My favorite Libby Food is Libby's____________________because . . ." *(write 30 additional words or less)*

READ THESE EASY RULES!

YOUR OWN WORDS. No fancy writing, nothing difficult. Just say what you would if you were talking to a friend.

LIKE THIS. You might write, for instance, that your favorite Libby Food is Libby's Peaches because the halves are so wonderfully uniform and their flavor is so gloriously rich and full and delicious. Or that you prefer Libby's Tomato Juice because it tastes exactly like the finest red-ripe salad tomatoes and is an excellent source of Vitamin C. Or, of Libby's Peas, you might say they're your favorite because they have a tenderness and flavor like that of peas picked fresh from the garden.

HURRY! Fill out an entry *now.* Send another and another. You can enter as many sentences as you want and of course each one increases your chances of winning. *You* can win! Just think of it—there are over *3,000 prizes!*

1. Complete the sentence quoted above, using 30 words or less. Use the entry blank *or a plain sheet of paper,* writing only on one side. Only the one sentence will be considered in each entry.
2. With your entry send the labels, or facsimiles thereof, from three *different* Libby's Foods. Make your selections from Libby's brand Fruits, Vegetables, Tomato Juice, or Red Alaska Salmon. No other Libby labels are eligible.
3. Your entry must be original with you, in your own proper name and over your own signature with complete address *and the name and address of the dealer* from whom you bought the Libby Foods. He can help you win.
4. Mail your entry to Libby Contest Judges, Dept. LB-10, Howard-Clark Building, Chicago, Illinois. Enter as many sentences as you like, but each one must be submitted on a separate piece of paper with your signature, dealer's name, addresses (Rule 3) and labels from 3 different Libby's Foods (Rule 2).
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of July 9, 1938. Winners will be notified as soon as possible thereafter.
6. Entries will be judged and graded on sincerity, uniqueness, advertising value, and prizes will be awarded in the order of merit so determined. Penmanship and elaborate entries will not influence judges. Decisions of the judges must be accepted as final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries and the right to use same become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.
7. This contest is limited to the United States, and is subject to all national, state and local laws and regulations. Employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, employees of their advertising agencies, and members of their families, cannot compete.

LABELS MUST BE FROM ONLY LIBBY'S BRAND FRUITS, VEGETABLES, TOMATO JUICE, OR RED SALMON

Each entry must be accompanied by labels (or facsimiles) from three *different* Libby's Foods. Why not all of one kind? Frankly, because we want you to get acquainted with Libby products. That's the reason for this contest—so you'll do some sampling right now. Of course that doesn't mean buying anything extra. You'd be serving vegetables and fruits and tomato juice anyway. Just get *Libby's.* Here are some of the most popular Libby products:

We'd especially like to have you try these: Libby's Tomato Juice. It's made the exclusive *gentle press* way, famous for incomparable flavor. And *Libby's* is an *excellent* source of Vitamin C. **Libby's Peaches.** Luscious, fullripe, from California's finest orchards. In every can, the halves are *superbly matched* for size and shape and color. **Libby's Peas.** They're *quick-canned!* Often they go from gardens to kitchen in less than an hour. That means extra tenderness and flavor; full nutritional value.

TOMATO JUICE • PEACHES • PEAS • WHOLE PEELED APRICOTS • FRUIT COCKTAIL • PEARS • ASPARAGUS • CORN • FRUITS FOR SALADS • KADOTA FIGS • BERRIES • GRAPEFRUIT • LIMA AND STRINGLESS BEANS • SPINACH • CARROTS • DE LUXE PLUMS • MIXED VEGETABLES • SAUERKRAUT • RED ALASKA SALMON • PUMPKIN • BEETS • TOMATOES

Libby's
YELLOW CLING P
Libby's
FANCY
TOMATO JUICE

1,000^{00}

every year for life!

just for writing the winning sentence in Libby's Get-Acquainted Contest!

3,262 PRIZES

2nd PRIZE	**$2,000** in a lump sum
10 PRIZES	**$100 each**
50 PRIZES	**$50 each**

The first prize of $1,000 a year for life is in the form of an income policy of the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut. If the winner prefers, he or she may take $12,000 in a lump sum instead of the life income.

PURCHASE CERTIFICATES ON GROCERS
—any store, any items

100 PRIZES	**each for $25 worth**
100 PRIZES	**each for $10 worth**
1000 PRIZES	**each for $5 worth**
2000 PRIZES	**each for $2 worth**

3,262 GOOD CASH PRIZES FOR DEALERS, TOO—*because dealers will help contestants win.*

PEACHES
Libby's
PEAS

LIFELONG SECURITY . . . the safety and independence everyone longs for . . . someone's going to win them just by completing an easy-to-write sentence! Think what it would mean to have a check for $1,000.00 coming to you this year and every other year of your life. College for the children; travel; an independent old age.

And this first prize of a yearly income for life is only one of *thousands* of awards in this Libby contest! Wouldn't you like $2,000.00 *spot cash?* That's the second prize. There are scores of *other* cash prizes, and hundreds and hundreds of grocery purchase certificates.

Get into this easy Libby contest now, today. Your chance of winning is mighty good with *over three thousand* prizes offered.

ENTRY BLANK—*FILL IT OUT TODAY!*

Libby Contest Judges, Dept. LB-10, Howard-Clark Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"My favorite Libby Food is Libby's____________________

because______________________________

____

____________________________________"

(Complete this sentence in 30 words or less. See Rule 2 about labels.)

My signature..

My street address..

City.. State..........................

My dealer's name is.......................... His street address..........................

This Entry Blank is merely for your convenience; you may use a plain sheet of paper if you prefer. See rules

(Continued from page 33)

The Ginsbergs sat through all of it with their mouths open.

"You're going to help us make history in this town, Mr. Ginsberg," the boss said as Ginsberg signed and swore to the complaint.

"I got to get back to my market," was all he had to say to that. Mrs. Ginsberg didn't have anything to say.

I put them in my car, stopped by my home to pick up a toothbrush and a clean shirt, and twenty minutes later we were down in their spot on Berry Street, and my part of the job had begun.

They lived in three rooms back of the market, clean as a whistle. They fixed me up a place to sleep on their parlor sofa, showed me where I was to hang my toothbrush in their bathroom, and then asked me what I liked to eat. To make 'em feel better, I told 'em I was a sucker for kosher food. Me, with a good name like McCarthy! And I remember feeling I was going to like the little guy and his fat wife.

There was one thing I was curious about, though. Why, out of all the fish dealers in town, had the Ginsbergs come forward? Especially after that beating he'd gotten? I wanted to ask them why, but I didn't get a chance, because they got too busy waiting on customers in the market, and I got too busy keeping an eye on the customers, with my rod handy in my side pocket.

About four o'clock the boss phoned that Scalisi and French were in the can. The newspapers had it, and he was sending two other investigators down to help me.

Pretty soon half the reporters and photogs in town came crowding into that little market, and the street outside began to fill up with the curious. I was sure glad to have Sullivan handy, and the two boys from the office.

"You'll have to tell them something and let them take your pictures," I told the Ginsbergs.

So, on account of his lips, she answered the reporters' questions while both of them stood blinking at the flashlights. One of the reporters asked her the question I wanted to hear the answer to—why they were doing it.

"*I* answer that question, momma," he said quietly. He straightened up and all of a sudden seemed to stop looking like a rabbit.

"I vas vonce a German. I vas born and I lif in Germany. I fight for Germany, because vonce it is my country, like this country it is yours. Look!" he said, opening his shirt and showing a ragged scar across his thin chest. "I get this in the var—for Germany! Ve lose—but I get it. Me—a Jew!"

I REMEMBER how the reporters stopped scribbling and were all quiet, watching him.

"Yes, gentlemens. Me—a Jew! And vot happens? You know vot happens. I tell you vot happens to me. Because I am a Jew, men mit brown shirts come to me and say: 'Ginsberg, you dirty Jew, you make Germany lose the var, so no more you sell fish. Only white men sell fish after this, Ginsberg.' Me, gentlemens! *I* make Germany lose the var"—he pointed to his scar again—"mit *this!*"

He stopped to kind of get his breath, and his wife said something to him quickly in Yiddish, as if he was getting too excited. But he brushed her away.

"A man has right to make honest living, gentlemens, no matter vat his God. I say that to those brown shirts. I fight harder for Germany, I bet, than they fight, I say to them. And then—they hit me. And kick, too! I fall in the street. I think I am dead—more dead than ven this Scalisi and this French they hit me, you bet! After long, long time I crawl on my knees to look for a policeman. Like the other day I go look for Mister Sullivan—"

He took another long breath, and I'm telling you you could have heard a pin drop in that market. Young Rosenbaum of the News and Horowitz of the Sentinel were biting their lips. . . .

"Vat is a policeman, gentlemens?" he asked. "He is the government, yes? He is the people, yes? He is vat you call civilization, yes?"

The little guy's puffed lips twisted into a sad smile.

"That is vat I think ven I tell this policeman in Berlin. But vat you think this policeman does? He pull me up by the collar and say: 'Stand up, Jew!' Then he make me stick out my arm and yell, 'Heil Hitler!' I yell it? Sure I yell it, and the people stop in the street to laugh. I cannot help it; I yell it. But, gentlemens, ven I yell it—Germany dies in my heart!"

He sighed and buttoned up his shirt.

"That is vy ve come to America, gentlemens—momma and me. Ve know there is gangsters here—ve see the moving pictures in Germany. Ve know people get beat up here. Ve know there is bad men in efery country. Ve know there is even some bad policemens here, like in efery country.

"But, gentlemens—ve know that gangsters do not *run* America! And because ve do not vant them to run it, gentlemens—momma and me—ve testify!"

Could you beat it, coming from a little Berry Street fish peddler?

We sure didn't have to worry any about the Ginsbergs standing up, I told the boss when I phoned him that night, and I remember how tickled both of them looked when they heard me telling him that.

"I show you how I stand up!" Ginsberg said.

He got his first chance to show us sooner than I'd expected.

ABOUT four o'clock next morning, it was, and I was sure glad the boss had sent those two boys down to stand by with me. I was grabbing myself a little shut-eye, with Bennet out in the market and Jacobs standing by the alley door, when it happened. Bennet didn't notice the car out in the street until it slowed up. Something told him to throw himself flat on the floor just before the gorillas in it turned loose their tommy gun, and back in the parlor I woke up to the roar and crash of glass as the slugs poured into the market. Yelling to Jacobs to stay where he was in case they were trying a feint, I got out to where Bennet was. He hadn't been hit, but the market sure was a mess. We ran out on the sidewalk and got off a couple of blasts at the car as it turned the corner, but I knew we hadn't hit it.

Then we went back into the market, to find the Ginsbergs in their nightgowns. The little guy started to turn on the light, but we quickly shushed them back into their living quarters.

"The counter—it is gone again?" he asked.

I told him it was.

"Vy for they do that—ven ve are not there?" he asked.

"Just to show you, I guess," I told him.

I remember how he and his wife looked at each other for a second—then laughed!

"This time," she said, "the joke—it is on them! Ve got insurance now!"

And they went back to bed chuckling about it! *I* didn't get any more shut-eye that night, though, I'm telling you! When I called the boss about it, he said it was what we might have expected, and that he was sending some more men down to cover the street. He said that the preliminary hearing, when the Ginsbergs would make their identification, was set for that afternoon at two o'clock. All we had to do was hold on until then.

Ten o'clock in the morning Ginsberg got his second chance to show us that he was going to stand up.

It wasn't a tommy-gunning, or anything like that, this time. In fact, I didn't know it had happened until Ginsberg hung up the phone after a long conversation he'd been having with somebody in Yiddish. A conversation which seemed to excite him a lot, and in which Mrs. Ginsberg took a part, too—standing alongside him and kind of telling him what to say.

He'd have never hung up that phone if I'd understood Yiddish. I'd have kept him there talking until we'd tried to trace that call. Because what do you suppose it was all about?

They were offering him ten thousand dollars to keep his mouth shut! All the money in the world, to a little Berry Street fish peddler!

"Who was it?" I asked him. "Did you recognize his voice? What did you tell him?"

"I tell him!" he said, kind of sadly. "I tell him to go to hell!"

"*I* tell him to go to hell, too!" said Mrs. Ginsberg. "*Ve testify!*"

At that point I kissed Momma Ginsberg on the cheek, and felt like kissing Ginsberg too.

Then I had a bright idea.

Maybe the guy would call up again and raise his bid, I told them. If he did, I wanted them to accept it and tell him to bring the first installment to them like he was just a friend, or a customer coming in to buy fish. Then they could give us the office, and we'd grab the guy cold.

About half past one a squad car was coming to take us all to the Criminal Courts Building for the hearing.

Momma Ginsberg made us some sandwiches for lunch, and broke out a bottle of some of the swellest wine I've ever tasted, and we all drank their health in it.

Then, about half past twelve, the phone rang again.

I went over to the phone with Ginsberg. But after he picked up the receiver he shook his head, and I gathered it wasn't anything. Just some friend, and they started to talk Yiddish. I went back to the sandwiches and the wine, and I remember that Momma Ginsberg was about to pour out another glassful for me when all of a sudden her hand seemed to freeze on to the bottle. Looking up at her face, I saw it had gone a dead white as she listened to what her husband was saying on the phone.

" What's the matter? " I asked her.

She poured out the wine, her hand trembling.

" It is—nothing," she kind of gasped.

BUT Ginsberg was talking in a low, scared voice, and when he got through she went over to him.

" Vill you excuse us, please, gentlemens? " she asked, after they'd whispered together for a while. And they went into their bedroom, closing the door after them.

We could hear them talking in low tones in there. When they came out after about five minutes, both of them looking as shaky as they'd looked the day before in the D. A.'s office, I insisted on knowing what it was all about. But they insisted it was nothing. Just something of a private nature that had nothing to do with our case. Bad news? Yes. . . .

They were pretty quiet during the rest of the time we waited for the squad car to come, and during the ride up to the Criminal Courts Building. Kind of holding on to each other, and every now and then whispering something to each other in Yiddish.

We sat them down, still holding on to each other, inside the rail. The case was called, and Scalisi and French were brought in—

And then it happened. . . .

One after the other, those two got up on that witness stand and raised their right hands—

And swore that Scalisi and French were *not* the men! That they'd made a mistake in identifying the mugs and had never seen Scalisi or French before in their lives!

The *shortest distance* between two distant persons is *Long Distance*

GIVEN wife (A) and husband (B) separated by business and 425 miles.

To prove that Long Distance is the shortest distance between A and B.

PROOF. B gives home telephone number to Long Distance operator and is connected with A in 1.4 minutes (average).

A and B chat about children, friends, home and business as if they were face to face.

Nothing else could bring A and B together so *quickly.*

Nothing else could make A and B seem *in the same room.*

∴ The shortest distance between A and B is *Long Distance.*

Q. E. D.

COROLLARY. The call between A and B would cost only about $1 after seven any evening or all day Sunday (3-minute, station-to-station rate).

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM

Lying? Of course they were lying! But what could we do about it? Cross-examination? We couldn't impeach our own witnesses, could we?

First Ginsberg . . . and then her. It was like a bad dream. . . . And to make it worse, Scalisi and French and their mouthpieces sitting there openly grinning at the turn affairs had taken. They had alibis all framed, of course, but we weren't even making a showing against them. . . .

The D. A. put me on the stand to testify about that phone call and their actions right after it—but, like I said, how could we impeach our own witnesses? We'd made a terrible mistake, we realized, in not having made them pick Scalisi and French out of a line-up. But they'd been so sure about those mugs! And after that tommy-gunning, and after the way he'd *told* us about that ten-grand approach—

Our case went out the window, and Scalisi and French swaggered out of the courtroom free men.

I'll never forget how *I* felt when the Ginsbergs went out of that courtroom. We didn't have enough to hang perjury on them at that point, so we had to let them go.

We all figured the ante had been raised from ten grand to a figure they could no more have refused than they could have helped breathing. That's what that last telephone call had been about. Now, if we could only *prove* that—

We tapped their phone. Their bank co-operated with us, and we kept them under surveillance, night and day, for a month. But it was no use. We finally had to charge 'em up to profit and loss, like those Greeks, and the racket went merrily on.

"We'll never get another chance like that," the boss mourned. "Do you suppose it *could* have been something besides dough that got to them?"

"What else could it have been but dough?" I said.

"But if they got it, what did they do with it?" he said.

YOU can be awful dumb, sometimes, in police work, like in anything else. The right answer had been under our noses all the time, if we'd only thought about it.

But a year had to go by first. . . .

Then one day, when I'd almost forgotten about the Ginsbergs, who do you suppose called me up?

Momma!

I guess I wasn't any too polite to her when she asked me if I could come right down to the market and see them. It was something she couldn't tell me over the phone, she said, and she was crying. I ended by telling her I'd be down, and that if they offered any more nonsense I'd break their necks.

I sure was surprised at the looks of Ginsberg. His hair had turned almost white. And she looked years older, too. She had a bottle of wine waiting for me, which got my goat right off the bat.

"I won't drink your wine!" I told her. "What do you want?"

"You vant I should tell him, poppa?" she asked him.

"No, momma," he said. "It is better I should."

"Spit it out!" I told him.

He gave me a long look and kind of braced himself—and five minutes later I had the whole story of why they'd gone back on us. The right answer. It knocked me for a loop, and I certainly kicked myself for not having tumbled to it long before. It was the *only* reason those two could have had for going back on us!

It wasn't dough. . . .

Those two poor devils were in this country illegally, and hadn't wanted to be sent back to Germany!

Scalisi's mouthpieces had been tipped off to it, it looked like, and they'd threatened to turn them in when everything else had failed. That's what that telephone call had been about. That's what I should have thought of, myself, at the time, if I'd had brains!

MAYHEM, machine-gun bullets, and ten grand hadn't fazed them, but that had. They hadn't wanted to go back to Germany!

"Why didn't you tell me?" I said to him. "We could have fixed it!"

Both of them looked at me with their mouths open.

"Certainly!" I yelled at them. "Do you think this country would have deported people who wanted to do for it what *you* wanted to do? What do you think America is, anyhow?"

Both of them began to cry. It was awful to watch them. And I'm telling you I felt like crying myself. Scalisi and French had been once in jeopardy, and there was no chance of trying them again. We could hang perjury on the Ginsbergs maybe, but what of it?

"Why do you tell me about it now?" I asked them.

"It is—too late?" the little guy sobbed.

"Sure it's too late."

"Even if ve tell—something else that Scalisi—he do to us?"

I pricked up my ears. I was in no mood to bargain with the little twirp, but if he *did* have something to tell—

"What is it?" I asked.

"Ve don't go back to Germany—if ve tell?"

I promised them that if they really had something to offer on Scalisi this time, *and went through with it*, there'd not only be no danger of them being deported but we'd forget their perjury as well. Their ancestors must have had the same kind of looks on their faces when they saw the Promised Land for the first time!

"That is vy ve ask you to come—momma and me," Ginsberg said, a new tone in his voice. "Because Scalisi still say ve go back to Germany—if ve don't pay him."

"And ve can't pay him no more—it is all gone!" Mrs. Ginsberg added.

And then they opened my eyes to a whole new racket, or at least one we

Not much of an artist but=

His ancient picture-writings tell us today how he lived, what he ate. Scientists say his tough, primitive foods kept his teeth strong and healthy. Our soft modern foods give teeth too little real exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5¢
MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH HEALTHY

Try Dentyne—notice how its specially firm consistency starts you chewing more vigorously—exercises mouth and teeth and makes your mouth feel cleansed and refreshed! Helps keep your teeth stronger, whiter!

ITS SPICY FLAVOR IS RIGHTLY POPULAR!

One taste—and you know why thousands cheer for Dentyne's delicious flavor! Slip a package into your pocket or purse—its flat, convenient shape is an exclusive feature of Dentyne's.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

hadn't heard anything about yet! Scalisi and his mobsters had gone in for shaking down aliens in a big way. He sure had bled the Ginsbergs white; they'd never have turned to me unless they'd been desperate.

I took them right up to the boss's office—after I'd had another drink of that swell wine.

"I don't know whether I ought to give you people another chance or not," the boss told them, winking at me.

"But ve got nothing to be scared of now!" Ginsberg said. "Ve stay in America—ve take out papers—"

"Ve be good Americans as anybody!" Mrs. Ginsberg said.

"All right," the boss said. "One more chance."

And once more we moved into action against Scalisi. . . .

We made a dictaphone set-up in the Ginsbergs' living quarters this time, and coached them carefully in what they were to do and say. They were to tell Scalisi's torpedo that they wanted to talk to Scalisi before they paid out another cent, and they were to try to get him to talk about other victims.

"Ve make him talk, you bet!" Momma Ginsberg said excitedly.

Bennet and a stenog and I set up our receiving set in their bathroom, with a mike out in the market and another in their parlor. We waited three days, at odd times listening to them argue with the torpedo—French, again—like we'd told them to. Listening to him threatening them with all kinds of things besides deportation, and finally, to our delight, telling them that he'd bring Scalisi himself to attend to them.

HE brought Scalisi, and you ought to have heard the act those two put on. Professionals couldn't have done it any better. They played that bright boy like he was a fish, and, storming at them and threatening, he laid all kinds of things on the line for us, with our stenog taking it all down and our recorder grinding merrily away. Russians that didn't want to go back to Stalin, Italians that didn't want to go back to Mussolini, Chinamen that didn't want to go back to China—all paying off—

We waited until they passed him the marked money we'd given them—and then walked in. Scalisi and French went for their rods, but their hands never reached them. . . . It was just as well; it saved the bother and expense of a trial, and gave a lot of poor devils a break who otherwise might have been called as witnesses. And that seemed to be that, so far as the People vs. Scalisi and French went. . . .

The Ginsbergs?

Last Wednesday they got their final papers, and momma threw a party for us. The D. A. was there and he agreed with us that their wine sure had what it took. He drank a toast to them, and I thought it hit the nail on the head.

"*Heil* Ginsberg!" he said. . . .

THE END

"Three's company
when it's me..
my pipe.. and
VELVET"

Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

—the MILDNESS
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood
—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Better smoking tobacco

Copyright 1938,
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.

What Happened to ELLIS PARKER?

The Man Who Forgot to Forget

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ELLIS PARKER solved this case with psychology. The murderer had a three-month start on him and there weren't any clues to amount to anything and there were a hundred suspects, one as good a bet as another.

Yet he picked the guilty man without even getting up out of the chair in his office.

On the crisp afternoon of December 3, 1921, three hunters found the dead man—or what was left of him—lying on his back in a shallow leaf-filled hollow in the thick woods near Wrightstown, New Jersey.

The spot was not far from the target range of Camp Dix, a United States Army cantonment where soldiers had been trained during the World War.

The corpse—it was a skeleton now—was wearing a soldier's uniform, so the three hunters hurried to Camp Dix. The provost marshal there telephoned Parker, who said he would come right out to have a look.

There wasn't much to look at. The dead man's face was an unrecognizable skull. Once there might have been something to identify him in his pockets, but now they were all turned inside out.

There were two bullet holes through his skull, big enough to have been made with a .45. Either one would have been fatal, so Parker knew it couldn't have been suicide. Besides, the .45-caliber army pistol that had once been in the holster strapped around the skeleton was missing. If it had been there, it would have been simple to check the pistol's serial number and find out the name of the man it had been issued to.

Nothing at the murder scene gave Ellis Parker the faintest idea of who the victim might be, but he was getting a pretty fair picture of the murderer—some one who was crafty and cool and sure of himself.

Crafty, because he had removed everything from the body that might offer a clue to identification.

Cool, because he had put two bullets into his victim, to make a good job of it.

That he was sure of himself to the point of cockiness was obvious; he had not bothered to bury the body.

Ellis Parker dug into the leaves and sand near the body and came up after a while with a rosary and a bunch of rusty keys. He turned the latter over to his assistant, Detective Clifford Cain.

"Get these polished up, Cliff. When we find out what they unlock, we may learn who this fellow is."

There was nothing more to be done at the scene, so Parker followed the body back to Camp Dix.

"First," he said to the army physicians, "I'd like to learn about how long he has been dead. After that, it would help if you could give me an idea of how tall he was and about how much he weighed."

They soon had an answer to his first question. The murdered man, in their opinion, had been dead between two and a half and three months. That put the time of the murder back in September. Ellis Parker sought out Provost Marshal Major Shields Warren, who put clerks to work at once. Here Parker got a break. Only one soldier was listed as having deserted in September.

"Too bad," said Parker. "If the records showed *two* men missing around that time, one of 'em probably would be the murderer. Now we'll have to pick him out of all these hundreds of soldiers here."

The dead man, officially listed as a deserter, was Sergeant Michael Gregor, Company B, Sixteenth Infantry.

A supply sergeant, young Gregor had had access to storerooms about the Company B barracks. Parker visited these with the keys found near the body. He found keys to fit all of the storeroom doors and one to fit a locker which had been assigned to Gregor.

Soldiers who had been buddies of Gregor recalled that he did carry a rosary with him, and one or two tentatively identified it.

Parker learned that Gregor, at the time of his death, was serving his second enlistment. He was big and strong, thirty-one years old. This checked with doctors' estimates of the dead man's general build.

Gregor had had a fine reputation as a soldier and had been well liked. He had been a sort of unofficial banker for the fellows in his company, often loaning them money or even keeping sums of their money for them.

This threw another light on the matter of the pockets that had been turned inside out. The killer, besides removing articles of identification, had probably had a robbery motive. Strengthening this theory was the fact that Gregor had recently received his pay. He hadn't left the camp to go anywhere where he might have spent it, up to the day of his death, and it wasn't found among his personal belongings, which had been sent to relatives in St. Louis.

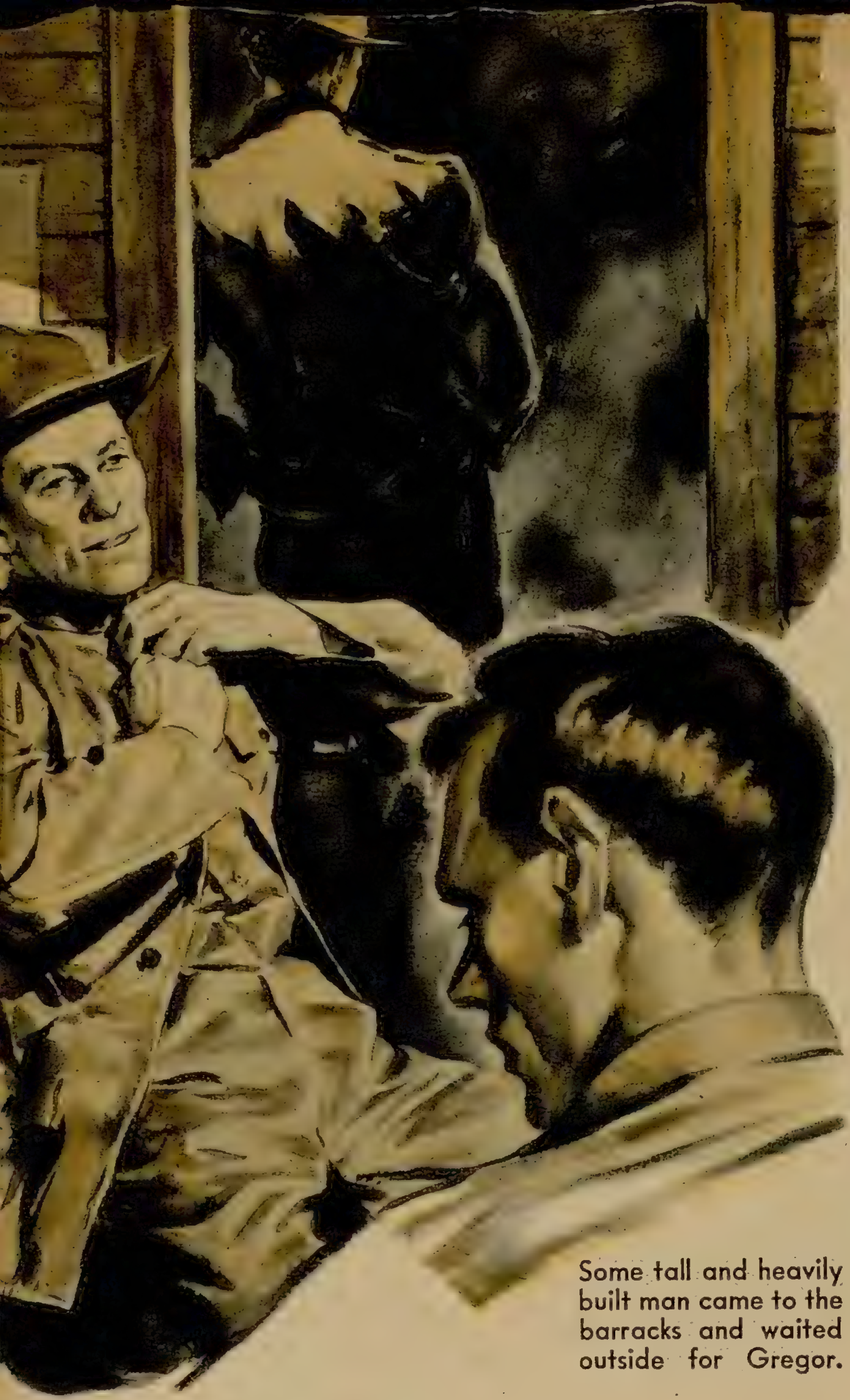
On the afternoon of the day he had supposedly deserted, he had gone out with some other soldiers to the target range to try to qualify as a sharpshooter. He had failed dismally. He had come back to camp and seemed despondent over his failure, and that night he had vanished. Every one figured that he had taken his failure to heart and had run away. All the places Camp Dix soldiers usually headed for were checked. But nothing came of it. Gregor's brother and sister in St. Louis had no word of him either.

His .45 automatic hadn't been with the rest of his belongings, so Parker figured that when he located the murderer he might also find the missing gun.

"What I have to do now," Parker said, "is to question every soldier in Gregor's company. They'd be the men most likely to have known that he carried large sums in cash. I'd like to question them at my office in Mount Holly."

What did happen to Ellis Parker at the time of the Lindbergh case? As to that, these true stories of cases of his own—this is Number Three in Liberty, and you'll find a fourth in an early issue—will leave you more in the dark than ever. For years he was honored: the upright small-town detective wizard who could do such things as these. And then came the disclosure about the kidnaping of Paul Wendel and his "confession," and . . What IS the answer, anyhow?

A true story from the past of a great detective who built a brilliant career and then faced prison for one mistake



Some tall and heavily built man came to the barracks and waited outside for Gregor.

"That can be arranged, Ellis," said Major Warren. "I'd like it worked out so that as soon as I finish questioning a man, he's led away where he can't possibly talk to those waiting to be questioned."

"That can be arranged too," the major agreed.

On the morning of December 5 Parker began questioning the soldiers of Company B. A lot of them couldn't find room inside the little building on Main Street where his office was located, and had to stand outside.

It seemed like trying to find one tree in a forest, and if Parker was making the slightest headway, none of the army officers who sat in his office listening could make out what it was. He didn't ask many questions and they were always the same: "What is your name? How old are you? Where do you come from? What were you doing on the night of September 9?" His secretary, Anna Yoos, took down the answers while he compared them with each man's service record card.

When he would ask what they had been doing that night, they would look blank, screw up their faces trying to remember back three months, and finally admit they didn't know. Then Ellis Parker would tell them brusquely, "That's all."

By late afternoon he had drawn nothing but blanks. Three quarters of the men had been questioned. Not one, so far, had remembered anything helpful.

A little man wearing a sergeant's stripes and a pale, pinched face came in. He had bright, alert eyes and he stood very erect when he gave his name:

"Sergeant Grover Landis Duncan, sir."

"How old are you?" Parker asked him.

"Twenty-five, sir." He smiled trustfully, engagingly.

"Your home?"

"Windrock, Tennessee."

"You understand that we are investigating the murder of Sergeant Michael Gregor. If you have any information and want to give it to us . . ."

"I understand, sir. I knew Sergeant Gregor well."

"That so? Remember anything about the night he disappeared that might help us? That was September 9."

"Yes, sir. I remember a number of things that happened that night. Quite clearly."

Detective Parker beamed upon the little sergeant.

"Well, well! maybe we're getting somewhere. You go right ahead. But wait. How do you come to remember that night? Maybe it's your birthday?"

The little sergeant laughed quietly.

"No, sir. Nothing like that. I just happen to have a good memory, sir."

One of the officers in the room said, "Sergeant Duncan has an excellent record, Mr. Parker."

Ellis Parker nodded appreciatively, and Duncan told his story. He knew Michael Gregor especially well because he slept opposite him in the same barracks. Duncan was getting ready to go to bed, he said, on the night of September 9, when some man came to the barracks and waited outside for Gregor. The man wore a uniform and was tall and heavily built.

"Didn't see his face?" asked Parker.

"No, sir, I didn't, but in build he was a dead ringer for a private in my company."

"What's this private's name?"

Duncan named the man. "I wouldn't be mentioning this," he added, "but this fellow is pretty wild. Travels with a tough bunch. Drinks a lot. And that afternoon he was complaining about not having any money. Said he knew that Mike—Sergeant Gregor—had more than five hundred dollars he was carrying with him.

"I didn't think any more about it then or later, but I recall now that this same private, who had been broke on September 9, was flashing a roll with three hundred dollars in it around the end of the month."

"And Gregor walked away with this fellow?"

"Yes, sir. I remember that distinctly."

Ellis Parker said, "You got all that, Miss Yoos? Many thanks, sergeant. You've given us a lot of help. Don't discuss this with any of the other fellows."

"No, sir. I'm glad to have been of help."

PARKER waited until the door had closed behind Duncan. Then he turned to the army officers. "Have a couple of your army detectives put that fellow under twenty-four-hour watch. Intercept every bit of his mail, coming and going."

"Sergeant Duncan? You don't mean—"

"He's the lad that did it. Call in the next man."

"But," protested an army officer, "he remembered—"

"He forgot to forget," corrected Ellis Parker, grinning. "Look. Do you remember what you did the night of September 9? Of course you don't, if you did nothing special. He remembers too easily. He's too pat. He's got a story all ready, with details. He remembers the night, all right, because he killed a man."

"Then why question any more of the boys?"

"If we didn't, it might arouse Duncan's suspicions. He's cocky now. He feels secure, safe. He's fooled us and he can sleep easy. Well, we'll let him sleep—until we get ready to wake him up."

The soldiers who followed Sergeant Duncan into Ellis Parker's office left it red to the ears with anger. For Ellis Parker deliberately antagonized them. It was mighty funny, he growled, that while bright young Ser-

1900
1938
thanks to Wix!
UTTERLY INVISIBLE
NO CHAFING
NO DANGER OF ODOR
Wix
Holly-Pax
INVISIBLE

Women have achieved many advances since the turn of the century . . . but none so important as the complete freedom from isolation, worry and embarrassment, those trying days of every month!

Imagine sanitary protection without a pad, pin or belt! Imag-
ne protection that is absolutely
rtain, yet entirely *invisible*, even
ith a bathing suit! Imagine pro-
ction so efficient that there is
t the slightest chance to give
ense through odor! Imagine
e *comfort* of protection with
thing to rub or chafe, with no
t to bind.

uch is the freedom offered by
x, the *original* internal pro-
tor. Wix is a scientifically de-
ned roll of absorbent cotton
t absorbs internally, *naturally*.

Developed by two physicians,
*uccessfully used for more than eight
ears* by millions of American women, Wix is a proved success. Ask for Wix at department, drug and 5c and 10c stores.

WIX

NOTE: Holly-Pax, a companion product to Wix, is a folded type of tampon, preferred by some women. Try both Wix and Holly-Pax and
ide which type you prefer. Note coupon for special offer.

THE WIX COMPANY L58
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin) please send me introductory packages of both Wix and Holly-Pax.

Name...

Address ....

City State

geant Duncan could help the investigation by supplying a full account of what *he* had observed the night of September 9, these other men couldn't remember a blasted thing!

When he had finished, he told the army officials:

"First thing we'll want to do is to go through Duncan's stuff at the barracks. If we could find Sergeant Gregor's gun, we could arrest Duncan at once."

"Think that gun will be among Duncan's things?"

"I doubt it. But you never know."

"Do you think he might try to skip out now?"

Ellis Parker shook his head. "Not as long as he doesn't know we suspect him. He's smart enough to realize that would be the worst thing he could do."

Nor did Sergeant Duncan contemplate flight. The army detectives who had him under constant surveillance reported to Parker that other members of the company had told Duncan how Parker had bawled them out, and had assured him that he was a lucky man to have escaped Parker's nastiness.

The detectives secretly went through Duncan's belongings. Gregor's missing gun was not there.

"What," Parker was asked, "are you going to do now?"

"Use a little psychology on Mr. Duncan. It's his move and he ain't moving. So we'll put a little pressure on him and then see which way he jumps. I'd like him and all the men in his company brought to my office again tomorrow. This time we'll fingerprint 'em."

Sergeant Michael Gregor

ONE by one, on December 8, the members of Company B were fingerprinted in the office of Ellis Parker. When they had gone, he told the army detectives:

"I want you boys to circulate around at the barracks and let the news drop that I found some indistinct fingerprints on the clothing of the murdered man."

"Think Duncan will fall for that?"

"Yes, I do. His common sense will tell him that there oughtn't to be any fingerprints anywhere, much less on cloth, after the body lay out in all kinds of weather for three months. But if he's guilty, it'll start bothering him until he won't know what to think. Then we'll see what he does."

By the time the detectives got back to the barracks, all Company B was discussing the fingerprint angle.

After that Ellis Parker kept away from Camp Dix. There was nothing he could do out there that wasn't being done, and he wanted to stay home where it was quiet and try to figure out what Duncan might have done with the dead Michael Gregor's .45 automatic. But, figure as he might, he couldn't get any answer.

He was chewing it over mentally one night when one of the Army Intelligence men came and told him: "Duncan hasn't been sleeping very well lately. Tonight he mailed this."

The letter was addressed to a Mr. E. A. Shook, president of the U. S. School of Fingerprints in Chicago. It asked for three bits of information.

First, the little sergeant wanted to know whether the fingerprints of two persons could possibly be alike.

Second, he wanted to know whether fingerprints could be taken from any cloth that was fuzzy.

Ellis Parker stopped reading, grinned. "Well, the pressure's working. Duncan's taken a jump."

Then he read the third paragraph —this:

"How long will a person's fingerprints stay on a piece of cloth or anything else if it is out in the rainy weather? Will they stay on for three months? There was a man found here that had been gone for three months. He was found out in the woods. He had been knocked in the head and shot twice . . ."

Ellis Parker swore softly.

"The fool! 'He had been knocked in the head.' How does Duncan know that? You don't know it. I saw the body—and I don't know it. The doctors who performed the autopsy don't know it, didn't find a fracture. Nobody has ever said anything, anywhere, at any time, about Gregor having been knocked in the head.

"How, then, can Duncan know it —unless *he* knocked Gregor in the head before he shot him?"

Parker began to pace the floor of his office.

"Good Lord!" he said. "I should have known it! Michael Gregor was shot with his own gun. Duncan wasn't big enough or strong enough to have taken it away from him in a struggle. He ambushed him, walloped him over the skull with something and knocked him out.

"Then he took Gregor's gun, stooped over, and shot him twice in the head. That's why the bullet holes were so close together—and both at the same angle."

"Shall we arrest Duncan tonight, Mr. Parker?"

"No. We've got to find that gun first. Might be a good idea to exhume Gregor's body and see if a second autopsy shows a fracture that might have been overlooked. But even if it doesn't, I'd take an oath that's what happened. Anyway, I'll get in touch with Shook, explain to him, and have him answer this letter promptly, telling Duncan it's impossible to find any fingerprints in such a case."

Mr. Shook offered utmost co-operation, and promptly dispatched a letter that set Sergeant Duncan's mind at rest.

The second autopsy disclosed a

crack in Gregor's skull—minute, but where a blow might have caused it.

Ellis Parker still needed that missing gun. Had Duncan left Camp Dix at any time since the murder?

Major Warren called for the company records. "Yes," he said. "In November he was away on a ten-day furlough. There's nothing to show for where he went."

Guarded inquiries elicited from Duncan's companions that the little sergeant had gone South on his furlough. His home was in Tennessee. It was not likely, however, that he had gone there. During the secret inspection of his effects, his correspondence had been read. Letters from his relatives in Tennessee had indicated that Duncan had not visited his people in many months.

The only other letters found had been from some woman who addressed him as "Dearest Grover," referred to a baby she said was his, and informed him that her husband had broken her nose.

Her letters were postmarked from Huntington, West Virginia, so Parker decided it was a good gamble that that was where Duncan had spent his furlough, and that Duncan might well have got rid of the gun by giving it to this woman. Parker took a train for Huntington.

THE woman said she had never heard of any one named Grover Duncan, but when he waved the letter under her broken nose, she said:

"Come in. You're not going to tell my husband?"

"I'm not going to tell anybody," replied Ellis Parker, "so long as you don't do any more lying. When Sergeant Duncan was here he gave you a gun. Where is it?"

"I gave it to my brother. He's in Tennessee."

Parker got her brother's address and was leaving when she asked, "Is Grover in trouble?"

"If murdering a man's trouble, he is."

Her astonishment and consternation looked genuine.

"But, mind you," said Parker, "don't write to him. He doesn't know he's suspected."

He left, to look up Tennessee train schedules. It would be all right if she wrote to Sergeant Duncan. All Duncan's mail was being intercepted.

Her brother in Tennessee had sold the gun to another man, and now this other man had moved away. Neighbors said they didn't know where he had moved to, but it was somewhere in West Virginia. He was a railroad clerk.

Ellis Parker checked railroads; finally located the man. He lived not far from the woman who had originally had the gun. When Parker ran him down, he said:

"Sure, I've got it. I bought it for fifteen bucks."

"If it's the one I want," said Parker, "I'll give you twenty for it."

It was. It had the serial number of Gregor's missing pistol. Parker

IN NATION-WIDE POLL
OWNERS OF LOW PRICE TRUCKS
GUESS DODGE TRUCK PRICE
UP TO $135 MORE.. Yet Dodge
Is Priced With the Lowest!

So Much Extra Value in Dodge Trucks... That
Buyers from Coast to Coast Over-estimate Price

"MR. TRUCK BUYER, WHAT IS YOUR GUESS ABOUT PRICES OF THE LOW-PRICED TRUCKS?"
"WELL, LET'S SEE ... I GUESS DODGE OUGHT TO COST ABOUT $100 MORE"

Hundreds of truck buyers from New York to California were asked in personal interviews to estimate truck prices in the low-priced field. A surprising percentage over-estimated the Dodge truck prices.

"SORRY, BUT YOU'RE WRONG ... TODAY, DODGE IS PRICED WITH THE LOWEST"
"WHAT? PRICED WITH THE LOWEST, YOU SAY? MISTER I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!"

Many Buyers over-estimated Dodge truck prices $100 and more. When told Dodge prices, some immediately checked on the phone with local Dodge dealers. The answer they got was, "Dodge is priced with the lowest!"

A RECENT national poll of truck buyers reveals astonishing price news. Questioned from coast to coast, hundreds guessed wrong on the price position of America's low-priced trucks. Many answered that they believed Dodge trucks "cost up to $135 more than the others." *Yet Dodge is now priced with the lowest!*

Possibly you, too, have thought of Dodge as "worth more"..."higher priced." Today, in most cases, there is only a few dollars difference in the prices of the low-priced trucks. And Dodge is priced with the lowest!

Remember, Dodge makes a truck to fit your needs in its complete line ranging from ½-ton commercial cars to heavy duty trucks. So, before you buy any truck, ask your Dodge dealer to send a 1938 Dodge truck for you to try. Phone him today.

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

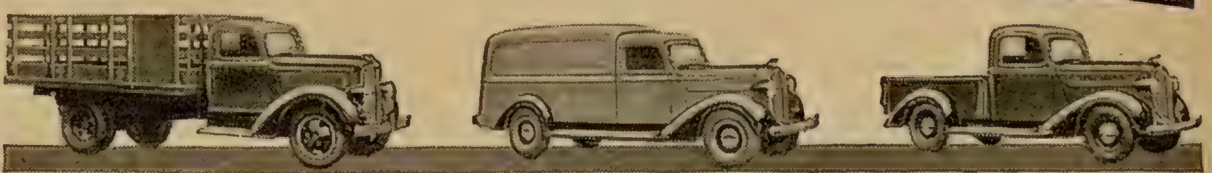
This advertisement endorsed by the Engineering Department, DODGE Division of Chrysler Corporation

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!
DODGE CHASSIS PRICES DELIVERED IN DETROIT
Including Federal Taxes.
(Local, State Taxes Not Included)

½-TON 116" W. B. CHASSIS $475
Price includes front bumper, spare tire, tube and tire lock.

1½-TON 133" W. B. CHASSIS $604
Price includes front bumper.

Other models, including ¾, 1, 2 and 3-ton, at correspondingly low prices. FOR DELIVERED PRICES IN YOUR LOCALITY SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER... Budget terms to fit your needs.



New 1½-Ton Stake—6-Cyl.—159" Wheelbase, 12' Body. Many money-saving features.

New ¾-1 Ton Panel—6-Cyl.—136" Wheelbase. For bulky loads: laundries, florists, etc.

New ½-Ton Pickup—6-Cyl.—116" Wheelbase. A real gas saver!

WHAT!! YOU FEEL FINE? WISH I'D TAKEN BROMO-SELTZER LAST NIGHT, TOO!

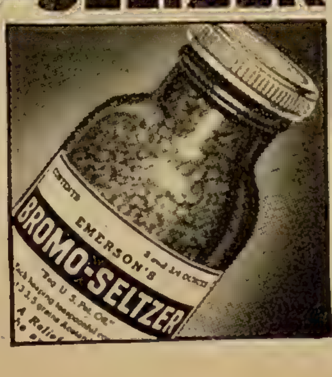
● Everywhere, smart men are learning this new *before* and *after* way to help PREVENT morning-after.

Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE bedtime soothes tired nerves, settles an upset stomach and ALKALIZES.

Another Bromo-Seltzer AFTER waking checks the effects of fatigue from a late bedtime. At drugstores and soda fountains everywhere. Keep it handy at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER

Helps prevent—or stop—Morning-After



bought it, stuffed it in his pocket, and wired Camp Dix to this effect:

GUN LOCATED STOP ARREST SERGEANT GROVER DUNCAN FOR MURDER SERGEANT MICHAEL GREGOR

That didn't quite wash up the case. Ellis Parker returned and confronted Sergeant Duncan with the letter from his married woman friend, the letters to and from the fingerprint school, and the gun.

The scared little sergeant went white. He stuttered and stammered and offered explanations, none of which explained.

Ellis Parker, in forty years of master sleuthing (prior to the Wendel mess, at least), never used force directly or indirectly. A rubber hose, to him, was something you sprinkled the lawn with. Now he had Sergeant Duncan dead to rights and the little devil wouldn't confess. And Ellis Parker was proud of the fact that when he turned a case over to the prosecutor, he usually turned it over clean and complete, even to a signed confession.

So he did what he'd done in a hundred other cases. He gave Duncan what he liked to refer to as the "kind treatment."

He rebuked him in a fatherly fashion, without so much as raising his voice, and told him:

"Now, you think this over for a while, sergeant."

And then he had Duncan put in a nice quiet cell. After that he left him strictly alone.

Whether or not this device actually is kind hinges, probably, upon each individual recipient's capacity for enjoying solitude. Little Sergeant Grover Duncan had a good stomach for it. He nursed a twitchy conscience for three months. Then, late in April, he tired and yelled uncle; confessed to having killed Michael Gregor—in self-defense.

According to his story—an unlikely one—he and Gregor had indulged in a quarrel. Gregor had pulled his gun; he had wrested the gun from Gregor, hit him with it, and shot him twice.

Everything else pointed to a sordid and premeditated murder for robbery, but there was no witness to deny Duncan's story. It was either take this confession or send Duncan back to grow a beard.

Ellis Parker had started from scratch on a trail three months old and he had a swell circumstantial case, plus a confession, so he let it go at that.

Duncan finally pleaded guilty to second-degree murder and got a fourteen- to thirty-year stretch in New Jersey State Prison.

THE END

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

Ole Lucy's Perspicacity

The best place for money is the bank. Marse George said it. He knew. He was the bank's president. To Ole Lucy, small, black, sweetly gentle, with the kindliest brown eyes ever, Marse George was just one of her "babies." Had she not loved and cared for him as she had loved and cared for his mother and uncles before him?

Through the long years she had methodically saved the modest compensation earned for her services. Her savings she carefully placed in her mattress, an old broken teapot, and numerous tin cans. Ole Lucy was content. She knew her money was safe. Marse George often explained to her how safe his bank was, for he knew of her savings.

At last he made a decision. Ole Lucy must meet him at the bank in the morning and deposit all of her savings. No one questioned an order from Marse George. From her many pockets she produced her savings for the teller at the bank. Marse George himself proudly handed her the little passbook in which was written her deposit of $8,000, saying, "There, Lucy, I feel easier about it, for your money is safe in the bank. You may draw it out any day by presenting this little passbook."

The years passed. Then came 1932. Something had happened. The word "depression" was being passed around. Few understood. The bank closed. Marse George was in trouble. Not until that bad news reached Ole Lucy did anything matter. Then she hurried to him. Ole Lucy could always help in times of trouble.

Marse George, the bank president, stood before his old nurse. He said brokenly, "Lucy, nothing has hurt me as much as the fact I made you put your money in our bank. It is all lost. But give me time and every cent will be made up to you."

"Time, Marse George? Ole Lucy needs no time! I'se lost no money! Here 'tis, all nice new bills. I drew it out of the bank the very next day after I 'posited it, just as you told me I could! It's yours now, Marse George, if you can use it."

—*Hester Peabody.*

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

Three Stars for Three Stars

Gable, Tracy, and Loy, in a tale of love, thrills, and flight, get high rating from Liberty's critic

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ TEST PILOT

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Holden, Samuel S. Hinds, Marjorie Main, Ted Pearson, Louis Jean Heydt, Virginia Grey, Priscilla Lawson, Claudia Coleman, Arthur Aylesworth. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Waldemar Young, from an original story by Frank Wead. Directed by Victor Fleming. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 119 minutes.

SCORE one for romance and two for love, for after a long picture stretch in which the *grande passion* has been just a laugh, it's back again here in a form that is intense and moving and hot as a cast-iron stove.

Clark Gable is Jim Lane, the best test pilot in the world. Myrna Loy is a girl on the farm in Kansas where Clark cracks up an important ship. Spencer Tracy is Clark's mechanic. Spencer has loved the airman for a long time (we're not fooling; Tracy even has a line, "I love you," which he says quite seriously, with his typical underplaying, to Gable), and Myrna loses her heart at sight of him. She runs away from her stolid, steady sweetheart to marry him, and then discovers he is a man enamored of his job, loving only the sky and swift movement, always broke, and having to get madly drunk after each flight in order to endure the tension of his nerves.

Against the clangorous background of army bases, air races, excitement, and disaster, this works into slick melodrama with a touch or so of genuine character analysis. The big scenes go to Miss Loy, who handles them with her ultra-feminine adroitness, the ummmph is up to Gable, which is a cinch for him, and the sturdy loyalty is delivered by Mr. Tracy.

You'll get thrills from this and one or two of them will even be mental.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is dimpled Clark Gable's firstie since Saratoga and Parnell. Clark's been in so many air pix, he's learned to fly, is racing Spence Tracy for a pilot's license. He's been trained mostly by navy and army flyers. He does some actual piloting in this, but most of it's the work of hidden double-control flyers and doubles. Gable calls Spence Tracy Lug; to Tracy he's the Big Moose. He never complains about a part, is considered more of a personality than an actor. He's a manly dresser, raises a mustache and sideburns as per order, is supposed to know an actress named Carole Lombard. . . . Spence Tracy's got himself the Academy bronze doorstop for Captains Courageous, continues to claim he doesn't know how to act, he's just his Irish self. He'd like to say he had a theory about it: that he drank coconut milk, ate raw fish for brain food, slept in an old-fashioned nightshirt and read Shakespeare by candlelight—but it wouldn't be true. Tracy's college edded, has never worked in mine, stock, hold, or factory, did a bit of a harmless turn in the war, says he's terribly sentimental. . . . I can report nothing new about Myrna Loy except that she's terribly happy in her work, her marriage and darling Bavarian honeymoon house—and certainly that's not news. Otherwise she likes to dance, collect paintings and antiques, brasses, porcelain, old prints, water colors, swim, knock around in gay pajamas, spin her car around corners on two wheels, read history and biography. . . . Five airports, two army fields, Paul Mantz, Commander Wead, one year's preparation, three months' shooting, $1,100,000, and an escardrille of flying advisers were used in knocking this together. Eighteen cameras filmed those 50 flying planes stunting in that big airport scene. Trick formations, upside-downers, power dives, spins, and loops were caught by one camera or the other, and I'm told that that terminal-velocity dive is the toughest thing in aviation today or ever. There were no crashes or casualties, except rehearsed. Also that that farmhouse supposedly in Kansas is a replica of the one in which Loy was born. . . . Virginia Grey is a Gable protégée, singled out by Gable from the chorus of the Great Ziegfeld. . . . They put a lapel mike on the actors to conquer engine roar drowning out airy script dialogue. Air pix, however, have least dialogue of any movies, including Westerns.

★ ★ BATTLE OF BROADWAY

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy, Louise Hovick, Raymond Walburn, Lynn Bari, Jane Darwell, Robert Kellard, Sammy Cohen, Esther Muir, Eddie Holden, Hattie McDaniel, Paul Irving, Frank Moran, Andrew Tombes. Screen play by Lou Breslow and Jack Patrick from an original story by Norman Houston. Directed by George Marshall. Produced by 20th Century-Fox. Running time, 95 minutes.

THE final shot of Battle of Broadway shows Victor McLaglen marching at the head of the American Legion parade up Fifth Avenue, New York. He is striding along with great bluster and bravado, the only flaw in his appearance being that the seat of his pants is missing. If the humor of that simply slays you, this is your dish.

For it is all in that mood, a big, rowdy, vulgar farce wherein Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, rivals in the World War, are still rivaling away, twenty years later, in the Bundy factory. Homer C. Bundy, their boss (Raymond Walburn), was also a war buddy of theirs, and when he asks the boys to look up his son in New York during the Legion convention, and deliver the lad from the toils of a dangerous siren, they are fired with zeal and lust. The lust gets them plenty when they meet Louise Hovick, who they think is the girl, but who isn't. For her favors, they try to double-cross each other, outsmart the son, and pacify the boss, who finally invades New York to see what on earth is happening and falls for Louise himself. He even wins her, but not before every one has received black eyes, taken falls, and been generally roughhoused.

The acting is, wisely, as broad as a prairie.

For the muscular male trade, this

Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, and Clark Gable, co-starring in the latest aviation thriller.

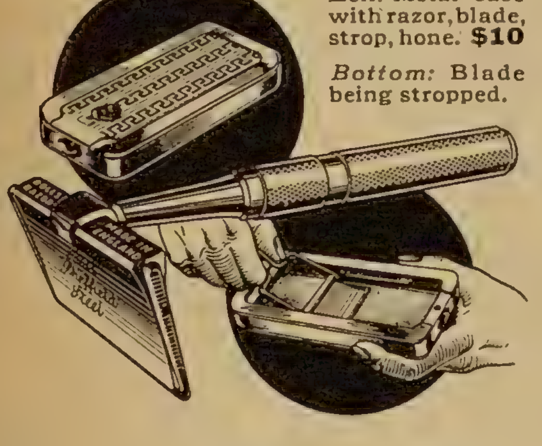
fed up with SHAVING?

TOSS shaving worries overboard. Change to a Rolls Razor and get a honey of a shave from the word "go".

The Rolls Razor is a safety razor that needs only one blade. It's of hand-forged Sheffield steel, hollow-ground to surgical sharpness. A few seconds stropping or honing restores the blade's original keenness before each shave. You shave with the blade flat against the face—the proper way to shave.

Millions of Rolls Razors have been sold since 1928. Many thousands are giving perfect shaves after ten years of use. Figure what *you've* spent for blades during the past few years. Then, decide it's less expensive and more comfortable to shave with a Rolls Razor.

Rolls Shaving Soap in permanent bowl or Rolls Shaving Stick, $1. Refills, 60¢.



Left: Metal case with razor, blade, strop, hone. **$10**

Bottom: Blade being stropped.

No other razor is like the Rolls Razor. On sale everywhere. Ask for a demonstration. Or, write for free folder L-5.

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc., 305 E. 45th St., New York

ROLLS RAZOR

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 531-HA Chicago

The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s

Allen's Foot-Ease

IN THE NEW SHAKER TOP TIN

The antiseptic, soothing powder for the feet in a handy and convenient container for the dressing table and traveling bag. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Soothes tender, swollen feet. For Free Sample and Walking Doll address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

parade of fisticuffs and comedy should be right up the alley. Mother and the girls, though, can relax and wait for Robert Taylor.

VITAL STATISTICS: This 1938 version of the Capt. Flagg-Serg. Quirt series was made as an historical reminder to the American Legion of its recent Anschluss with New York. . . . Flagg and Quirt and their he-man dish-it-out-and-take-it act were invented by Stallings and Anderson in What Price Glory. McLaglen played Flagg a-screen, Eddie Lowe was Quirt; since then McLaglen's played Flagg in various forms a few hundred times opposite several Quirts, including the late John Gilbert. Once a prizefighter, McLaglen's the son of a minister, at 14 was in the Class B Boer War, was Provost Captain of Bagdad during the recent Class A war. He heads the Victor McLaglen Lighthorse Infantry, both male and female variety. They wear the gayest uniforms! McLaglen operates a sports stadium too, the recent floods did it $20,000 worth of damage. . . . Donlevy owes his prowess as a boxer to fact that as a schoolboy he wrote verse, had to defend himself when his schoolfellows called him Sissy! He's Irish, born in Portadown, County Armagh. Says his poetry had to have punch, and motto has always been: I'm a peace-loving citizen and I can lick the man as says I'm not. Full name's Brian Boru Donlevy, family emigrated to Sheboygan Falls, Wis., because it sounded Irish, were horrified to find it Norskie, shifted around considerably thereafter. Donlevy's had a taste of the U. S. Naval Academy, flew in France during the war, came to Hollywood with a bit of an egotistic chip on his shoulder, has been toned down. Lives on Beverly Crest, is married; recently, when his wife discovered a prowler outside the Donlevy estate, he chased the fellow several miles in bare feet and nightshirt, failed to nab him. . . . After scrimmaging a whole day with McLaglen and Donlevy in the Big Apple and Suzy Q, Esther Muir thought the Marx Brothers gentlemen comparatively, even though they did plaster and paper her around in A Day at the Races, sent in a bill for a new pair of arches, to replace her crushed ones. . . . Only a few of Hollywood's oldest inhabitants remember that Louise Hovick was once Gypsy Rose Lee, Striptease Queen of the Western Burlesque Wheel until reformed by Will Hays on her admission to Hollywood. Louise is a Seattler, began stripteasing when but 14, is no chatterbox or bookworn.

★ ★ GO CHASE YOURSELF

THE PLAYERS: Joe Penner, Lucille Ball, Richard Lane, June Travis, Fritz Feld, Tom Kennedy. Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Bert Granet from an original story by Walter O'Keefe. Directed by Edward F. Cline. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 70 minutes.

THEY'VE hitched a trailer to a star here and the result is mildly comic. The star is that green olive of stardom, Joe Penner. You know—they say you can acquire a taste for him. To be very truthful about it, we never have.

Anyhow, little Joe is a dopey bank teller who wins a trailer in a lottery and decides to sleep in the thing, even if he has no car to guide him. Comes the dawn and his realization that he is bowling along country roads at a great clip. That's because his bank's been robbed during the night and the crooks have fastened their car to his trailer as a safety hide-out. Bang, bang. The cops come pursuing. The robbers' car goes faster and faster. The trailer becomes unattached and starts rolling down a steep mountainside.

More fun—or rather that same old chase fun that's been film standard ever since the Mack Sennett days.

Lucille Ball, who plays Joe's wife, is a mighty pretty sight for bored eyes.

VITAL STATISTICS: Detroit's Joe Penner makes Grade A radio programs, Grade B Hollywood comic strips. A hard-working, unassuming, democratic, pleasing fellow, it's no fault of his own he cannot become a Chaplin—something fails to click when the cameras grind. Gets about $7,000 a week on radio, $20,000 a pic in Hollywood. Known as the Boy with the Winsome Whinny, he gets his best effects out of old jokes, and the ability to take it with a funny whine. Children are suckers for his comedy and he frankly tries to make himself an animated newspaper comic strip. He's nuts about golf, is building an 18-hole course on his Brentwood property. Usually goes around in the low 80s and with about 30 stooges, including writers, yes-men, no-men, straight men, and a dope to play practical jokes on. Bought the trailer used herein. . . . Author Walter O'Keefe started with a tuxedo and a prohibition joke, and sang his way into radio, at which he has had more artistic than financial success. Last fling on the air waves netted him $7,500 a week. . . . This is Lucille Ball's, the Beaut of Butte, first starring part. She entered the ranks of the chosen few rather forcibly when she did a dance with soaped shoes in Lily Pons' That Girl from Paris. Before that she was a clotheshorse, toting fancy rags for Hattie Carnegie, billboard artists, and in a dozen movie musicals. She's a plane owner and pilot, weighs a mere 120 lbs., is a brownette, a serious devotee of her art. . . . Fritz Feld says he's been in movies 20 years, has yet to double for Mickey Mouse, expects to, however, and is fully prepared to, having been the Piper in The Miracle, a Mickey type of part. . . . Tom Kennedy is one of Hollywood's best fight refs, has cauliflower ears and nose, is an ex-pug himself, calls himself a lug comedian. . . . June Travis Grabiner was born in Chicago on a windy day, her pop's vice-prexy of the Chi Sox; she knows baseball averages better than Joe Williams. She's a sucker for dime stores, air trips, hates nightgowns and spots, is unmarried, wants to ship some day as a stewardess on a tramp steamer. . . . Those runaway trailer stunt shots gave Hollywood's trick drivers a few days' work. What with the decline of the underworld pic, screeching tires and corner-cutting careening cars are no longer an everyday studio demand, so the driving boys are having a tough time of it. Heyday of trick driving took place in Mack Sennett times—all pix then were deliberately built up to the Chase, no one would think of making a film without one. . . . Ticket this B-hive of gags @ around $280,000.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi.

★★★—There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ½ **MEMORY OF YOUTH** by Vilhelm Moberg. Simon & Schuster.

The hero is bored with life, but lives in retrospect many physically exciting boyhood and adolescent experiences. Grim, well written, but soiled and tired.

How Doctors Can *End* the Fee-Splitting Racket

A thought-provoking plan for a new deal in the saving of human lives

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"Of course I split fees!"

The speaker was a surgeon of excellent reputation in one of the larger Eastern cities.

"Any doctor who tells you he doesn't," he said, "is either a liar or a fool—unless he's already rich."

In a recent survey for Liberty, I have had occasion to talk with many physicians. I have asked each about fee-splitting between general practitioners and specialists.

Doctors may differ as to whether fee-splitting is an evil, but for you and me, if we are unfortunate enough to be sick, fee-splitting, as it is now practiced, is definitely bad.

If our family physician tells us to see Dr. So-and-So and have an operation that will cost us $1,000, we are entitled to know who gets that $1,000.

If the great surgeon gets all of it, and we therefore get a $1,000 operation, O. K. But if he pays half of it back to the family doctor—well, maybe that's O. K., too; but we ought to know about it before we decide to go under the knife.

An honest surgeon pointed out another angle:

"One of the worst features of the evil is that it is practiced not alone by the avaricious surgeons but by the inexperienced ones, who are willing to give not only fifty per cent but sixty and seventy to the doctor who steers them a case. They do this for the sake of the experience and to help them build up a practice—but often it is at the expense of the patient's life as well as his pocketbook."

A physician connected with an important hospital said of one general practitioner with a large country practice:

"If he has previously made arrangements with some surgeon to pay him as high as sixty per cent of his fee, he brings his case directly to the hospital. At other times he parks his case in a hotel, and proceeds to sell to the highest bidder, who is often the surgeon with the least practice and least experience. In other words, the patient is put on the auction block."

A doctor of this type is known among surgeons as a "feeder." Another type, even more dangerous, is known as a "manufacturer."

In a previous article in Liberty, we discussed the latter, and gave cases, vouched for by reputable surgeons, in which the diagnosing doctor deliberately manufactured operations in the profits of which he was to share. The present survey has indicated that the practice is much more general than most people suppose.

The surgeon who admitted splitting fees asserted that the majority of his fellow physicians do the same thing—although I showed him a clipping in which an officer of the American Medical Association had denied that it was a general practice.

Five years ago no orthodox medical man would have said above a whisper, "Of course I split fees." It is as typical of the revolt going on among the rank and file of physicians as is the recent protest of 430 leading doctors against the "drifting" policy of the association which has long ruled American medicine.

How do these fee-splitters justify their actions? Some of them say, "There isn't any law against it." True. All efforts to make it a legally punishable offense have failed.

Others fall back on the wording of the Hippocratic oath, which does not proscribe fee-splitting. Hippocrates lived about 460 B. C. It would be just as reasonable to invoke the Ten Commandments in defense of bootlegging because Moses did not specifically proscribe it.

Still others say that the patient has always had to pay as much as the specialist could get from him, and always will have to; that the elimination of fee-splitting will benefit only the specialist.

"Fifty per cent of this great pro-

In an emergency, the family doctor takes care of hospital arrangements.

Will your scalp stand the

FINGERNAIL TEST?

WHEN the fingernail test shows ugly, clinging dandruff . . . look out for premature baldness! This kind of dandruff is often a symptom of seborrhoic eczema, the common scalp infection blamed for 70 to 80% of early hair loss.

Don't take chances. Use Wildroot-with-Oil, the new 3-Action Hair Tonic that removes dandruff, helps check premature baldness, and at the same time keeps hair neatly groomed without that slicked-down look.

Get Wildroot Hair Tonic with Oil today! For generous trial bottle, send 10¢ coin or stamps. Wildroot, Dept. G-2, Buffalo, N. Y. or Fort Erie, Ont.

IMPORTANT—*Wildroot-with-Oil does not replace regular Wildroot Hair Tonic, used by millions who like a non-oily tonic. At drug counters and barbers everywhere.*

WILDROOT WITH OIL
THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

Advertisements Guaranteed

Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

fession is living off the fat of the land," one doctor told me, "and the other fifty is starving to death and resorting to all forms of unethical and illegal practices to make a living."

That statement is probably a bit too sweeping, but there is undeniable truth in another man's lament that "the specialist has stolen the show, and the general practitioner is nothing but a stooge today."

Especially does feeling run strong against surgeons, who are the Croesuses of the profession.

"Surgery, being spectacular, appeals to the public," one general practitioner explained. And then he added the complaint:

"Surgeons, by their wealth, control many so-called medical societies, which therefore voice only the surgeons' own opinions."

THE American College of Surgeons, admittedly composed largely of acknowledged leaders of the surgical craft, has an oath of its own specifically binding its members not to give or take splits—and many nonmembers are, to put it mildly, very sore about it.

They charge that these "big shots," who do not need to employ feeders, are trying to take away business from the "little shots," who are glad enough to pay the committing physician.

Moreover, an associate chief of the surgical department in a Middle Western hospital, a member of another association, is authority for the statement that "a lot of these men [fee-splitters] are members of this association. And every one knows they are splitting fees, but for some reason or another there is nothing done about it."

An otolaryngologist told me that he didn't pretend to know the remedy. "But I do know," he added, "that if licenses were revoked for unscrupulous practices, as is being done in the legal profession, perhaps some of this fee-splitting might be stamped out."

If the word "might" creeps into the speech of most of the advocates of prohibiting fee-splitting by law, it is because honest doctors feel that any such law would be almost impossible to enforce.

"It would be a terribly hard thing to prove that a man was guilty," a big New York surgeon explained, "since most of these transactions are made in cash."

And there are those who doubt that such a law would be either wise or fair. It cannot be denied that there is more than a little justification in the average physician's claim to a share of the operating surgeon's fees.

The best presentation of this side of the question that I have been able to find anywhere appeared in the August 14 issue of the Medical Record:

> Here is the chronological order of what happens in a general practitioner's office. The patient is examined, and after twenty or more minutes you come to the conclusion that he needs operative intervention. You could tell him that he can go to any hospital and the hospital will provide a doctor. You collect your fee and you are through. But you don't. You spend another half hour quieting their mental excitement . . . buoy them up . . . and get them into a frame of mind that is conducive to better withstand the operation.
>
> Then you spend another half hour selling them a bill of goods to permit a particular doctor to operate, instead of taking a haphazard chance that a capable man will be chosen. Well, you have finally convinced him that your man should be THE man. Then the patient asks you, with what hospital is the surgeon connected, and alas, he doesn't care for that hospital. So you get your second wind and start telling him that the surgeon does his best work at this hospital and it surely is the best hospital. He finally consents to this, and is on his way. . . .
>
> It often happens that the case is an emergency, so you rush to make arrangements for his reception at the hospital or you put him into your car and rush him to the hospital. Naturally, you have to await the surgeon's arrival, preparation and operation of the patient, and in the excitement, they forget to pay, and you forget to collect your fee. You have spent a half a day or night in the hospital. . . .
>
> Then for the next two or three weeks you must keep in touch with the hospital because every relative of the patient is going to keep your telephone or doorbell busy, to ask you how the patient is coming along. You are the liaison between the surgeon and the patient, and the only contact with the hospital. All this for two or three dollars.
>
> But as unfortunately happens, the patient dies; who bears the brunt then! The surgeon doesn't know the patient from Adam. The family doctor is the sacrifice. He is condemned and maligned for choosing that dumb surgeon.

The trouble, it is evident, lies not so much with fee-splitting as with the way in which it is done.

IN a previous article we discussed the plan for a joint bill for the committing physician and the operating surgeon, which will state clearly the amount each is to receive. This more detailed survey has not shaken belief in the helpfulness of this plan.

One additional recommendation seems imperative: The patient should have this statement *before* he consents to the choice of a surgeon. That would give him a chance to do a little shopping around himself—if the case wasn't an emergency—and to get a little advice, or better still, a diagnosis by another physician.

In that one word "diagnosis" lies, I believe, the key to this fee-splitting problem.

One of the physicians with whom I came in contact in this survey quoted Dr. Richard C. Cabot of Harvard Medical School as having said, some years ago, that of 3,000 cases coming to autopsy in one large New England hospital, the autopsy findings were at variance with the clinical diagnosis in almost ninety per cent of the cases.

Presumably — with the perfected X-ray apparatus and elaborate laboratory facilities available—no such high percentage of faulty diagnosing prevails today. But the most vivid impression gained from these doctor interviews was that there is still altogether too much irresponsible diagnosis—some of it careless, some of it downright dishonest—and this encourages unnecessary operations and secret fee-splitting between unscrupulous physicians and incompetent or venal surgeons.

The cure for this situation would seem to be obvious: No one should be allowed to go under the knife, except in cases of dire emergency, until a minimum number of diagnosticians have separately rendered a written report on the case, and a written recommendation as to the surgeon best fitted to perform an operation—*if an operation was really necessary.*

If all the diagnoses agreed, the patient would feel reasonably protected against chicanery and honest error. If they disagreed—as they probably would in many cases—he would, at least, not be dead.

THAT such a system would curb, and in time practically eliminate, secret fee-splitting or any other secret maneuvering goes without saying.

We have had many modern instances of the efficacy of the safety-in-numbers principle. For example, prize fights, wrestling matches, and horse races are notoriously crooked, because it takes only one crooked fighter or wrestler to throw a match, only one crooked jockey to pull a horse. But the only nearly successful attempt to throw a World Series baseball game, in which a minimum of eighteen players took part, was immediately detected, and summarily ended the career of every implicated player.

The doctor who knew that his diagnosis was to be compared with that of, say, five other diagnosticians not chosen by him, and was to become a matter of official written record—on the cleanliness of which his right to continue in the practice of medicine would ultimately depend—would not dare to make a careless or dishonest diagnosis or recommend a doubtful or unnecessary operation or engage in any clandestine scheme to profit at the expense and jeopardy of his patient by recommending any but the most competent and ethically irreproachable surgeons.

And who is to administer and finance this simple program for protecting American citizens in danger of death?

The obvious answer would seem to be, the American government.

No murderer may be executed until a jury of twelve, recruited and paid by the government, has given the nod.

Why should the life of the average law-abiding citizen not be as worthy of protection as the life of a man indicted for a crime?

So long as the old-line medical associations remain as politically powerful as they are now, no such enlightened program is likely to be adopted; instead, the right of the patient to his government's protection will continue to be ignored, and the crooks in the profession will continue to be covered up and protected.

But how long can these reactionary bodies keep their strangle hold on congresses and legislatures in the face of an aroused public opinion?

We have spoken of revolt within the profession. There is also revolt without. Books, magazine articles, newspaper editorials show the trend. The time is not far distant when these pontifical associations must begin to be honest with themselves and with you and me.

Honest with themselves—by admitting that secret fee-splitting is widespread and must be eliminated.

Honest with you and me—by giving us a clear advance statement showing who will get our money and for what.

Honest both with themselves and with you and me—by admitting the fallibility of a single diagnosis and submitting to an officially supervised program of multiple diagnoses by financially disinterested physicians, the guiding principle of which must be "The patient's safety first."

THE END

ONLY NICE GIRLS WANTED
NO OTHERS NEED APPLY

Men think Eleanor's wonderful. She's not the prettiest girl in the world... nor the best dancer. But she's always popular. Eleanor dances every dance!

Any *man* could tell you one reason why! Eleanor is always sweet, nice to be near...Eleanor never risks underarm odor!

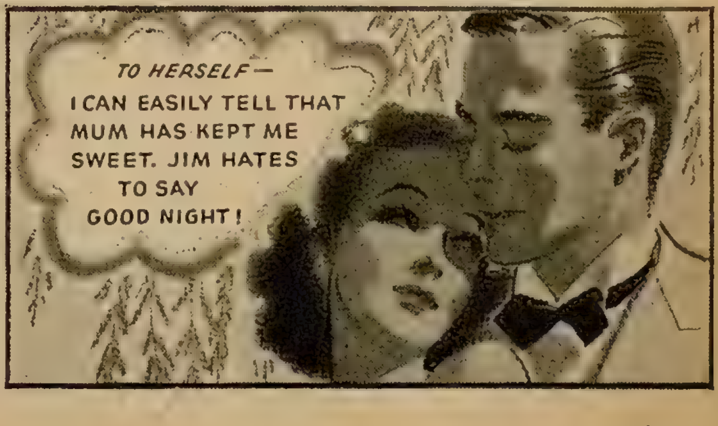
Like thousands of popular girls, Eleanor gives underarms Mum's special care. She knows that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come. Use Mum every day and after every bath—make perspiration odor impossible.

Mum has everything you like. It's... QUICK—half a minute to use... HARMLESS to skin and clothing... SURE—Mum's protection lasts all day or evening long. Mum stops all odor, without stopping perspiration. Keep sweet—protect your charm—with Mum. It's perfect for Sanitary Napkins, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MY BATH CAN'T PROTECT ME ALL EVENING, SO I ALWAYS USE MUM!


TO HERSELF— I CAN EASILY TELL THAT MUM HAS KEPT ME SWEET. JIM HATES TO SAY GOOD NIGHT!

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
ALAN HUGHES

Encounter at Noon

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 54 SECONDS

BY LYON MEARSON

THEY saw each other at just about the same time, and the recognition that danced into their eyes and bent up the corners of their mouths established the mood instantly. It was almost as though twelve years had been snatched away from them as a bandage is pulled away from the eyes, and there they were, together, where they had had moments together that no memory could obliterate. The crooked, colorful, and slightly smelly streets of Greenwich Village had not changed a great deal, and Romany Gina's restaurant had not moved an inch nor changed a bit of the dirt on its windows.

"Why, Frank, what a neighborhood to meet you in!" she said, and when she smiled he saw that the years had scarcely dealt with her at all.

"The same to you, Tess," said Frank, "and many of them. I didn't know you ever got down here any more . . . let's see, it must be about twelve years."

"What a memory!" she said. "Some women wouldn't like it. Do I still look as though I belonged down here?"

"As though you had never stirred from the Village," he said. "Twelve years . . . we had dinner right here at Romany Gina's, didn't we?"

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

"We did," she said. "I wonder how the old place looks now."

"We can find out," he said. "How about lunch?"

"Oh, Frank, you do say the most thrilling things!" she said. "I *could* eat . . ."

"You could also remember a thing or two, Tess," he said. "Things you may have forgotten."

"I'm like the Bourbons, who learned nothing and forgot nothing," she told him.

Gina had no liquor license, but they were served cocktails just as they had been during prohibition.

"Wow!" said Frank, tasting his drink. "They still have the knack of making bad liquor seem worse here."

"You haven't changed a bit," said Tess. "You never drank one of Gina's cocktails without making bitter complaint, and you never passed up one of them." She looked him over carefully, her eyes thoughtful.

"How do I look to you, in these old haunts of ours?"

"Just like you used to look when you were cursing out the editors for not publishing the stuff you hadn't written yet," she said. "What are you doing in this part of town, anyway?"

He laughed. "It's a long cry from those days to the advertising business. Oh, I'm just calling on a client who is laid up." He looked at her for a long moment.

"Do I pass?" she asked at length.

He nodded. "Marriage doesn't seem to have done anything to you except to make you lovelier," he said.

"Thanks," she said. "Those were fine brave days, though, weren't they, Frank?"

"They were beautiful . . . and far away," he said. "Don't you ever regret them, Tess?"

She looked out through the window for a long space. They had been young, younger than the eternal world, and there had been dreams that had had to be beaten out of shape to conform with the contour of reality.

She shook her head. "I never regret anything that is past, dear," she said quietly. "Everything that happens to us is necessary; it all becomes a part of us, and there is really no past because it's always with us in the present. I might ask you the same question . . ."

He looked at her with those eyes that had always been so filled with flame when he saw her, and something of the old flame was in them for one brief instant. "Marriage has its uses, just as youth had. I'm not sorry for anything. It's been swell. But it does seem to me sometimes as though the young don't deserve to have youth, because they don't appreciate it."

She laughed. "You always liked Bernard Shaw. Why don't you give him credit for that line?"

"He wouldn't mind," said Frank.

They ate in silence for a few moments, and then Tess said, "The food seems to have become worse here."

"Not at all," he said. "But we've become better."

"Would you say marriage did it?" she asked.

He nodded. "It's made both of us better, I guess." He leaned forward and placed his hand on her free one. "Imagine, after twelve years, and I still get a thrill when I just touch you."

She did not move. Her eyes closed for a moment.

"After twelve years," he went on, "and I still—"

"—adore me?" she put in. "Oh, Frank, you're so sweet!" She took her hand away. "You always used to look at me just like that and say there's nothing in the world you wouldn't do for me."

"I would, too," he said.

"That's swell," she told him. "You can do one very important thing for me. You can come home to dinner on time tonight. You've been late the last three nights, and a girl can't keep a cook under such circumstances."

THE END

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

ART has given this lady the arm of an Amazon, the eye of an eagle. She is Cornelia Van Auken Chapin, American sculptress now internationally known for her splendid animal figures carved by hand out of hardwood or solid stone. Her prize-winning granite frog weighs a ton—so you can see why her work requires athletic prowess as well as artistic talent. Her accuracy of vision is remarkable, too. She can measure a true yard by snap judgment, guessing right every time within a sixteenth of an inch.

Miss Chapin told me some interesting things about the different animals she has used as models.

Pigs, she said, learn very quickly to pose, and they seem to like it. By the fourth day her model pig would take his position voluntarily, then stay perfectly quiet for two hours—but he expected to be petted after each sitting. . . . Her prize frog had to be cajoled with dead flies for two months before he would understand that she wanted him to sit still on his rock. . . . Her elephant was her most contrary model, refusing to take art seriously. . . . Birds she found strictly punctual. Working on her pelican portrait at the Paris zoo, she had to keep regular hours, because all the pelicans sat down promptly at 8.15 every morning to meditate until 8.40, then they got up and walked around until 10.45.

From her Paris studio, Cornelia Chapin brings her finished pieces home to America for exhibition—brings them as personal baggage. One steamship line wailed pathetically, "A life-sized statue of a full-grown bear, madam, in solid stone, madam, seems scarcely suitable as an article of ladies' luggage!"

☆ Society girl gave her first independent cocktail party at a fashionable restaurant. Was paying for the whole show out of her own allowance. A waiter passed the caviar, into which guests dipped modestly. Not so the budding hostess. "I adore caviar," she said, helping herself again and again. When the party was over, the waiter brought her the bill. She looked at it and screamed: "Nine dollars for caviar! Why, that's terrible!" . . . It had indeed been terrible to gentlemanly boy friends with whom she had lunched and dined before she learned the price of caviar. They had paid and paid, in silent pain. But she knows better now. A little experience at paying makes a big difference in our appetite for luxuries.

☆ If you were a newlywed, by which of these three tunes would you rather be roused from your honeymoon rest: The Blue Danube, Three O'clock in the Morning, or the military reveille? . . . Musical alarm clocks, imported now from Switzerland, offer June brides the above choice. Tasteful and pretty (the clocks, I mean), they cost from about $7 to about $15. . . . I am mentioning them as a fairly inexpensive wedding-gift idea. Next week I'll suggest a few more.

☆ The staff of a certain small-town bank won nation-wide notice recently. In their spare time all employees of the bank mutually conduct a glee and garden club. They sing songs together, and raise fine hollyhocks. To every depositor they present, each spring, a package of hollyhock seeds with the bank's compliments. . . . Some big-town bankers of my acquaintance are inclined to scoff at this, claiming no businesslike bank can be a proper place for sentiment. . . . I beg to disagree. I offer the following real-life story as my argument:

Once a year, for many years, a distinguished lady visited her important metropolitan bank, asking to be left alone in a private room with the contents of her safe-deposit box. She always arrived on the same day every year—May 10, I believe—and she always stayed until the bank closed. This year her extraordinary ritual was not carried out. She died a few months ago, an old, old lady. Her will stipulated that the contents of her safe-deposit box should be burned to ashes without inspection. I have heard it discreetly said that what went up to oblivion, in smoke from the furnace of her bank, was a package of old, old love letters.

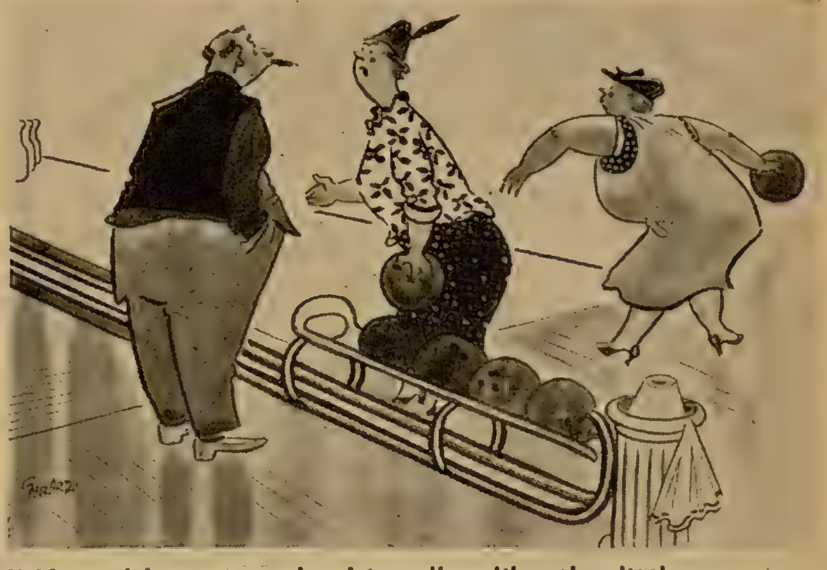
Yet a bank is no place for sentiment?

☆ Somebody told me about a horticultural attempt now being made to develop miniature watermelons that will fit conveniently into our automatic refrigerators. I called up a branch of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for details. Girlish voice of the clerk to whom I put my questions exclaimed, "Gee! Are they really trying to grow watermelons in iceboxes?"

☆ Showing how bravely and intelligently one mother worked to normalize a backward child, Mary Lindsay's new book, Courage, tells an important story. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

☆ Lamb is seasonable in the springtime. Housewives who watch their pennies should try this Alsatian recipe for breast of lamb stuffed and braised. . . . Buy a boned breast. Flatten with rolling pin. Salt and pepper well. Spread with half-and-half mixture of sausage meat and ground veal. Sprinkle the tiniest pinch of sage in. Roll tight; tie with string; and sear in hot butter. Now slice 2 onions, 3 carrots, 1 small turnip.

Mix with 1 tablespoon chopped celery and 1 cup string beans. Put vegetables in deep stewpan with 1 crushed bay leaf, a few peppercorns, sprig of parsley, and 1 tablespoon butter. Arrange meat on top of vegetables. Add 2 cups water. Cover with greaseproof paper; shut lid down tight over pan; cook very gently for 2 hours. Thicken gravy slightly before serving. Riced potatoes go well with this dish.



"If you'd groove the big alley like the little runway here, a body could hit something occasionally!"

Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

At the end of the summer season, Judith Gillmore, hostess at the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh, goes to Boston with Betty Corbin, the manager's daughter, to visit Betty's friend, Marge Larkin. In the city they meet Bert Wallace, a rich playboy who has been pursuing Judy all summer with proposals of everything but marriage, and Saks Lewis, a young orchestra leader who is desperately in love with Betty.

Bert, determined to have what he wants even at the sacrifice of his precious bachelorhood, asks Judy to be his wife. She refuses, and admits that she loves Bill Martin, a doctor in Hillhigh, although she is not at all sure of Bill's feeling for her.

Betty, however, who is also in love with Bill, knows that he loves Judy. A guest of the hotel committed suicide on the riverbank, and on recognizing him as the man who had cheated her father and caused his death, Judy fainted. Betty, passing by, watched as Bill Martin caught her in his arms, and heard him as he bent over her murmuring tenderly, "Judith, my darling." Her jealousy flamed.

One night in Boston Betty disappears, and Marge tells Judy that the girl has been brooding lately because she saw Bill Martin kiss Judy. Judy, who was unconscious at the time and remembers nothing, indignantly denies the kiss and is puzzled at the supposed lie. Believing that Betty's love for Bill has driven her to desperation, and that she has eloped with Saks Lewis on a foolish impulse, Judy calls up Bert Wallace and asks him to take her to Saks' hotel.

PART EIGHT—A RUEFUL RUNAWAY RETURNS

IN the taxi she explained hurriedly: "I thought the people where Saks lives might know something . . . probably the boys in his orchestra live there too—"

"Relax," advised Bert. "Why all this excitement? Betty's eighteen, isn't she? She can marry whom she pleases."

"That's just it," said Judith distractedly. "She doesn't please! She's just doing this out of childish nonsense, and I feel terribly responsible."

"Why? Do your duties at the hotel include a goddess-from-the-machine attitude toward the manager's daughter?"

"I'm chaperoning Betty during her visit here," explained Judith evasively.

"I thought her friend's parents were."

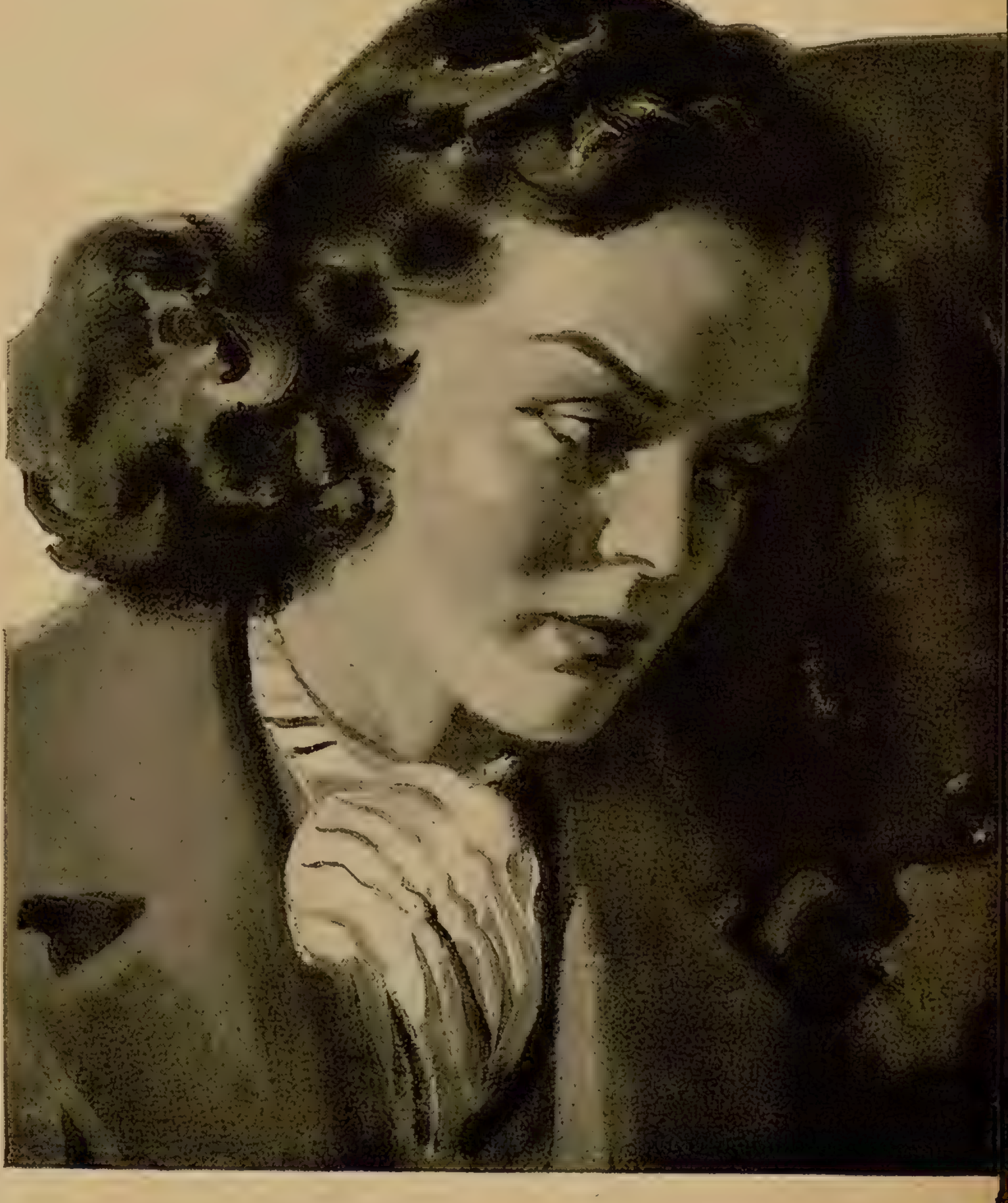
"Stop quibbling," she ordered, exasperated. "And they're in New York, anyway."

The taxi jerked to a stop at the small hotel in which Lewis lived during this Boston engagement. Bert got out and paid the driver. He told Judith, as they walked into the lobby, "If we are going on a boy-and-girl hunt we'll get a car from one of the all-night garages."

Judith, hurrying ahead of him through the dimly lighted, rather dingy lobby, went straight to the desk to make her inquiries. The weasel-eyed clerk was inclined to be insolent until Wallace's large frame loomed up behind her, after which he was more courteous. Yes, Mr. Lewis lived here. No, he didn't know whether or not he was in; and he didn't believe that he could ring his room at this hour.

Bert leaned across the counter. He displayed a bill, carelessly. He said, "We aren't dicks, if that's what's worrying you. We are friends of Mr. Lewis and"—he took a long chance—"the young lady."

The clerk eyed them warily. No, they were too young to be outraged parents. . . . The bill skittered across



Love sways in swingtime—and misses a beat—in a beguiling novel of romance

the worn counter. He said reluctantly, "Well—I'll ring his room."

"No," said Bert, "just tell me his number. The house phone's right there, isn't it?" Before the clerk could do more than say "Three hundred and four" he had usurped the instrument and was talking to the night operator.

"Hello," he said presently, while Judith waited, very pale, her hands twisted together. "Hello—that you, Lewis? . . . Bert Wallace. . . . Yes. . . . No, never mind all that. We're coming up."

He hung up and said briefly, "Let's go."

On the way up he told Judith, low: "He was—astonished. I woke him up, he said. Did his best to keep us from coming up. Said he'd dress and come down . . ."

"Bert, what do you suppose—"

"We'll soon know."

He knocked vigorously at the door marked 304. It was opened instantly by Saks Lewis. He was fully dressed and looked haggard and unhappy. Bert stepped in, pulled Judith in with him, and closed the door.

"Where's Betty?" Judith asked.

"Betty . . .? I haven't the least idea," replied Saks defensively. "How should I know where Betty is?"

She certainly wasn't in the room, which was cheaply furnished but comfortable enough. The single bed had not been slept in. A traveling bag was half open on the luggage rack, ties and socks spilling out of it. An ash tray held a dozen crushed-out cigarette ends.

"Listen," said Bert. "It's no good stalling. You'd better come clean, Lewis." Judith listened, amazed and half inclined to laugh, despite her fear and anxiety. For Bert was talking like some one in the movies, and out of the corner of his mouth. He was vastly enjoying his role, she realized. . . . "We know that Betty's with you. What's happened to her? Do you realize what this is going to mean to you? Corbin has plenty of influence. He'll get you black-listed in every hotel in the country. A scandal at the beginning of your so-called career won't help you any, Lewis."

The boy's tired young face broke into lines of misery. He looked piteously at Judith. His eyes, she saw, were rimmed with red.

"Wait a minute," she said; "let me talk to him." She went over and put her hand on his arm. She asked gently, "Saks . . . . Won't you help us—and Betty? You love her, don't you?"

He nodded, swallowing convulsively.

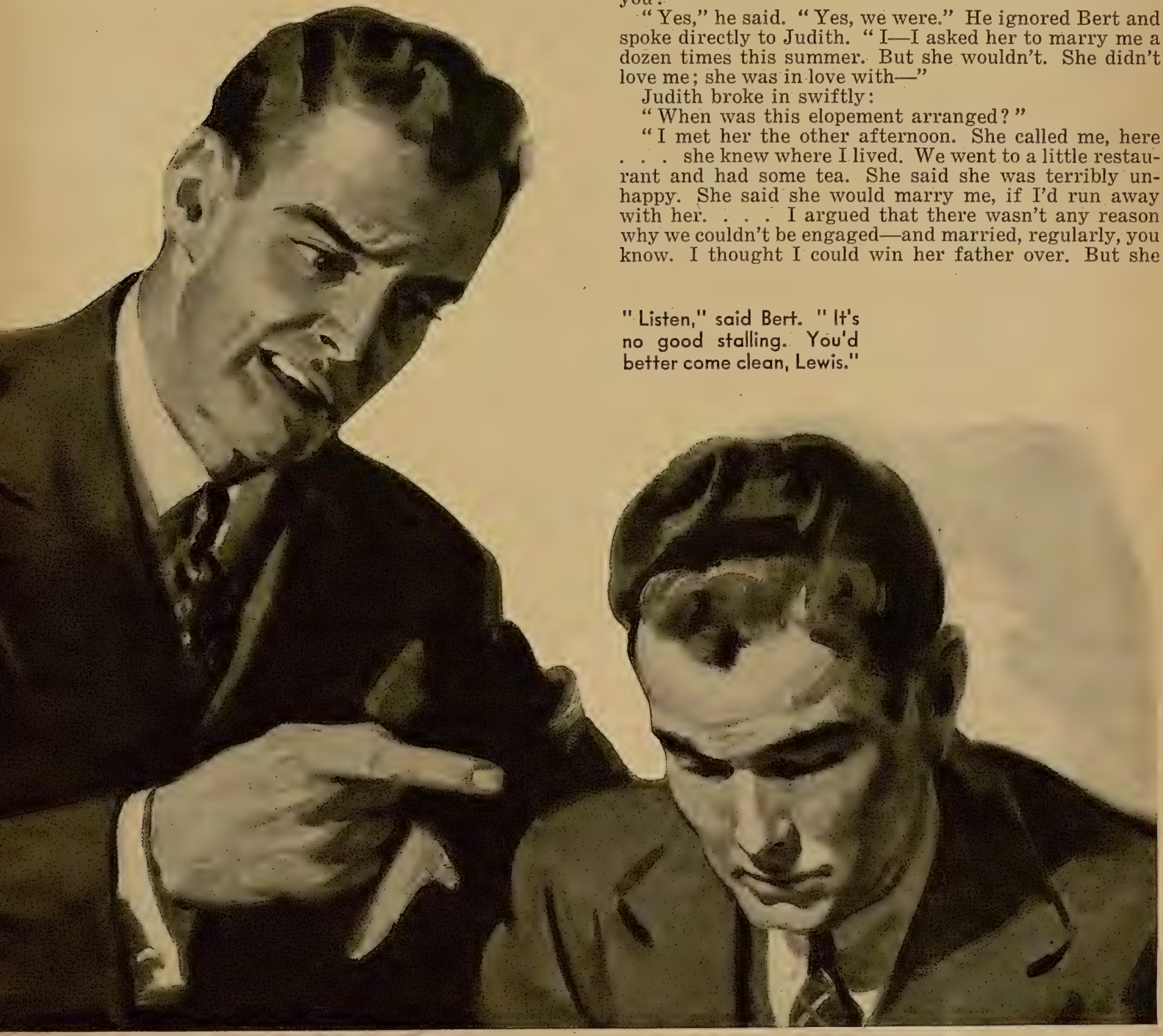
"Then—you'll prove it? You'll tell us where she is, and what happened? You were going to elope, weren't you?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, we were." He ignored Bert and spoke directly to Judith. "I—I asked her to marry me a dozen times this summer. But she wouldn't. She didn't love me; she was in love with—"

Judith broke in swiftly:

"When was this elopement arranged?"

"I met her the other afternoon. She called me, here . . . she knew where I lived. We went to a little restaurant and had some tea. She said she was terribly unhappy. She said she would marry me, if I'd run away with her. . . . I argued that there wasn't any reason why we couldn't be engaged—and married, regularly, you know. I thought I could win her father over. But she



"Listen," said Bert. "It's no good stalling. You'd better come clean, Lewis."

Make this simple test before you buy ANY shaver . . .

● Try the different electric shavers before you decide which you want. After trying each one, put an after-shaving lotion on your face. If your face smarts or burns, you have abraded your skin, removing a tiny layer. That shaver will *never* give you the full benefits of dry shaving as conceived by Schick and achieved by the Schick Shaver.

Colonel Schick's genius produced an electric shaver that shaves quickly and closely with *no injury to the skin.* This is proved by the simple "lotion test."

A microscope would show you even more. With it you could see that the Schick shaves as closely as any blade, yet with no more damage to the skin than rubbing with your finger tips.

A close Schick shave means more than others

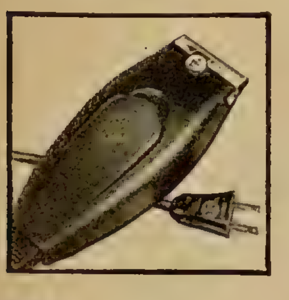
Years of patient study of skin, hair and shaving taught Colonel Schick how to make the thin, flat Schick shearing head. It gives all the benefits of dry shaving. It gives close shaves plus *permanent relief from any skin irritation or injury from shaving. This* kind of close shaving restores and forever maintains the skin's natural texture.

Some men shave closely with a Schick the first time. Others, with badly calloused skin, may have to be patient for a week or two. The "scar tissue" has to flake off before the skin can enter sufficiently far into the slots of the Schick cutter. When the skin has rested from other methods of shaving long enough to "heal" properly, it is easy to get quick, close shaves.

Go to an authorized Schick dealer

He will show you the Schick's simple operation, and the marvelous precision workmanship made possible by Schick-invented machines and processes.

He will also show you the convenience and economy of shaving without blades or lather.



$15 110 Volts, AC-DC
Also 6 or 32 volts

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK ● SHAVER

wouldn't have it that way. It was this way—at once, or not at all. So we planned. I knew she was going to the dance, and suggested she manage to slip away after midnight, when I'd be through at the hotel and could wait for her. It all happened just as we planned. She couldn't bring much with her without attracting attention, but during the afternoon she packed a little bag and slipped out and checked it in the Back Bay Station. Tonight, when I met her, we picked up the bag and came back here so that I could get mine." . . .

"Well—?" asked Judith impatiently. "Saks, for heaven's sake, where *is* she?"

"She's here," he answered. "Down the hall, in 310. I was such a fool—I didn't find out if we could be married in this state tonight without notice. We couldn't. And anyway there wasn't a license bureau open. I hadn't thought about that," he went on. "I talked to Jake, the night clerk. And the upshot was I got her a room here for tonight. We were going to drive, perhaps to Maryland, tomorrow . . . that is, today." . . .

"Were going?" asked Judith shrewdly.

"We quarreled," he said miserably, and added, looking from the obviously amused older man to Judith: "She says now that she won't marry me—that she never wants to see me again—but that she can't go back home."

Judith ordered, "You two stay here!"

SHE was out of the door and up the hall to 310 before either man had moved. She knocked. There was no answer. She knocked again, and listened. She thought she heard a deep, broken sound such as a child makes when it is worn out from crying. . . . Then:

"Go away!" said Betty from the room.

"It's Judy," said Judith softly.

There was a moment of silence. Then Betty said, with an attempt at belligerence, "Go way just the same. This isn't your business."

Judith said swiftly, firmly, "Betty, I can't stand here the rest of the night. I'll disturb other people. You must let me in. If you don't I shall be forced to ring for the manager and ask him to use his passkey."

There was a moment's wait, the sound of a key being turned, and the door opened. Judith went in and closed it behind her. "Lock it," said Betty fiercely. "I don't want *him* coming in here—"

Judith obeyed. Then she walked over to the bed, where Betty was now sitting, and looked down on her.

The child was very white. Her fair hair was in disorder; powder had caked on her cheeks; her lip rouge was smeared. She still wore her dance frock. Her bag was on the chair, unopened. On the rumpled bed were half a dozen crumpled handkerchiefs.

Judith sat down and put her arm around her.

"You're going home," she said.

"Home? But I can't. Mrs. Larkin" . . . Betty paused and choked . . . "she wouldn't ever let me see Marge again!"

"Why?"

"I've been out all night!" cried Betty, looking at her with round, frightened eyes. "I eloped—and didn't get married. I'm not going to get married. I'll—I'll go away and find a job on my own," she concluded.

Judith suppressed a smile.

"No one," she told Betty, "except Marge and me, Bert Wallace and Saks, knows that you've been out all night . . . except possibly Mrs. Leeds, and she won't tell—"

"What do you mean?" gasped Betty. "Haven't the Larkins—"

"They're in New York," said Judith. She explained briefly. She concluded, "And now you're coming back to Marge's house with us."

"But Saks—" began Betty.

"I wouldn't blame Saks too much, Betty. After all, it was your idea, and he's in love with you."

"He shouldn't have taken me up," said Betty illogically. "He should have known I didn't mean it . . . I was—oh, well, it was just craziness. I wanted to get away from everybody, everything. . . . Then we came here, and it was all so sort of cheap and creepy and—dirty, somehow. I hated it! And we couldn't be married tonight. If we could have been, right away . . . but we couldn't, and he got me this room. So I said I didn't want to see him again, ever, and I've been sitting here ever since. . . . I don't have to see Saks, do I?" she begged.

"Not if you don't want to. Not now, at all events. Get your things together and go to the elevator at the end of the hall and wait," Judith told her. "And remember, I trust you not to run out on me."

"I haven't any money," admitted Betty. "I couldn't run out on any one."

Judith watched her walking toward the elevator, then knocked on Saks' door. It was flung open.

She said swiftly, as both men stepped toward her, "Bert, go catch up with Betty by the elevator, will you? Take her downstairs and to a taxi. I'll follow at once. I want to speak to Saks."

Bert nodded and went on out, and Judith, closing the door, faced the orchestra leader.

"So far," she said, "so good. And no harm done."

"No harm done," he repeated quietly. "But—her father?" he added, looking up. "Will he believe that?"

"I don't think there's any reason for him to know," said Judith. "I'll talk to Betty tomorrow. You've been exceptionally stupid," she added severely.

"Don't I know it? I should have had more sense. But —Lord, Judith, it was my chance! At least, I thought so. If only she'd marry me, I kept telling myself, I'd make her happy; she'd love me. . . . But now," he said wretchedly, "I'll never see her again."

"Perhaps not. But perhaps you will," said Judith. "Women are curious, you know. The day may come when she'll look back on this episode as the most romantic thing that ever happened to her. When she does, if she does, your star will be in the ascendant."

He said, "Judith, you've been such a brick! I don't know how I can thank you—"

"You should hate me," she said, smiling.

"No, I don't. I realized, before you came, that morning wouldn't bring a solution. She still wouldn't want to marry me, and if she did it would be because she would be afraid to go home and had nowhere else to go. And I couldn't have borne that. I didn't want her that way."

"No," she said; "of course you didn't."

At the door she turned. "Call the Larkin house, will you? Tell Marge Betty and I are on our way home. I don't want her to worry a minute more than I can help."

"All right," he said docilely.

She looked at him and smiled. He looked so young—younger than Betty—this lonely romantic lad who could make a saxophone talk, who could coax crazy, exciting, glowing music out of a group of men and instruments. She wondered how much of a blow to his pride this night had been. But not alone to his pride, she thought, walking away. For that he was really in love with the girl who, having run away with him, was now running away from him, Judith did not doubt.

BERT had a taxi waiting and drove with Judith and a subdued Betty to the Larkins'.

When the cab drew up, "Thanks a lot, Bert, for all you've done," said Judith. "I needn't ask you to—"

"I'll keep my mouth shut," he said lightly. "O. K., then, Judy. See you next week-end at Hillhigh."

Marge, in a bathrobe, opened the door.

Now they were safe inside the big friendly house. Betty gave one wild look around her and burst into tears.

"Take her upstairs," said Judith. She thought, Betty doesn't like me any better for this, but Marge is her closest friend and her own age. "And get her to bed. . . . And don't let her talk."

Marge nodded, too relieved for curiosity. And Judith watched the two girls, their arms around each other, trail up the stairs. She turned out the lights and followed, going directly to her own room, almost dropping from weariness. She had undressed when Marge came in.

"She's in bed," she reported. "She's still crying. Judy, what happened?"

"Gosh," said Marge, when Judith had told her, "I'm so glad it turned out this way! . . . You're simply swell, Judy."

"I didn't do anything," said Judith. . . . "It was all done for me."

hard day Ahead?

Guard your Freshness with a Cigarette that's always *FRESH*

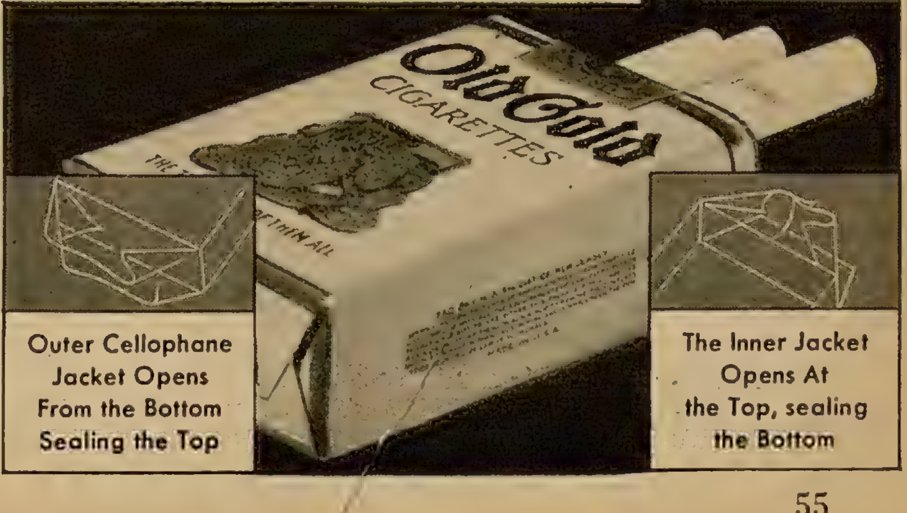
BACK in 1760, Colonial gentlemen obtained, from the House of Lorillard, the choicest tobaccos; properly aged and blended; always FRESH; never dry or soggy.

Today, in Old Gold Cigarettes, Lorillard still keeps faith with its earliest principles. Old Golds contain only prize crop tobaccos; long-aged and double-mellow, ALWAYS FRESH.

Double-sealed in double Cellophane, O. Gs. reach you in the pink of smoking condition. *Enjoy them with never a "Cigarette Hang-Over".*

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



Old Gold
CIGARETTES
Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens From the Bottom Sealing the Top
The Inner Jacket Opens At the Top, sealing the Bottom

FROM SAD SUSAN
TO SMILING SUE

CONSTIPATION STEALS JOY AND PEP—HERE'S MODERN, EASY WAY TO WIN THEM BACK

Look in your mirror! Has constipation stolen that happy, healthy, clear-eyed look? Do something about it! Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, chewing gum laxative millions have turned to. It's noted for its 3 special benefits.

1. NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
2. CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT'S tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. No wonder men, women, and children—16 million of them—use this modern way to help keep in joyous, healthy condition. Get a package at your druggist, or write for generous free trial package. Dept. 35, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES

THEY ENJOY LIVING

Liberty is read by the eager millions, the people who do more, go more, want more. They're the Heart of Your Volume Market.

QUICK WAY TO REMOVE CORNS

no cutting ... no pads

RELIEVE CORN PAIN QUICKLY

If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then in a few days the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE

"Look—are you going to tell Mr. Corbin?"

"I think not," answered Judith slowly. She was very much disturbed over the necessity for this decision. She was under great obligation to Alex Corbin. She felt, in a measure, responsible for all that had happened. But what was there to be gained by telling? She said finally, "I'll talk to Betty when she's in a condition to discuss things sensibly."

"Boy, you are *swell!*" said Marge again, her limited vocabulary inadequate to the occasion.

Judith went to her dressing table and picked up a little bottle. She said, shaking a white tablet into her palm, "I'll give her this; it's just a mild sedative."

Standing there with the bottle in her hand, she thought of Bill, who had given her the medicine. Thought of him, and felt her heart wrench in her breast. Some day she would have to ask Betty what she had meant by telling Marge that absurd lie.

She went to Betty's room, and found her in bed, her nose and eyes swollen and her breathing unsteady. She offered her the tablet and a glass of water. "Don't try to talk tonight," she said. "Just—sleep if you can." She tucked her in and went across the room to open the windows. . . . "There," she said, "you're all set."

Betty said in a small, unwilling voice, "I haven't thanked you . . ."

"You don't have to."

"Will Mr. Wallace . . ." Betty began.

"He won't say anything. Why should he? You have nothing to worry about, Betty." . . .

But Judith worried for the brief remainder of the night.

IN the morning, early, Clara Larkin telephoned her. Would she put Marge on a train? Marge's grandmother was in a serious condition; she had asked to see her. But of course Betty and Judith must stay on as long as they wished to; the servants would look after them.

No, Judith said. They were to have returned to Hillhigh tomorrow in any event. They would simply get a train today instead. And Mrs. Larkin wasn't to worry. Marge would be on the train. Everything would be all right. . . .

On the long trip to Hillhigh there was plenty of time for conversation. Betty complained of a headache, and Judith arranged for them to occupy the empty drawing room rather than their chairs. They were quiet there, and secluded. There was a diner aboard, and at lunchtime Judith ordered tea and club sandwiches, and watched Betty revive slightly. She did not open the discussion; she waited for the younger girl to do that. And after the porter had cleared away, Betty, against her white pillow, looking out of the window, asked, without turning:

"I suppose you'll tell father?"

"No," said Judith.

"You won't!"

"I see no reason to. No one is going to tell anything, Betty, unless you'd rather. Marge won't, Bert Wallace won't, and Saks—"

"Don't mention his name!" cried Betty.

"You mustn't be childish," said Judith. "Why not? He was in love with you, Betty. He still is. And, after all, the elopement suggestion came from you—"

"It was all so different from what I expected," said the romanticist sadly. She thought, Perhaps I'll pine away. I'll be ill and Bill will have to take care of me. He'll be sorry for me. Perhaps he'll even—

But Judith was speaking.

She said, "Had you succeeded in leaving Boston, headed for heaven knows where, of course your father would have had to be told. But as you didn't—"

"I thought you'd tell," said Betty. "But I knew if you did I couldn't bear it. I—I'd run away; I'd kill myself!" she said dramatically.

"No, you wouldn't," said Judith flatly. "Don't be absurd!"

"I don't think it's absurd," said Betty sulkily.

SHE should be grateful to Judith. She was—of course. But she couldn't rave about her the way Marge did. And she couldn't forget about Bill—and what she had seen. Just because Judith had gotten her out of a jam, Betty couldn't turn around and fall on her neck and weep, I'm so glad Bill's in love with you! . . .

She was a perfectly normal young thing with normal reactions.

"Honestly, Betty," said Judith, "the best thing to do is to forget all about this. There'll be plenty of excitement going on at Rivermount. You'll have a grand time this winter. And you're going to Boston again to stay with Marge when she makes her debut. And the other day Mrs. Larkin said something—about taking Marge abroad in the spring and hoping that your father would let you go with them."

Color sprang to Betty's cheeks; her eyes were brilliant. She looked eager and greedy and very pretty. She cried, all animation, "Oh, Judy, truly? How perfectly wonderful! Do you think he'll let me?"

"I shouldn't wonder," Judith answered, smiling.

"How too marvelous," said Betty, wrapped in dreams, "if only I could. I've always wanted to go abroad." Then she was silent. Her animation faded. She thought, But if I go—and leave Bill? And then she thought, Well, anyway, I haven't a chance with Bill. Maybe I should go away and Forget!

She saw herself trailing around Europe, smiling sadly at handsome earls, dukes, counts, and barons . . . a blonde with a Past (Saks) and with a Hidden Grief (Bill). The picture had its charm.

Later Judith plucked up her courage to ask Betty the question which had been troubling her.

"Betty, will you tell me something honestly?"

"But I've told you everything," said Betty, astonished.

"I didn't mean that. Will you tell me why you told Marge that you saw me and Bill Martin—that you saw him kissing me?"

"But you—I—" Betty stared at her open-mouthed, and Judith hurried on:

"It wasn't true, Betty. He never has. . . . It was such a stupid, meaningless thing to say, my dear."

"I could wring Marge's neck," said Betty slowly. She thought, Then she *was* unconscious. She didn't know!

She thought further, *Why should I tell her?*

Aloud she said, "I'm sorry, Judy. It was just one of those things. I didn't see anything. I just made it up . . ."

"Why?"

"Oh," she answered carelessly, "Marge is so romantic. She thought that you—you and Bill, you know. So—I made it up."

That, thought Judith, isn't the reason. I'll never know the reason. She shrugged her slim shoulders and lighted a cigarette.

"All right," she said. "But it was pretty ridiculous, Betty. And if it ever got back to him—"

"It won't," said Betty eagerly. "And I'm truly so sorry, Judy."

There! She had paid her back . . . for being efficient and clever and for her few superior years. If she was so senseless, so unemotional, so cold, thought Betty, that she wouldn't come right back to life when Bill Martin held her in his arms . . .

Betty was very glad to be home again. Bill was waiting for them in the cold dark night, brilliant with stars. Mr. Corbin, he explained, driving them back to the hotel, was busy with new arrivals, a whole houseful—a convention of females—and had sent him instead. How well they looked . . . but a little tired. Had they been very dissipated? And how, he wanted to know especially, was Judith?

"Completely recovered," reported Judith serenely.

"Bert Wallace said he'd never seen you look better," Betty reminded her.

The car swerved a little. Bill asked evenly, "Wallace was—in Boston?"

Judith thought, I could shake her. . . . Not that Bill cares whether Bert was in Boston or not, but it's none of Betty's business. She answered casually, "Yes, he flew up. . . . Came to the Larkins' for tea, and I dined with him." . . .

"We had a grand time," Betty broke in, sitting there very close beside him. "But I'm awfully glad I'm home."

"See Saks?" he asked carelessly, and it was Judith who answered quickly: "Yes indeed. We went to the place where he plays." . . .

"Nice kid," said Bill, chewing on an unlighted pipe. "Been dull here since you girls left," he told them. "All work and no play."

"Have you seen your aunt?" Judith demanded.

"Yes, ma'am, I have. I went to her back door and delivered your message. She listened in silence. Then she slammed the door in my face. I doubt if you'll get in again. . . . You made a strategic error in sending me around, and it's the last time I'll go," he concluded grimly.

"Oh," cried Judith, "poor Aunt Hetty!"

Betty listened, glowering. She felt left out of everything; she didn't fit in here at all. What in the world did Judith know about Bill's aunt?

Monday was Judith's day off. But she had had a week, so she stayed at her desk and directed the amusements she had planned before leaving for the convention of clubwomen who had taken over the hotel. Riding, driving, a picnic in the mountain cabin which belonged to the hotel, motion pictures, a card game, in between club meetings. But a little after five o'clock there was nothing further to do, and feeling in need of air and exercise, she went to her room to put on a pull-over and a suède jacket and go for a walk before dinner. She had a letter to her mother ready; she might as well take it to the post office.

New Winners KLEENEX* "TRUE CONFESSIONS"

"I WAS A BUSY BIB-WASHER NOW I TUCK KLEENEX UNDER THE BABY'S CHIN AND SAVE WASHING!"

(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. J., California)

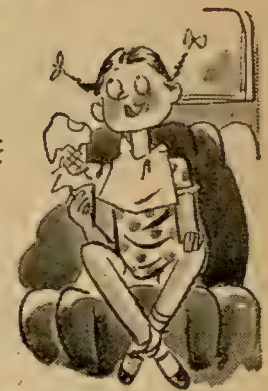
"NEXT TO THE BOSS KLEENEX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE OFFICE!"

(*from a letter by* Mrs. C. O. P., Louisiana)

YUM YUM!

"NOW MY LITTLE GIRL CAN EAT ICE CREAM CONES AND CHOCOLATE CANDY IN THE CAR—BECAUSE WITH KLEENEX HANDY, BOTH SHE AND THE CAR ARE KEPT CLEAN!"

(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. S., Wisconsin)



● During colds, see how Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

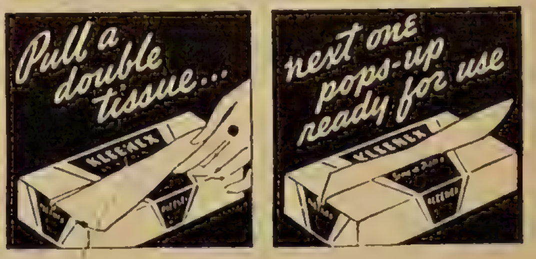
Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess . . . boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room in your home, for your office and your car.

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

BUY KLEENEX* IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

It Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time



DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some newfangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L.5-21, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L.5-21, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name..

Street..

City..............................State..............

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

You ask permission to use my letter in your testimonial work; I did not tell you the half of it. A friend left her Cascade with me to use until I could order one from you which I did at once. I had not slept for four years without sedatives and anything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade five nights I slept like a baby and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month the first three months. I used the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman; in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health and do all my work which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the wonder woman but I am not; I give *all* credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take $1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work; I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

Mrs. W. J. Bass,
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Texas

* * *

About 40 years ago, I was constipated to the point of danger, and my face turned to sallow light green in color. I was feeling very badly and was a patient of a doctor for months. Then I sent for the Cascade and used it according to instructions. I kept up the treatment for about ten days, and then every other day for a month and so on until I used the treatment every two weeks more or less. My cheeks gave the glow of a rose and I became strong, active and never felt better in my life. One day, the doctor stopped his gig and said to me, "William, you do not pay me any more visits; tell me why." I said, "Well, doctor, I have found relief and I do not have to pay you visits any longer." He said, "What is it?" I told him it was Dr. Tyrrell's J.B.L. Cascade. He said, "Stop it; it will paralyze your bowels and you will not be able to have a passage without it." I said to him, "Well, doctor, I am satisfied with the way I feel and I have no lack of evacuation to date." He clapped the reins on the horse's back and said, "Gedyap." In about two months I met the doctor again and he said to me, "William, are you using that thing yet?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I bought a Cascade and let me tell you it is FINE."

Wm. Montague O'Neill,
1222 7th Ave., Neptune, N. J.

* * *

The Cascade is worth hundreds of dollars to every home.

Lee P. Miller,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

* * *

In the year 1920 my entire system was poisoned from my teeth. My dentist extracted all of them, treated the cavities and advised me to purchase a J.B.L. Cascade. He told me it would help nature discharge the poison from the system that collects in the lower colon. I also went to our family doctor for advice. He told me to continue the use of the Cascade and put me on a diet. He said he didn't know of anything that would do as much good as the flushing of the colon. Anyway, I got back to normal condition and I honestly believe the Cascade did the trick. I was bothered with pin worms that harbor in the colon for 30 years. I did everything our family doctor advised but the pin worms were still present. The faithful use of the Cascade got rid of them and that was a God-send. I honestly believe the Cascade is more important in a home than a bathtub.

K. G. Votaw,
1709 Sixth St., Berkeley, Calif.

The air was very cold, there was a brisk wind, and Judith walked fast to keep warm. She mailed her letter and was turning back when an impulse took her past Aunt Hetty's cottage. She could at least look in on the old woman, and if, as Bill thought, she were angry at her, she could apologize.

A light burned, in the back. The front of the house was dark. Judith went to the kitchen door and knocked. There was no answer. She was turning away when the door swung a little, creaking on its hinges. It hadn't been locked, then; it had been ajar. She turned back, pushed it open, and stepped across the threshold.

"Miss Martin," she called. . . .

There was no answer, but she heard some one breathing heavily. She saw the tortoise-shell cat leap across the floor and come to rub himself against her legs. Filled with gathering uneasiness, she went through the kitchen and into the passage.

Aunt Hetty lay there, huddled against the wall, her limbs twisted, her gray hair in wild disorder. And there was blood on her lined forehead.

So Fate springs another shock on Judy, and starts a series of events that alter the course of Bill's life. In the coming installment Candace and Bert return to Hillhigh, and the story heads toward a crashing climax.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Joseph Jefferson (1829-1905).

2—Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight.

3—Northern Ireland (Great Britain being the island that's made up of England, Wales, and Scotland).

4—No, since water changes to vapor at the boiling point. Raising the temperature merely speeds up the rate at which the content of the saucepan changes to water vapor.

5—Four.

6—COW (California, Oregon, and Washington—the three states which border the Pacific Ocean).

7—No; it is more healthful to drink coffee generously diluted with milk, since tests indicate that the albumin in the milk reduces coffee's toxic effect.

8—Hungary.

9—Both on land and in water.

10—Michelangelo.

11—To the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., where Lindbergh's plane is on view.

12—All were.

13—Gelatin and silver bromide.

14—Colonel Edward Mandell House.

15—Coral Gables, Florida; Louisville, Kentucky; Hot Springs, Arkansas.

16—A gorilla with the circus—"The world's most terrifying living creature!"

17—It Happened One Night; the awards were made to the stars, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert; to the director, Frank Capra; to the writer, Robert Riskin; and to the film.

18—Because white clothing reflects heat rays; black absorbs them.

19—George Bernard Shaw.

20—

JOAN CRAWFORD'S SECRETS

With Time and Tears

THE STORY OF A GLAMOUR GIRL WHO CAN'T FIND PEACE

A poignant revelation of life's strange way with a restless, driven spirit

What Joan Crawford Says for Herself

Dearest Katherine:

You asked me to say if the story is O. K.

Darling, it's a wonderful story—how I wish I could really be as interesting as you have made that person!

The ending made me cry when I realized how many times I've walked around this house. I thought I was by myself, but not only did I have Billie and Lucille but I'm afraid Katherine was lurking somewhere.

Thank you from my heart.

Joan.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SIGHT-SEEING busses stand along the streets of Beverly Hills and for a dollar and a half the Hollywood tourist may glimpse "homes of the stars." When the bus rounds the corner of Bristol Avenue in Brentwood Heights, and the barker points out a low white house as "the manchun of Joan Crawford," the traveler is apt to be disappointed.

Why, it is not a bit bigger than the mayor's house back home. It is only by crossing the threshold that one feels the beauty of this house. To learn its history is to arrive at a clear picture of the most outstanding Cinderella of her day.

Joan bought the house immediately after Our Dancing Daughters was released. When she moved in there were only seven rooms in the house and it was heavy with grilled Spanish doorways and arches.

Almost every year Joan has added rooms, torn out walls, changed furniture and draperies. With each addition the house has grown more beautiful. Now there are ten rooms, not including servants' quarters. At the back there is a theater. The theater looks out on the swimming pool. Beyond are the badminton court and the flower garden.

As Joan has learned more of beauty her home has become more beautiful. As Joan has grown her home has grown. It represents every phase through which she has passed. Beginning as a mediocre structure, it has acquired dignity and grace. It is still complex, as Joan herself is, and for all its taste the furnishings are a combination of antique and modern.

Greatly as the house symbolizes her, it could have (but failed to do so) taught her a lesson—the lesson of patience. At first she did not have the money to furnish it completely, but she waited until she found just the right piece for each nook. She has not waited in her own life. She has wanted everything she has wanted (and she has wanted everything) to come too fast.

So, when she found herself being "typed" in films, when she was known on the screen as only a gay dancing girl, given no consideration as an actress, she wanted a dramatic role. And when the producers insisted that she was not ready for it she overreacted in her private life, as she always does. Since she could not be dramatic in films, she became dramatic outside them. Oh, life was grave. Life was earnest. Concerts replaced night clubs. She read whatever was recommended to her, and was afraid to say she did not like or understand it.

With one magnificent sweep of her now slim well manicured hand she severed connection with the friends she had known during her Charleston days. And the gossips buzzed. What did the hot-cha girl think she was doing? Joan Crawford had gone high-hat! Joan Crawford thought she was cultured. What new pose was this—reading big books, going to concerts?

Of course, what the gossips believed was that being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., member of the royal family of Hollywood, had gone to her head. What was actually happening was that Joan was having her first mental growing pains. All girls and boys go through this stage; but, luckily for himself, the average person accomplishes it in semiprivacy. Joan Crawford went through it in the hot spotlight of publicity. Before she knew she had a mind, before she realized there was beauty in the world to be appreciated, she had become a motion-picture player and automati-

low cost
WANT A VACATION WITH
more days
IN
California?
...take the new
El CAPITAN
ONLY 39¾-HOUR TRANSCONTINENTAL ALL-CHAIR-CAR STREAMLINER

● Twice weekly it streaks between Chicago and Los Angeles in just 39¾ hours, does this gay new all-chair-car Santa Fe streamliner *dedicated entirely to economy travel . . .*

Why, *El Capitan* travelers (even those living on the Atlantic seaboard) can enjoy 12 days in California within the limits of a 2-weeks' vacation!

● *And the cost on this unique train? Just add a very small extra-fare (a maximum of $5) to the lowest existing coach fare! For example, the total one-way fare between Chicago and Los Angeles is $44.50; for the round trip, only $75!*

You'll like, too, the beauty, comfort and friendly service on *El Capitan.* There are deep-cushioned reclining chairs; large dressing rooms; carpeted aisles; broad windows; individual overhead lights; radio; free porter and registered courier-nurse service. And the cheery lunch counter-diner serves delicious *low-cost* Fred Harvey meals. One's *El Capitan* trip is a vacation thrill in itself!

SCOUT– DAILY ECONOMY TRAIN

● The Scout — Santa Fe's popular transcontinental coach and tourist-sleeper economy train with no extra fare—departs from Chicago, Kansas City, and Los Angeles *every day.* Swift, modern, air-conditioned, it carries a special car for women and children; a club car for tourist-sleeper passengers; a Fred Harvey diner serving delicious 90c-a-day meals to all; and provides free porter and courier-nurse service.

Santa Fe

Mail coupon for details.

T. B. Gallaher, P.T.M., Santa Fe System Lines
1149 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Send *El Capitan* and *Scout* folders, and fares
from..........................*to*..........................
Name..........................
Address..........................

1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

cally received reams of publicity. So every ridiculous gesture she made, all her moonings, her adolescent discoveries, were recorded in print for the world to read.

Joan wanted intellectual companionship, but she was not ready for it, since she had nothing to contribute to it. She was more lonely than she had ever been. So she devoted herself to the studio; for, after battering on innumerable front office doors, she had again reached Louis B. Mayer. Mayer knows the meaning of ambition, and he decided that Joan should have a chance in a talking picture called Paid, an adaptation of the old melodrama Within the Law.

Paid was a financial success. The reviewers received it well and expressed surprise that the former dancing girl of the films had such emotional depths. Joan was being considered as a real actress, not merely as a box-office personality.

FROM a career standpoint, Possessed, with Clark Gable, began her glamour cycle. Glamour was in the air. A star must be glamorous to survive; so Joan was glamorous. But Clark Gable knew how unsure of herself she still was. Joan, realizing that he too had known the bitterness of a climb to success, poured out her heart to him. And it was duly recorded that Gable was responsible for the obvious unrest in the marital relations of the Douglas Fairbanks, Juniors.

There was unhappiness and unrest in the house on Bristol Avenue. But Clark Gable was not responsible. It was not so simple as that.

Joan and Douglas were married in the fall of 1929. They were divorced in 1933. Although they remained wedded for almost four years, there was only a little over a year when that marriage was the idyllic relationship the interviewers claimed it to be.

When they first met, Doug's name was better known than Joan's. Yet Doug had the disheartening experience of seeing his wife stride forward and become a glamour girl, a top-ranking box-office star, while he remained merely a leading man. They had begun together, except that, from a standpoint of education and acting experience, Doug had had a head start. But then, by giving every ounce of emotion she had to the screen, by studying, learning, driving herself on and on, Joan shot far ahead of Doug.

Both were too young to cope with such a situation. Joan, hurt by criticism, shut herself off from people. Doug sought society. While Joan groped toward a workable set of values and tried to grasp at the worthwhile activities out of which she had so long been cheated, Douglas followed false gods, mistaking the world of sophistication for real culture.

Douglas could not understand what Joan wanted, could only wonder at the fact that she shut herself away instead of accepting the acclaim that awaited her after Paid, Possessed, Grand Hotel, and Letty Lynton. And Joan was bewildered because Douglas, the dreamy poetic lad she had married, attached such importance to parties and premières which she had already outgrown.

During her bitterest unhappiness at home came the film that almost robbed her of her career. The fiasco of Rain, for which she was borrowed from M-G-M by United Artists, will not soon be forgotten.

Lewis Milestone was assigned to direct her, which, from the standpoint of Joan's career, was unfortunate, since he did not understand her temperament. Joan acts emotionally. Milestone had worked out every scene, including where the actors were to stand, from blueprints. Never once during the making of Rain did star and director meet on common ground.

The picture was a failure. At the première, Joan sat in the darkness of the theater, her eyes shut tight.

Trouble at home, trouble with her career! Daily she read that she was through. She was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and had developed an anxiety neurosis which might well have caused her complete undoing.

Since her career was tottering, she decided to make one last attempt to weld together the broken chains of her marriage. Perhaps, she reasoned, if she and Douglas got away from Hollywood, from the gossip that she was in love with every leading man with whom she played, they could find their way back to the happiness they once had shared. So they went abroad together.

But the journey did not bring the marital happiness she had hoped it would. And after their return, while Today We Live was in the process of production, Joan and Doug announced their separation. A divorce followed.

Today We Live—another picture that started out with a good idea and missed its mark—nevertheless had an important future bearing on Joan's life, since in it was an actor just brought on from the New York stage. His name was Franchot Tone.

THE separation and divorce over at last, Joan tried to pick up the ends of her life and her career. With both Rain and Today We Live to her discredit, that was a difficult task. But Dancing Lady, in which she again acted with Clark Gable, put her back where she had been before her failures. It was a fine film, and for the first time Joan gave a comedy performance.

But her fear of failure, her neurosis caused by the end of her marriage, did not go until Franchot Tone took a serious role in her life. He was patient and understanding, sometimes flaring out at her to make her angry. And he cured her of many of the doubts and fears that lurked in her mind. Through him she discovered more of the world's culture, and eventually he persuaded her to meet stimulating people, the people she needed in her life to make it full.

They were married October 18,

1937, in New Jersey, during a visit to New York, and Joan had her house added to and changed again. When they came back to it, it was a new house and Joan was embarking on a new life.

It was Franchot who introduced Joan to the great operas, but it was Joan (who always wants to *do* what she sees others doing, who must be active) who interested Franchot in taking singing lessons. Both have a lesson a day, and some day Joan hopes she will "be somebody" on the concert stage.

Franchot brought her a profound interest in the theater, and some day, says the driving voice of ambition inside Joan Crawford, she will be a star on the stage.

Franchot opened the doors of their home to wits, thinkers, and artists; and some day, says the girl who wants to improve herself, she will learn how to meet these people without shaking knees. Some day she will be able to talk as brilliantly as they.

During Joan's long career she has never actually had an elaborately mounted production such as is given to Garbo and other stars. And yet she has remained a top-ranking box-office star to thousands of loyal fans. She has maintained this dazzling position by the sheer force of her personality and the will to succeed.

AT the moment, her career is in the doldrums again. Her appearance over the radio in Elizabeth, the Queen showed of what she is capable; yet after Dancing Lady came a series of formula pictures: Sadie McKee, Chained, Forsaking All Others, No More Ladies, I Live My Life. The Gorgeous Hussy, her one essay into costume, was marred because of the basic weakness of the story itself. Joan's performance was highly praised. But that was followed by Love on the Run—Crawford-formula film—The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The Bride Wore Red, and Mannequin.

Joan needs a good picture, and if her future is to be judged by her past she will get it. She will fight for it and beg for it and work for it. Her film career is still a vital issue in her life, but ahead lie many things for her. She looks forward to the theater, to the concert stage, even perhaps to opera.

Yet, as she looks forward, she also looks backward. She doesn't forget her past. She does not forget to be grateful. As she walks through her house—the house she has built with time and tears—touching the lovely things in it, she is not alone; for with her go Billie Cassin, Lucille LeSueur, and the woman Joan is to be.

Joan has learned much, given much, and felt greatly. She has more to learn, more to give, more to feel. And she has everything a woman can want—beauty, fame, money, love. Only one thing has escaped her—peace. But, as she said just yesterday, "If peace means not wanting anything, then I don't want peace!"

THE END

LUCKY TIGER
FOR DANDRUFF
FALLING HAIR

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO USE

Lucky Tiger

FOR HAIR and SCALP

It's always good business to look your best....and good-looking, well-groomed hair is half the battle. Lucky Tiger is your best help if used two or three times weekly, because it removes dandruff, enables you to

ENJOY RENEWED HAIR VIGOR

and relieves the miserable itching engendered by a neglected scalp. Lucky Tiger is delightful to use—costs little for a large bottle, and beautifies the hair.

CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

If your hair is coming out excessively fast because of clinging dandruff or scalp irritations, Lucky Tiger will check this condition and give new hair growth an opportunity to flourish. Try Lucky Tiger NOW, and prove its merits for yourself. Ask your druggist or barber.

A BIG BOTTLE COSTS LITTLE

for DANDRUFF

The **Physical Culture Health Resort**

. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
Dansville, New York, U. S. A.

L5-21-38

MY DENTIST TOLD ME THAT HEALTHY GUMS MEAN BRIGHTER TEETH! FORHAN'S AND MASSAGE HELP ME KEEP MY GUMS HEALTHY!

Even my dentist was delighted at the improvement in my teeth and my gums!

Forhan's gum massage makes teeth brighter and helps make gums healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 510, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

FOR ECZEMA ITCHING

Zemo relieves the itching and soothes the irritation of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples and similar skin ailments. For 30 years Zemo has been used and praised by millions as a clean, dependable remedy for family use to relieve the itching of skin irritations. It is so cooling, soothing and beneficial. Insist on genuine Zemo. All druggists', 35¢, 60¢, $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

100,000 MILES
Free VACATION TRAVEL!

YOU still have an opportunity to claim your share of this prize vacation mileage! The time is growing short. This is the ninth week of the ten that will complete the game. But if you act now, if you get started toward a prize by solving the jumbled words on Coupon 9 on this page, you can go back and recover the lost ground later. The important thing is to get an entry actually under way. You can do that direct from this page. Simply read the rules and then solve the jumbles as directed. The letters in each can be rearranged into the name of a well known vacation destination. When you have completed and clipped Coupon 9, send for reprints of the first eight coupons, addressing your request according to Rule 6 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the reprints arrive, you can bring your entry up to date, ready for the final coupon in next week's issue.

Dude ranching in Montana and Wyoming. Northern Pacific RR. photo

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.
2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.
3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

The new seventeen-car streamliner, City of Los Angeles, now in operation by the Union Pacific Railroad.

Mirror Lake, Yosemite National Park. All-Year-Round Club of S. Calif. photo

Open-air swimming pool, Digby, N. S. Canadian Pacific RR. photo

Interior of the Oregon caves. Oregon State Highway Dept. photo

Washington Monument and Tidal Basin. Greyhound Lines photo

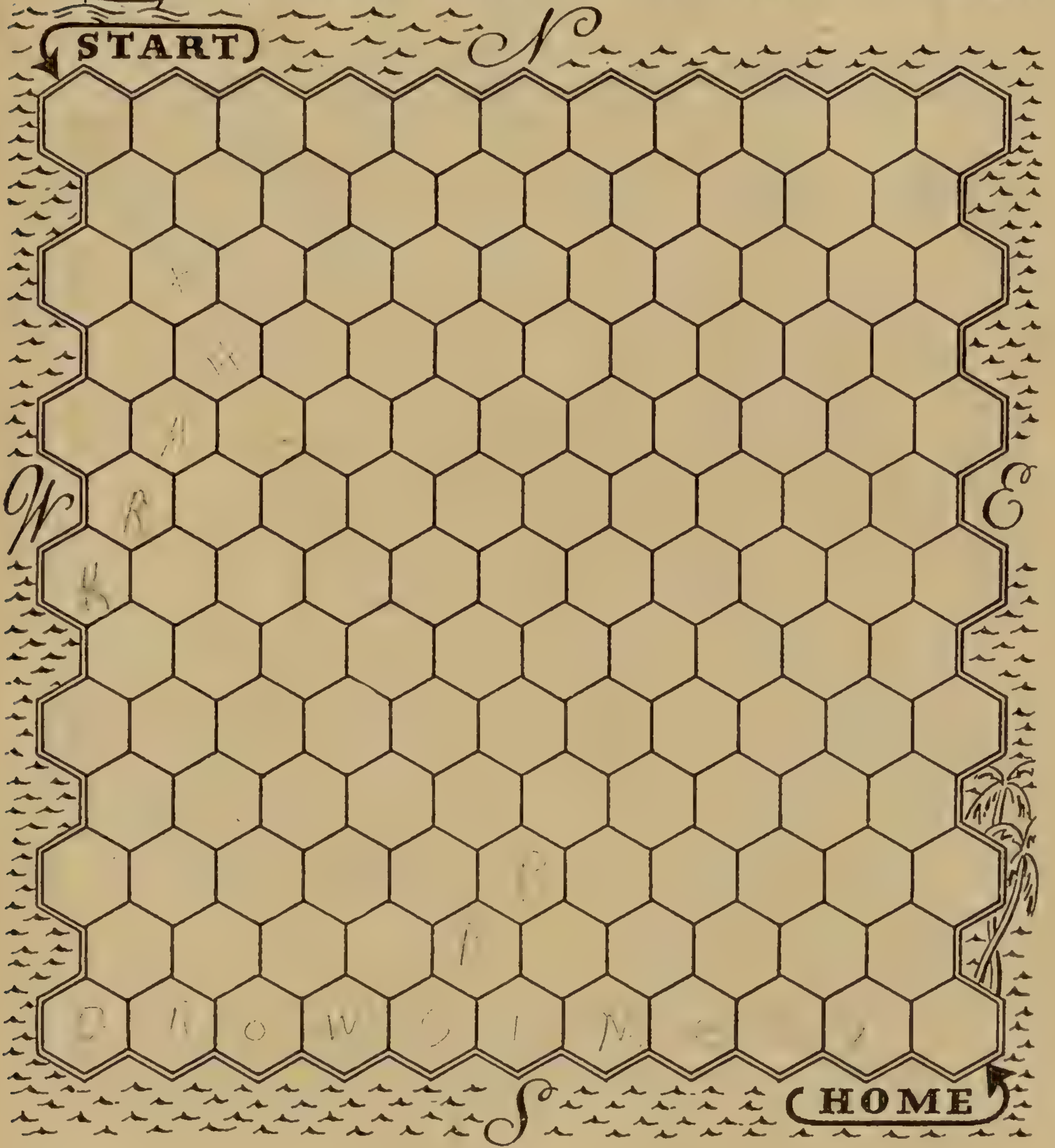
No. 9 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE SOLUTION

1. RACANSA . . . .
2. TOREBAFU . . . .
3. LONEWASREN . . . .
4. LOGNIPSPRAND . . . .
5. KATYLASTCEIL . . . .
6. HODASHANNE . . . .
7. NOSEAMCART . . . .
8. CHASEASLUMBA . . . .
9. NEVAIRHAIGBIC . . . .
10. BEDLAMNOSEALUR . . . .

Lost at Sea.

A New Kind of Crossword Puzzle



Can you bring the ship safely home by filling in words given in the course below? The figures indicate the number of letters in the word and the capital letters the direction in which the word runs. The direction changes with each word and the last letter of every word is the beginning of the next.

4SE	Insect. Likes woolens and furs
4SW	To use auditory sense
4SE	Water grass with hollow stem
4SW	Deceased
10E	Sleepiness
3NE	Life fluid of trees
4NW	Indigent
4NE	Mob action
4NW	Rended
8W	Learned
10SE	Delicious dainties
7W	One who spells
4NE	Winding spool for fishing
4NW	Rich, black soil
3NE	Small rug
3E	Golf mound
3SW	A tree
7E	Unbelievable phenomenon
2NW	Type measure
5W	A stupid person
4SW	Pleasing
2SE	Raised transportation line
5E	Of this place
2NE	Low Dutch (abbr.)
5W	Pertaining to a duke
2NE	Literary Club (inits.)
5E	A smoke
2SE	Sun god
4SW	Alack!
5W	Places to sit
2NW	Santa Fe (inits.)
7E	Brand of Turkish cigarettes (pl.)
3SW	Pigpen
3E	Affirmative
3NE	Chunk of grassy earth
4NW	Drop by drop
4NE	Small open deck; sometimes forms the roof of a cabin
7W	Poisonous acid
10SE	Clots, as in blood
8W	Liners
4NW	Appear to be
4NE	Cat talk
4NW	Entice away from
3NE	No
10E	Extract of pine used in paint
4SW	Auditory members
4SE	This blackens everything
4SW	Gait of a horse
4SE	Former ruler

B	R	O	N	C		C	A	P		R	I	P	E	N	E	D
A	I	R	■	A	T	O	N	E		A	N	I	L	E	■	R
I	D	■	B	R	A	I	D	■	G	R	A	N	D	■	R	A
L	■	D	E	V	I	L	■	T	H	I	N	K	■	H	A	G
	L	E	V	E	L	■	C	R	E	T	E	■	P	A	Y	
R	O	B	E	S	■	R	A	I	N	Y	■	M	O	D	O	C
E	V	I	L	■	C	A	R	A	T	■	S	E	R	E	N	E
M	E	T	■	R	O	V	E	D	■	R	I	T	E	S	■	M
O	R	■	L	O	P	E	S	■	R	I	D	E	S	■	H	E
T	■	H	O	V	E	L	■	V	I	P	E	R	■	S	E	N
E	V	A	D	E	S	■	B	O	N	E	S	■	S	P	A	T
R	I	V	E	R	■	R	E	I	G	N	■	L	A	I	R	S
	R	E	S	■	P	U	L	L	S	■	R	I	L	E	S	
D	U	N	■	E	L	S	I	E	■	T	U	N	E	S	■	T
I	S	■	A	R	O	S	E	■	T	O	N	G	S	■	G	O
N	■	A	S	I	D	E		R	A	N	E	E	■	S	U	M
T	E	M	P	E	S	T		E	N	S		R	H	O	N	E

Last week's answer

California VIA UNION PACIFIC

Streamliner SERVICE
EVERY THREE DAYS
TO AND FROM
Los Angeles

● The "City of Los Angeles" Streamliners provide unexcelled travel refinements and most modern Coach and Pullman accommodations. Only 39¾ hours between Chicago-Los Angeles, each way, every three days. Registered Nurse-Stewardess service and other distinctive features.

High Speed SERVICE
EVERY THREE DAYS
TO AND FROM
San Francisco

● The smart, new "City of San Francisco" Streamliner . . . coach and Pullman accommodations . . . and the beautiful all-Pullman "Forty Niner" operate on alternating schedules so as to provide service every three days, each way, between Chicago-San Francisco. Registered Nurse-Stewardess on both trains.

For economical comfort ride The Challenger to and from Los Angeles or San Francisco.

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
Road of the Streamliners and the Challengers

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

W. S. BASINGER
Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 648
Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about California.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City__________________State__________

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Chief of Police Names Gold Medal Candidate

MASON CITY, IA.—Relative to the Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship, let me say that we have one person who would possibly come under this category.

Tried in the January term of 1934 in the District Court of Iowa was one Galde Johnson, indicted for possession of burglar tools. When finally apprehended, it was discovered that he had thrown all of the tools from his car with the exception of two punches. This man was taken to the station and charged, and in the meantime citizens along the line of flight taken by this felon picked up tools that had been thrown from the car. Johnson was indicted, and got bond.

About a week before trial the office of the sheriff was entered by a burglar who opened the vault wherein this evidence was kept and stole the evidence. When the case came to court, County Attorney M. L. Mason produced as evidence exact duplicates of the tools stolen from the sheriff's vault and taken from Johnson's car and found along his path of flight, and, introducing them upon the same theory under which photographs would be introduced, got them admitted.

Using these duplicate tools, Mason proved that they could be used as burglar tools, and obtained a conviction, battling two of the most brilliant attorneys in Iowa. Johnson was then released on an appeal bond of $15,000. Some time later the press announced that a Captain of Police at Burlington had been killed by a burglar, and the papers gave a description of the way in which the safe on that job had been opened.

Knowing Johnson's system, the Mason City officers sent a picture of Johnson to Burlington, and called them, telling them of Johnson and where he lived. Johnson was arrested in Des Moines, and was taken back to Burlington, where he was convicted of murder. Johnson received a life sentence, and his appeal on the murder charge was overruled and he was given life.

Shortly before he was convicted of murder, Johnson's case on burglar tools was heard by the Supreme Court and the finding of the lower court was upheld. A mittimus was then issued for another fifteen years.

I am firmly convinced that Mr. Mason did a wonderfully fine thing in this conviction, and know that he has presented a powerful weapon to state's attorneys and county attorneys throughout the United States in giving them a precedent as great as was this.

If this case warrants his nomination I should like to place the name of Mr. Mason before your judges.—*H. E. Wolfe, Chief of Police.*

[But, as we pointed out last week, only citizens, and not officials in pursuit of their duty, are candidates for this Liberty gold medal award.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HE'S NO GARGOYLE, EITHER!

AUSTIN, TEX.—Whoever wrote My Transparent Man! (April 2 Liberty) is not yet out of her emotional and mental teens, no matter how old she is. So a man needs a woman to bolster him up and pander to him, does he? Bosh! I am thirty-nine, a practicing architect, fine clientele. In all my life I have had no women—even my mother dying when I was born. I have not even kissed a member of the opposite sex for twenty years —and I'm no gargoyle, either! " Needs " a woman, indeed! If you *don't* print this, at least *show* it to that lady, whoever she is.—*Mere Man.*

ROUGH RIDER TELLS ABOUT T. R. AND SAN JUAN HILL

WILBURTON, OKLA.—Most respectfully I desire to challenge the statement of Frederic Binckli, that " Teddy Roosevelt never captured San Juan Hill! " (March 26 Vox Pop.)

I am one of the few Rough Riders living who took part in the charge up San Juan Hill. I had the exceptional honor of being Colonel Roosevelt's orderly. Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders did make the famous charge up San Juan Hill, notwithstanding General Shafter's report or other statements.

I am not familiar with General Shafter's report, but I do know this: General Shafter was about as near San Juan Hill on that day as Frederic Binckli was.

General Shafter was a very sick man and was confined to his tent in the shade, some eight or ten miles in the rear, while this battle was raging.

Ordinarily I would refrain from dignifying a statement like this of Mr. Binckli, but I fear some one of the many readers of Liberty might mistake it for the truth and believe it.—*Benjamin H. Colbert, Troop F, Roosevelt's Rough Riders.*

NATIONAL HIRE SOME ONE WEEK

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—I'd like to propose a special week that will help every one in these United States. Here it is: National Hire Some One Week.

This is one week that would undoubtedly be held over for a second running by popular request.—*Mack Millan.*

FONSECA REPORTS 1,000 REQUESTS FOR BASEBALL SCHOOL

CHICAGO, ILL.—It may interest you to know that following the article in March 12 Liberty entitled Ambassadors of Baseball, by Bob Considine, more favorable response was created, and the article was the direct cause of our Promotional Department receiving more requests for the showing of our American League baseball movie than any other like article published during the four years this department has been in operation.

To date we have received approximately 1,000 requests from various organizations of all types throughout the United States, including one request coming from Honolulu for us to conduct a baseball school there next year. Through these requests alone we expect to reach a baseball audience of about 400,000.

Thank you for allowing Bob Considine to mention our department, and the way in which requests for this movie could be made.—*Lew Fonseca.*

TWO MORE CREWS CONDEMN MERCHANT MARINE EDITORIAL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We, the crew of the T. E. S. Antigua, a crew of one hundred and eighteen men, highly condemn your editorial entitled Our Merchant Marine Smells to High Heaven (March 5 Liberty).

Due to the fact that your article had the sole purpose of misrepresenting the American seaman, we wish to inform you that this article was one of the most contemptible lies ever published in any public periodical.

We further inform you that we have declared a unanimous boycott of all your publications.—*The Crew of the T. E. S. Antigua.*

[The crew of the S. S. Coppename wrote us a similar boycott letter.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY CUTE?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I'm very puzzled about the definition of the word " cute." It seems, according to friends, to mean pretty, bowlegged, smart aleck, and a thousand other things.—*Jean Hawkins.*

BLIND BOY CURED BY PRAYER

LOCKLAND, OHIO—Through an accident, my seventeen-year-old son became blind in both eyes. No hope of him gaining his sight, said the oculist. I prayed for his healing daily, at a regular time, for two years. Then slowly sight came back to bless him. Could I doubt the efficacy of prayer after this experience?—*Addie McKesson.*

SEE FOR YOURSELF

ARLINGTON, VA.—Since your first issue I have been a reader of Liberty every week. I have always read with much pleasure the articles of the brilliant and versatile Princess Kropotkin since her first contribution, but have never yet seen a picture of this noted lady.

In my mind's eye I have pictured her as beautiful, about forty years of age, and with a distinguished bearing. For the benefit of myself and many thousands of readers, will you please publish a late picture of this lovely and gifted lady?—*Natoffsky Steedovich.*

ADMIRES THE OLD MAULER BUT NOT HIS TIPS

PUYALLUP, WASH.—After reading Dempsey's prognostications in March 26 Liberty I decided to ask a favor of you. As a fighter I always admired the old Mauler, but he hasn't the technique in predicting that he once had in the ring. It's too bad he thinks so much of Buddy Baer's ability as a fighter, and it must have been embarrassing to him the way his pet wilted in the Barlund-Baer scrap at Madison Square Garden.

I've followed some of Dempsey's tips, and most usually if I had bet the opposite way from his predictions I would have been money ahead.

Why don't you get a series of articles from Tunney? So far, he has been right in most every prediction he ever made. It would be interesting to all of us readers if we could have the predictions of two great fighters to choose from.—*Harris Moore, Jr.*

SLAMS AND STARS

READING, PA.—This movie critic, Ruth Waterbury, that you have at present is the worst yet. At least, when Beverly Hills criticized a movie severely, she gave the show a justifiable rating. But this Waterbury person slams a movie to heck and then gives it three stars. I suppose she judges a show upon the amount of money put into production. —*James Hancox.*

Combat Crime by Issuing New Money Yearly

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Plans to combat crime are legion, I know, but I think mine might be worth trying. Here it is:

Issue paper currency annually, to be ready for circulation on the first of each new year. It would be distinctive from previous issues and be valid for only thirteen months.

The thirteenth month should be exchange period, during which time *all* previous issues would be exchanged for the new issue. Paper currency not presented for exchange on or before set date would become invalid.

It follows that the compulsory exchange of old for new would bring into recirculation all paper currencies that have been hidden or hoarded, and all counterfeit bills would automatically cease to circulate after the expiration of the exchange period.

Government regulations would be made to apply to withdrawals of *cash* each month from an individual's bank account—say $200 as an average. This would not imply that depositors could not spend more within the month. On the contrary, their spending would not be limited. The difference would simply lie in their using more checks, money orders, etc.

The reasons for restrictions upon *cash* withdrawals from deposits are as follows:

Kidnaping—So the victim could not raise enough actual *cash*, regardless of what financial standing he or she may have, to pay ransom demands.

Dope Traffic—So that persons in this business be handicapped in transacting their trade with cash and forced to use checks, which are traceable and become evidence.

Counterfeiting—So that this business could be limited by time in making and passing of counterfeit bills.

Organized Gangs—So they shall possess a limited amount of cash on hand for pay-offs, bribes, and have no huge reserves on hand in case they have to disappear from the law for any reason.

I have outlined only a few examples. No doubt you will readily see what other effects my plan would have on crime for profit.—*Astor Johnstone.*

100.9 PER CENT AMERICAN?

MAUSTON, WIS.—How does A. P. Nutt get that way with his statement in March 26 Vox Pop? "If he were he would know that being a winner in most contests requires 1 per cent brains and 99.9 per cent luck." Does he intend to imply that a winner in a contest is one of those 100.9 per cent Americans that we hear so much about these days?—*H. Kwiatkowski.*

A WELL PLEASED WEST VIRGINIAN

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Thanks for Liberty. I'm enjoying Doctors Don't Tell, and The Crime, the Case, the Challenge, immensely. I'm savin' each installment and will treasure them when complete. The Hoffman account is the best yet of the renowned Lindbergh case.

Thanks to Mr. Bernarr Macfadden for his most excellent editorials, especially the one in the issue of April 2. Judging from same, he's the man that should be our next President.—*Lyle W. Morgan, Jr.*

CHINESE MARRIAGE

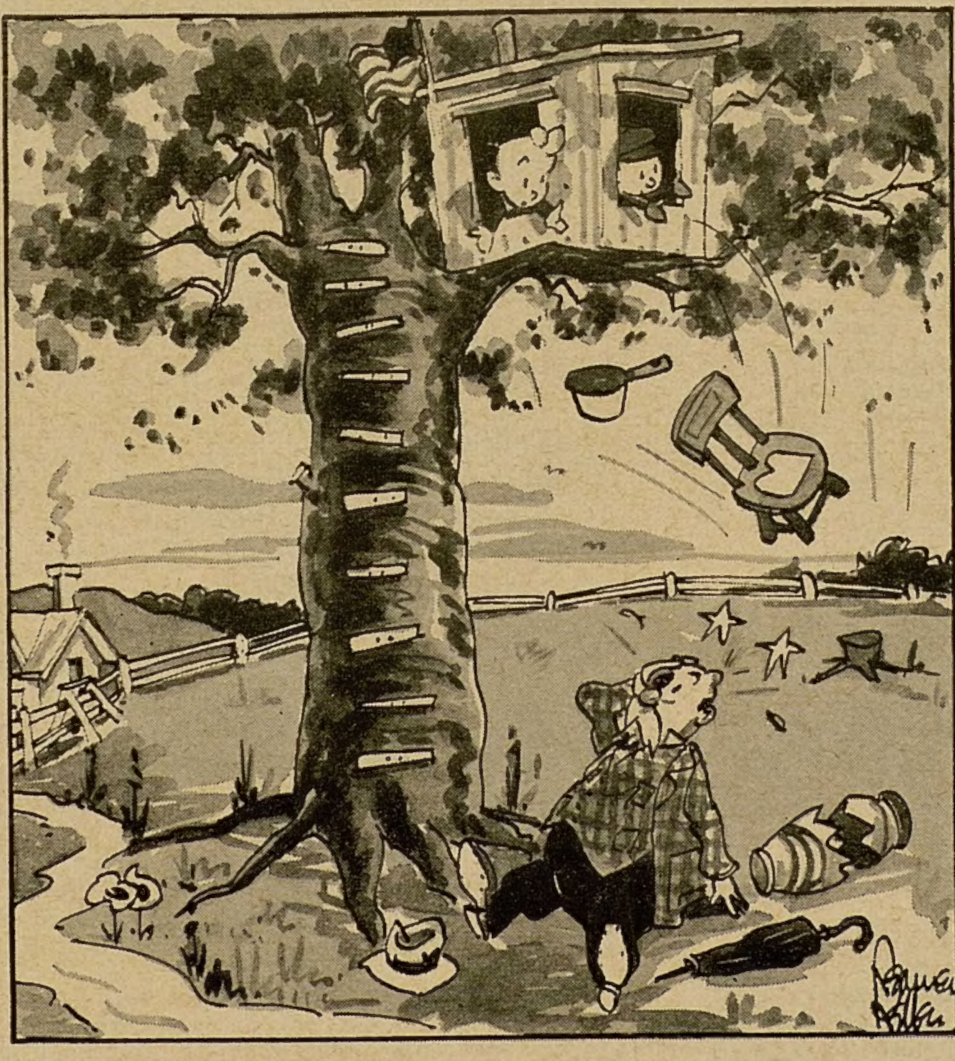
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—This is a vital question which concerns about half of an otherwise normal dress shop. The person I am trying to convince reads Liberty from cover to cover faithfully.

To settle an argument, will you please print the answer to this?

Is a wealthy Chinese allowed to have another wife without divorcing No. 1?—*Mary Behrendt.*

[Before the adoption of the new Chinese Constitution in 1927, he could. Since then, no. But polygamy is still common and connived at.—Vox Po [illegible]

"HARDTACK"



"We're doing a little house cleaning, Mr. Brown—you understand."

Why So Much About Prize Fighting?

A MOTHER in western Pennsylvania writes: "In your choice of reading matter for your lively magazine, are you not overestimating the interest of the public in prize fighting? At least every three weeks I open Liberty and look into the paleolithic visage of some bruiser. Frankly, I am a little sick of it. Who cares what makes Max Baer knock other people down? Only benighted people who like to see an exhibition that is degrading and sadistic! There is so much that is fine about Liberty that I hate to see you spoil its pages with printed matter that I cannot respect." Well, it's a late day to print the pros and cons of boxing. . . . The subject could be debated endlessly, and there is not space here to do so. . . . However, we do not believe that we overestimate public interest in fisticuffs. . . . We think that it is a good sign. . . . We remember one night in the New York Athletic Club. . . . The boys who were fighting there had no gate receipts on their minds. . . . They were amateurs boxing for love of sport. . . . One boy was knocked down three times in the first round. . . . Each time he almost took the count, but each time he came back. . . . He would not believe he was defeated. . . . In the last round he won the fight. . . . A discouraged lad who sat beside us looked around and said: "You know, that fight taught me something. You don't give up even if it looks like you are licked. If you're knocked down, you make yourself get up again . . . you keep on fighting." . . . One of many lessons dramatized in the boxing ring. . . . The squared circle is like a microcosm of the macrocosm of life. . . . The boxer is like a young man beginning his career. . . . He has had his training, his apprenticeship; but now he must face reality. . . . He sits on his stool and his trainers whisper their final advice. . . . Suddenly a whistle blows. . . . The trainers gather up buckets and towels and clamber outside the ropes. . . . A moment later a bell rings. . . . The young man leaves his corner, coming out fighting. . . . No one can help him now except himself. . . . He is on his own. . . . It is rough-and-tumble. . . . Life, too, is rough-and-tumble, and we have to learn to take the blows . . . and keep on fighting. . . . Boys who learn to box become strong in spirit as well as in body. . . . They learn good sportsmanship. . . . They are prepared to meet the inevitable realities. . . . Today life is often made too soft for youth. . . . Boxing is one way to overcome that weakness in our national behavior. . . . When this copy of Liberty is in your hands the nation will be celebrating National Air Mail Week, from May 15 to May 21. . . . This year marks the twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of air-mail service in the United States. . . . We received a manuscript on that first flight from Washington to New York (not for Liberty—Liberty is five years younger than the air-mail service). . . . We remember, too, the first flight of the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville. . . . For National Air Mail Week the Post Office Department has authorized an official cache at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, scene of the first flight, and another for Dayton, Ohio, where the first plane was built. . . . Now here is a strange thing: That Wright Brothers' plane, first in the world, mother of all air fleets, is not in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington where it belongs, but in the Science Museum in London. . . . Why? . . . The plane was sent to England because no one in the United States seemed to want it. . . . We do not know the facts, but we suspect petty jealousy at the bottom of this mishap. . . . One way to celebrate National Air Mail Week would be to begin a movement to try to get that plane back. . . . A strong figure to appear recently on the national scene was Arthur E. Morgan of the TVA. . . . You remember how the stubborn Mr. Morgan preferred to resign in his struggle with the President rather than to yield his convictions. . . . What sort of man is this Mr. Morgan? . . . We wondered; then sent Donald Furthman Wickets to find out. Next week we think you will be as surprised and interested as were we when we read Wickets' manuscript, STUBBORN MR. MORGAN OF THE TVA. . . . We have been wondering, too, about another matter—a lesser matter but a tormenting one—Swing! . . . In last week's Liberty Benny Goodman sang a paean to that extraordinary charivari. . . . But next week we shall hear the other side. . . . Leo Reisman won't play Swing. . . . We are old-fashioned enough to like him for that. . . . He is going to tell you why he thinks the pendulum will swing far, far back from Swing to music again. . . . The table of contents contains a number of surprises, including BEAUTIFUL DIPSOMANIAC, a powerful self-told story from life today, of how a young girl was cured of chronic drunkenness. . . . TO BEAN OR NOT TO BEAN is a baseball yarn by Dick Williams that throws new light on a 1938 diamond problem. . . . "Envoy," Liberty's mysterious foreign correspondent, tells some personal experiences in a dramatic article called AN EYEWITNESS IN VIENNA. . . . The fiction will include four-star stories: GEORGE HATED BABIES, by Alice Costello; GOOD-BY, BROADWAY, by Roger Garis; and BESIDE THE POOL, by H. G. Winter. . . . There will be another exploit of Detective Parker and installments of DEAD MAN'S LOG, MURDER LADY, and HOTEL HOSTESS. . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Business—The Source of Everything Worth While
Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Present for Tommy........................Baird Hall 17
Heil Ginsberg!..........................Scott Littleton 32
Encounter at Noon—Liberty's Short Short.....Lyon Mearson 50

SERIALS

Dead Man's Log—Part I
Louis B. Davidson and Edward Doherty 8
Murder Lady—Part VI...............Whitman Chambers 23
Hotel Hostess—Part VIII....................Faith Baldwin 52

ARTICLES

What Hitler Told Me....................Edward Price Bell 6
36 Hours Across the Atlantic!......Donald Furthman Wickets 13
Will Kennedy Run for President?..........Ernest K. Lindley 15
Champions Are Funny.........................Jack Kofoed 31
What Happened to Ellis Parker?..............Fred Allhoff 40
The Man Who Forgot to Forget
How Doctors Can End the Fee-Splitting Racket
Frederick L. Collins 47
Joan Crawford's Secrets.................Katherine Albert 59
With Time and Tears—The Story of a Glamour Girl Who Can't Find Peace

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 22; Movie Reviews, by Ruth Waterbury, 45; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 51; Jumbled Resort Contest, 62; Crossword Puzzle, 63; Vox Pop, 64.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

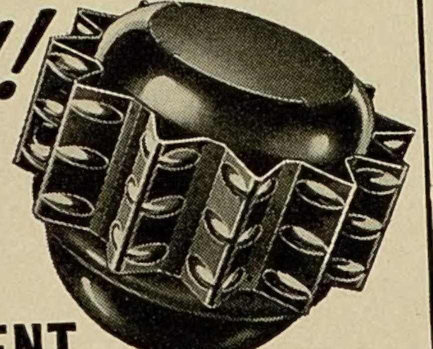
SAVE ALL 4 WAYS..or you may not save at all!

FRIGIDAIRE

WITH NEW SILENT METER-MISER

brings Greatest Savings ever Known on..
Current..Food..Ice..Upkeep!

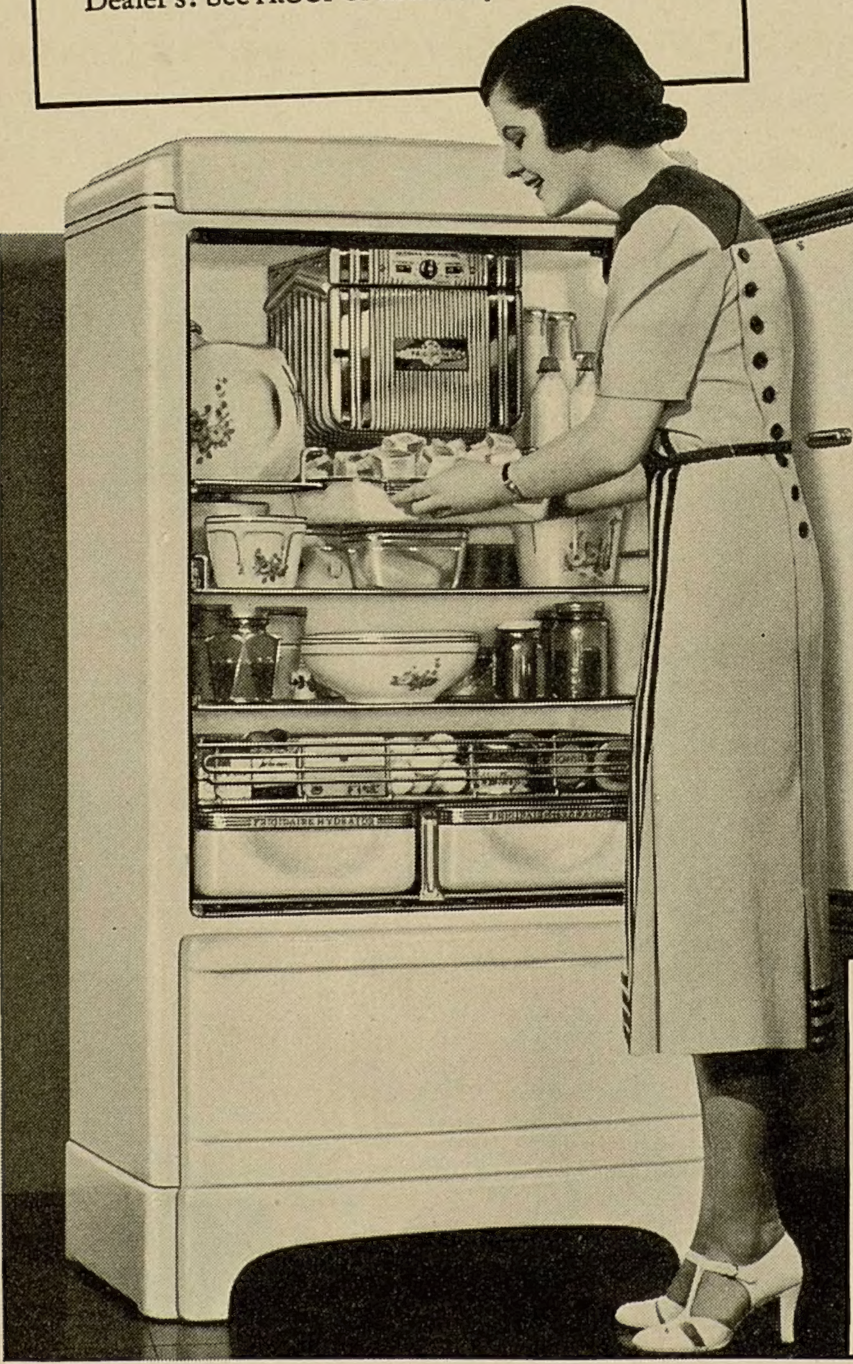
Slashes Current Cost AGAIN!



New SILENT METER-MISER

Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built!

Uses so little current—saves up to 25% MORE on electricity than even the current-saving Meter-Miser of 1937! So amazingly simple you can't doubt its ability to give long, economical, trouble-free service. Completely sealed! Automatically oiled and cooled! Comes with 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors. Meet the Meter-Miser at your Frigidaire Dealer's! See PROOF of its money-saving power!



① SAVE MORE ON CURRENT
② SAVE MORE ON FOOD
③ SAVE MORE ON ICE
④ SAVE MORE ON UPKEEP

● This year, refrigerator buyers are not satisfied with the mere claim of saving in one or two or three ways. They're demanding PROOF of Greater Savings in All 4 Ways . . . on current, food, ice and upkeep. . . . For smart buyers know that some refrigerators may keep food safe, but only at excessive operating cost . . . that others may fail to keep safe temperatures, freeze enough ice cheaply or run without service troubles, especially in hot weather.

That's why thousands more thrifty families are replacing wasteful food-storing methods with this money-saving New Frigidaire. It has no "hidden extravagance" that may wipe out savings made in other ways. With its exclusive NEW SILENT METER-MISER, it gives you PROOF of ALL 4 SAVINGS—before your eyes, before you buy!

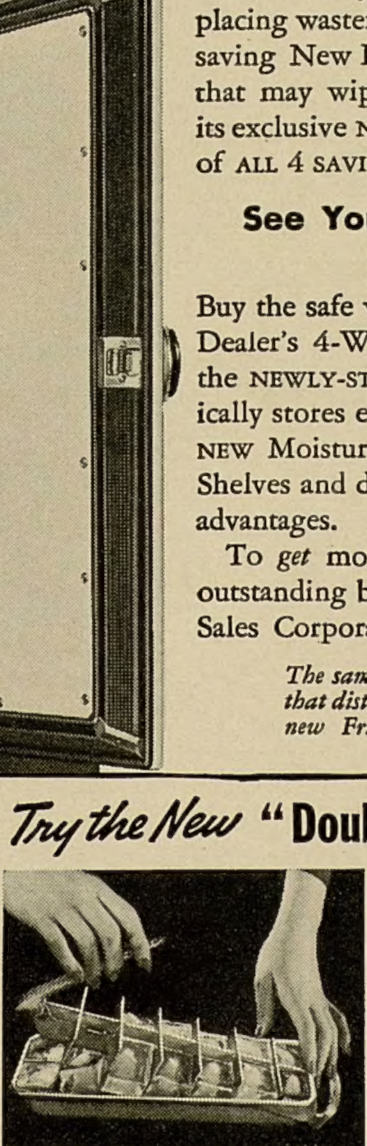
See Your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration

Buy the safe way! See this proof today, at your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration. You'll see, too, the NEWLY-STYLED 9-Way Adjustable Interior that magically stores every size and shape of food or container... NEW Moisture-Seal Hydrators... NEW Close-Bar Sliding Shelves and dozens of other NEW, EXCLUSIVE work-saving advantages.

To *get* more—*save* more—choose Frigidaire—1938's outstanding buy! FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio . . . Toronto, Canada.

The same high standards of quality and performance that distinguish Frigidaire Refrigerators are found in the new Frigidaire Electric Ranges and Water Heaters.

Try the New "Double-Easy" QUICKUBE TRAYS



1. RELEASE CUBES INSTANTLY—SAVE 20% MORE ICE! Only one lever to lift, and cubes are released—2 or a trayful! All-metal for faster, cheaper freezing. Ends melting waste under faucet.

2. TRAYS COME FREE AT FINGER-TOUCH! . . . with exclusive Frigidaire Automatic Tray Release. No tugging, hacking, prying! Every tray, in every model, is a NEW "Double-Easy" Quickube Tray. No other like it! *Only Frigidaire has them!*

See Frigidaire First...and Save!

FRIGIDAIRE

80 MILES AN HOUR!

"I've always thought that cigarettes were more or less alike, Mr. Sharpe. What's your slant on this point?"

"All cigarettes alike? Not on your life, Mr. Thompson. There's a long list of ways in which I can spot a difference in Camels. There's extra-mildness—real natural taste—the 'lift' I get with a Camel when I'm tired—the fact that Camels don't give me jittery nerves. Every one's a reason why I stick to Camels. I've been smoking Camels over 20 years. The big thing is that Camels *agree with me.* From what I see, most of the boys in railroading are of the same opinion. You bet 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

(*above, left*) **IN THE CAB** of the big "J-3" on the 20th Century Limited. (*above, right*) Russell Thompson asks Bob Sharpe about the difference in cigarettes. Bob says just what one smoker tells another today: "Camels *agree* with me!" Smokers know what finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—mean in smoking.

Engineer Bob Sharpe, of the 20th Century Limited, gives his slant on the question asked by Russell Thompson: "Are all cigarettes alike?"

On the Air Monday Nights

EDDIE CANTOR!

America's great fun-maker and personality, brought to you by Camel cigarettes. Over Columbia Network. See your local newspaper for time.

On the Air Tuesday Nights

BENNY GOODMAN

THE "KING OF SWING"

Hear the great Goodman Swing Band "go to town." Every Tuesday at 8:30 pm E. S. T. (9:30 pm E. D. S. T.), 7:30 pm C. S. T., 6:30 pm M. S. T., 5:30 pm P. S. T., over Columbia Network.

"SKEET SHOOTERS," says S. Odis Walding, National All-Gauge Champion, "watch their nerves. On any skeet range you'll see Camels. It's Camels for me. They *agree* with me."

MOZELLE HUBBARD, cashier of a famous Hollywood restaurant. "Camels taste richer... milder," she says. "I'm devoted to Camels because they *agree* with me in so many ways."

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME"

"A majority of the smokers who grow tobacco prefer Camel cigarettes"—

According to the observation of these tobacco planters

"Growing tobacco for 10 years, I know the quality that goes into various cigarettes," James Graves, well-known planter, says. "Like me, most growers around here sold the best of their last crop to Camels. I know tobacco so I smoke Camels."

B. F. Bivins, another tobacco grower, knows what cigarette pays more for choice tobacco. "Camel gets the best," he says. "Take my crop last year. Camel bought the best lots. Other planters will tell you the same. You bet, I smoke Camels."

Henderson Carroll has been growing tobacco for 18 years. "For my smoking," he says, "I like Camels. The Camel buyers bought about every top-grade lot of tobacco at the sales I went to last year. My crop was dandy. As usual, Camel got the best.'